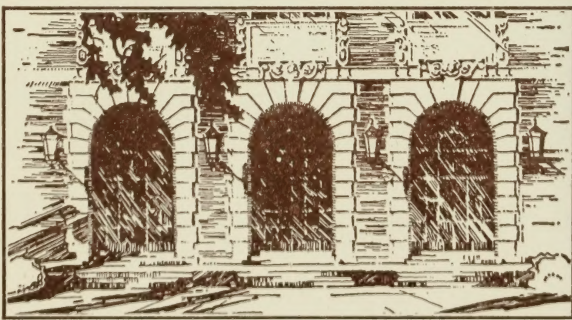


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THE

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United Empire Review.

WORK; OR, CHRISTIE'S EXPERIMENT.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT,

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE WOMEN," "AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL," "LITTLE
MEN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

LITTLE HEART'S-EASE.

WHEN it was all over, the long journey home, the quiet funeral, the first sad excitement, then came the bitter moment when life says to the bereaved, "Take up your burden and go on alone." Christie's had been the still, tearless grief, hardest to bear, most impossible to comfort; and while Mrs. Sterling bore her loss with the sweet patience of a pious heart, and Letty mourned her brother with the tender sorrow that finds relief in natural ways, the widow sat among them as tranquil, colourless, and mute as if her soul had followed David, leaving the shadow of her former self behind.

"He will not come to me, but I shall go to him," seemed to be the thought that sustained her, and those who loved her said despairingly to one another, "Her heart is broken: she will not linger long."

But one woman, wise in her own motherliness, always answered hopefully, "Don't you be troubled; nater knows what's good for us, and works in her own way. Hearts like this don't break, and sorrer only makes 'em stronger. You mark my words: the blessed

baby that's a-comin' in the summer will work a merrycle, and you'll see this poor dear a happy woman yet."

Few believed in the prophecy ; but Mrs. Wilkins stoutly repeated it, and watched over Christie like a mother, often trudging up the lane, in spite of wind or weather, to bring some dainty mess ; some remarkable puzzle in red or yellow calico to be used as a pattern for the little garments the three women sewed with such tender interest, consecrated with such tender tears ; or news of the war fresh from Lisha, who " was goin' to see it through ef he come home without a leg to stand on." A cheery, hopeful, wholesome influence she brought with her, and all the house seemed to brighten as she sat there, freeing her mind upon every subject that came up, from the delicate little shirts Mrs. Sterling knit in spite of failing eyesight, to the fall of Richmond, which, the prophetic spirit being strong within her, Mrs. Wilkins foretold with sibylline precision.

She alone could win a faint smile from Christie with some odd saying, some shrewd opinion, and she alone brought tears to the melancholy eyes that sorely needed such healing dew ; for she carried little Adelaide, and without a word put her into Christie's arms, there to cling and smile and babble till she had soothed the bitter pain and hunger of a suffering heart.

She and Mr. Power held Christie up through that hard time, ministering to soul and body with their hope and faith till life grew possible again, and from the dust of a great affliction rose the sustaining power she had sought so long.

As spring came on, and victory after victory proclaimed that the war was drawing to an end, Christie's sad resignation was broken by gusts of grief so stormy, so inconsolable, that those about her trembled for her life. It was so hard to see the regiments come home proudly bearing the torn battle-flags, weary, wounded, but victorious, to be rapturously welcomed, thanked, and honoured by the grateful country they had served so well ; to see all this, and think of David in his grave unknown, unrewarded, and forgotten by all but a faithful few.

" I used to dream of a time like this, to hope and plan for it, and cheer myself with the assurance that, after all our hard work, our long separation, and the dangers we had faced, David would get some honour, receive some reward, at least be kept for me to love and serve and live with for a little while. But these men, who have merely saved a banner, led a charge, or lost an arm, get

all the glory, while he gave his life so nobly; yet few know it, no one thanked him, and I am left desolate when so many useless ones might have been taken in his place. Oh, it is not just! I cannot forgive God for robbing him of all his honours and me of all my happiness."

So lamented Christie, with the rebellious protest of a strong nature learning submission through the stern discipline of grief. In vain Mr. Power told her that David had received a better reward than any human hand could give him, in the gratitude of many women, the respect of many men; that to do bravely the daily duties of an upright life was more heroic, in God's sight, than to achieve in an enthusiastic moment a single deed that won the world's applause; and that the seeming incompleteness of his life was beautifully rounded by the act that caused his death, although no eulogy recorded it, no song embalmed it, and few knew it but those he saved, those he loved, and the Great Commander who promoted him to the higher rank he had won.

Christie could not be content with this invisible, intangible recompense for her hero: she wanted to see, to know beyond a doubt, that justice had been done; and beat herself against the barrier that baffles bereaved humanity till impatient despair was wearied out, and passionate heart gave up the struggle.

Then, when no help seemed possible, she found it where she least expected it, in herself. Searching for religion, she had found love: now seeking to follow love, she found religion. The desire for it had never left her, and, while serving others, she was earning this reward; for when her life seemed to lie in ashes, from their midst this slender spire of flame, purifying while it burned, rose trembling towards heaven, showing her great sacrifices turn to greater compensations, giving her a light and warmth and consolation, and teaching her the lesson all must learn.

God was very patient with her, sending much help, and letting her climb up to Him by all the tender ways aspiring souls can lead unhappy hearts.

David's room had been her refuge when those dark hours came, and, sitting there one day, trying to understand the great mystery that parted her from David, she seemed to receive an answer to her many prayers for some sign that death had not estranged them. The house was very still, the window open, and a soft south-wind was wandering through the room with hints of May-flowers on its wings. Suddenly a breath of music startled her, so airy, sweet,

and short-lived that no human voice or hand could have produced it. Again and again it came, a fitful and melodious sigh, that to one made superstitious by much sorrow, seemed like a spirit's voice delivering some message from another world.

Christie looked and listened with hushed breath and expectant heart, believing that some special answer was to be given her. But in a moment she saw it was no supernatural sound, only the south wind whispering in David's flute that hung beside the window. Disappointment came first, then warm over her sore heart flowed the tender recollection that she used to call the old flute "David's voice," for into it he poured the joy and sorrow, unrest and pain, he told no living soul. How often it had been her lullaby before she learnt to read its language; how gaily it had piped for others; how plaintively it had sung for him alone and in the night; and now how full of pathetic music was that hymn of consolation fitfully whispered by the wind's soft breath!

Ah, yes: this was a better answer than any supernatural voice could have given her; a more helpful sign than any phantom face or hand; a surer confirmation of her hope than subtle argument or sacred promise: for it brought back the memory of the living, loving man so vividly, so tenderly, that Christie felt as if the barrier was down, and welcomed a new sense of David's nearness with the softest tears that had flowed since she closed the serene eyes whose last look had been for her.

After that hour she spent the long spring days lying on the old couch in his room, reading his books, thinking of his love and life, and listening to David's voice. She always heard it now, whether the wind touched the flute with airy fingers or it hung mute; and it sang to her songs of patience, hope, and cheer, till a mysterious peace came to her, and she discovered in herself the strength she had asked, yet never thought to find. Under the snow, herbs of grace had been growing silently; and, when the heavy rains had melted all the frost away, they sprung up to blossom beautifully in the sun that shines for every spire of grass, and makes it perfect in its time and place.

Mrs. Wilkins was right; for one June morning, when she laid "that blessed baby" in its mother's arms, Christie's first words were,—

"Don't let me die: I must live for baby now," and gathered David's little daughter to her breast, as if the soft touch of the fumbling hands had healed every wound and brightened all the world.

"I told you so ; God bless 'em both !" and Mrs. Wilkins retired precipitately to the hall, where she sat down upon the stairs and cried most comfortable tears ; for her maternal heart was full of a thanksgiving too deep for words.

A sweet, secluded time to Christie, as she brooded over her little treasure and forgot there was a world outside. A fond and jealous mother, but a very happy one, for after the bitterest came the tenderest experience of her life. She felt its sacredness, its beauty, and its high responsibilities ; accepted them prayerfully, and found unspeakable delight in fitting herself to bear them worthily, always remembering that she had a double duty to perform towards the fatherless little creature given to her care.

It is hardly necessary to mention the changes one small individual made in that feminine household. The purring and clucking that went on ; the panics over a pin-prick ; the consultations over a pellet of chamomile ; the raptures at the dawn of a first smile ; the solemn prophecies of future beauty, wit, and wisdom in the bud of a woman ; the general adoration of the entire family at the wicker shrine wherein lay the idol, a mass of flannel and cambric with a bald head at one end, and a pair of microscopic blue socks at the other. Mysterious little porringers sat unreprieved upon the parlour fire, small garments aired at every window, lights burned at unholy hours, and three agitated nightcaps congregated at the faintest chirp of the restless bird in the maternal nest.

Of course grandma grew young again, and produced nursery reminiscences on every occasion ; Aunt Letty trotted day and night to gratify the imaginary wants of the idol, and Christie was so entirely absorbed that the whole South might have been swallowed up by an earthquake without causing her as much consternation as the appearance of a slight rash upon the baby.

No flower in David's garden throve like his little June rose ; no wind was allowed to visit her too roughly ; and when rain fell without, she took her daily airing in the green-house, where from her mother's arms, she soon regarded the gay sight with such sprightly satisfaction that she seemed a little flower herself dancing on its stem.

She was named Ruth for grandma, but Christie always called her "Little Heart's-ease, or Pansy," and those who smiled at first at the mother's fancy, came in time to see that there was an unusual fitness in the name. All the bitterness seemed taken out of Christie's sorrow by the soft magic of the child : there was so

much to live for now she spoke no more of dying; and, holding that little hand in hers, it grew easier to go on along the way that led to David.

A prouder mother never lived; and as baby waxed in beauty and in strength, Christie longed for all the world to see her. A sweet, peculiar little face she had, sunny and fair; but under the broad forehead where the bright hair fell as David's used to do, there shone a pair of dark and solemn eyes, so large, so deep, and often so unchildlike, that her mother wondered where she got them. Even when she smiled the shadow lingered in these eyes, and when she wept they filled and overflowed with great, quiet tears like flowers too full of dew. Christie often said remorsefully,—

“My little Pansy! I put my own sorrow into your baby soul, and now it looks back at me with this strange wistfulness, and these great drops are the unsubmissive tears I locked up in my heart because I would not be grateful for the good gift God gave me, even while He took that other one away. O baby, forgive your mother; and don't let her find that she has given you clouds instead of sunshine.”

This fear helped Christie to keep her own face cheerful, her own heart tranquil, her own life as sunny, healthful, and hopeful as she wished her child's to be. For this reason she took garden and greenhouse into her own hands when Bennet gave them up, and, with a stout lad to help her, did well this part of the work that David bequeathed to her. It was a pretty sight to see the mother with her year-old daughter out among the fresh, green things: the little golden head bobbing here and there like a stray sunbeam; the baby voice telling sweet, unintelligible stories to bird and bee and butterfly; or the small creature fast asleep in a basket under a rose-bush, swinging in a hammock from a tree, or in Bran's keeping, rosy, vigorous, and sweet with sun and air, and the wholesome influence of a wise and tender love.

While Christie worked she planned her daughter's future, as mothers will, and had but one care concerning it. She did not fear poverty, but the thought of being straitened for the means of educating little Ruth afflicted her. She meant to teach her to labour heartily and see no degradation in it, but she could not bear to feel that her child should be denied the harmless pleasures that make youth sweet, the opportunities that educate, the society that ripens character and gives a rank which money cannot buy. A little sum to put away for baby, safe from all risk, ready to draw

from as each need came, and sacredly devoted to this end, was now Christie's sole ambition.

With this purpose at her heart she watched her fruit and nursed her flowers; found no task too hard, no sun too hot, no weed too unconquerable; and soon the garden David planted, when his life seemed barren, yielded lovely harvests to swell his little daughter's portion.

One day Christie received a letter from Uncle Enos, expressing a wish to see her if she cared to come so far and "stop a spell." It both surprised and pleased her, and she resolved to go, glad that the old man remembered her, and proud to show him the great success of her life, as she considered baby.

So she went, was hospitably received by the ancient cousin five times removed who kept house, and greeted with as much cordiality as Uncle Enos ever showed to any one. He looked askance at the baby, as if he had not bargained for the honour of her presence; but he said nothing, and Christie wisely refrained from mentioning that Ruth was the most remarkable child ever born.

She soon felt at home, and went about the old house, visiting familiar nooks with the bitter, sweet satisfaction of such returns. It was sad to miss Aunt Betsey in the big kitchen, strange to see Uncle Enos sit all day in his arm-chair, too helpless now to plod about the farm and carry terror to the souls of those who served him. He was still a crabbed, gruff old man; but the narrow, hard old heart was a little softer than it used to be; and he sometimes betrayed the longing for his kindred that the aged often feel when infirmity makes them desire tenderer props than any they can hire.

Christie saw this wish, and tried to gratify it with a dutiful affection which could not fail to win its way. Baby unconsciously lent a hand, for Uncle Enos could not long withstand the sweet enticements of this little kinswoman. He did not own the conquest in words, but was seen to cuddle his small captivator in private, allowed all sorts of liberties with his spectacles, his pockets, and bald pate, and never seemed more comfortable than when she confiscated his newspaper, and, sitting on his knee, read it to him in a pretty language of her own.

"She's a good little gal; looks consid'able like you; but you warn't never such a quiet puss as she is," he said one day, as the child was toddling about the room with an old doll of her mother's lately disinterred from its tomb in the garret.

"She is like her father in that. But I get quieter as I grow old, uncle," answered Christie, who sat sewing near him.

"You be growing old, that's a fact; but somehow its kind of becomin'. I never thought you'd be so much of a lady, and look so well after all you've ben through," added Uncle Enos, vainly trying to discover what made Christie's manners so agreeable in spite of her plain dress, and her face so pleasant in spite of the grey hair at her temples and the lines about her mouth.

It grew still pleasanter to see as she smiled and looked up at him with the soft yet bright expression that always made him think of her mother.

"I'm glad you don't consider me an entire failure, uncle. You know you predicted it. But though I have gone through a good deal, I don't regret my attempt, and when I look at Pansy I feel as if I'd made a grand success."

"You haven't made much money, I guess. If you don't mind tellin', what *have* you got to live on?" asked the old man, unwilling to acknowledge any life a success, if dollars and cents were left out of it.

"Only David's pension, and what I can make by my garden."

"The old lady has to have some on't, don't she?"

"She has a little money of her own; but I see that she and Letty have two-thirds of all I make."

"That ain't a fair bargain if you do all the work."

"Ah, but we don't make bargains, sir; we work for one another, and share everything together."

"So like women!" grumbled Uncle Enos, longing to see that "the property was fixed up square."

"How are you goin' to eddicate the little gal? I s'pose you think as much of culter and so on as ever you did," he presently added with a gruff laugh.

"More," answered Christie, smiling too, as she remembered the old quarrels. "I shall earn the money, sir. If the garden fails I can teach, nurse, sew, write, cook even; for I've half a dozen useful accomplishments at my fingers' ends, thanks to the education you and dear Aunt Betsey gave me, and I may have to use them all for baby's sake."

Pleased by the compliment, yet a little conscience-stricken at the small share he deserved of it, Uncle Enos sat rubbing up his glasses a minute, before he led to the subject he had in his mind.

"Ef you fall sick or die, what then?"

"I've thought of that," and Christie caught up the child as if her love could keep even death at bay. But Pansy soon struggled down again, for the dirty-faced doll was taking a walk and could not be detained. "If I am taken from her, then my little girl must do as her mother did. God has orphans in His special care, and He won't forget mine, I am sure."

Uncle Enos had a coughing spell just then, and when he got over it, he said with an effort, for even to talk of giving away his substance cost him a pang,—

"I'm gettin' into years now, and it's about time I fixed up matters in case I'm took suddin'. I always meant to give you a little something, but as you didn't ask for't, I took good care of it, and it ain't none the worse for waitin' a spell. I jest speak on't, so you needn't be anxious about the little gal. It ain't much, but it will make things easy, I reckon."

"You are very kind, uncle; and I am more grateful than I can tell. I don't want a penny for myself, but I should love to know that my daughter was to have an easier life than mine."

"I s'pose you thought of that when you come so quick?" said the old man, with a suspicious look, that made Christie's eyes kindle as they used to do years ago, but she answered honestly,—

"I did think of it and hope it, yet I should have come quicker if you had been in the poor-house."

Neither spoke for a minute; for, in spite of generosity and gratitude, the two natures struck fire when they met as inevitably as flint and steel.

"What's your opinion of missionaries?" asked Uncle Enos, after a spell of meditation.

"If I had any money to leave them, I should bequeath it to those who help the heathen here at home, and should let the innocent Feejee Islanders worship their idols a little longer in benighted peace," answered Christie, in her usual decided way.

"That's my idee exactly; but it's uncommon hard to settle *which* of them that stays at home you'll trust your money to. You see Betsey was always pesterin' me to give to charity things; but I told her it was better to save up and give it in a handsome lump that looked well, and was a credit to you. When she was dyin' she reminded me on't, and I promised I'd do something before I follered. I've been turning on't over in my mind for a number of months, and I don't seem to find anything that's jest right. You've

ben round among the charity folks lately accordin' to your tell, now what would you do if you had a tidy little sum to dispose on?"

"Help the freed people."

The answer came so quick that it nearly took the old gentleman's breath away, and he looked at his niece with his mouth open after an involuntary "Do tell!" had escaped him.

"David helped give them their liberty, and I would so gladly help them to enjoy it!" cried Christie, all the old enthusiasm blazing up, but with a clearer, steadier flame than in the days when she dreamed splendid dreams by the kitchen fire.

"Well, no; that wouldn't meet my views. What else is there?" asked the old man, quite unmanned by her benevolent ardour.

"Wounded soldiers, destitute children, ill-paid women, young people struggling for independence, homes, hospitals, schools, churches, and God's charity all over the world."

"That's the pesky part of it: there's such a lot to choose from; I don't know much about any of 'em," began Uncle Enos, looking like a perplexed raven with a treasure which it cannot decide where to hide.

"Whose fault is that, sir?"

The question hit the old man full in the conscience, and he winced, remembering how many of Betsey's charitable impulses he had nipped in the bud, and now all the accumulated alms she would have been so glad to scatter weighed upon him heavily. He rubbed his bald head with a yellow bandanna, and moved uneasily in his chair, as if he wanted to get up and finish the neglected job that made his helplessness so burdensome.

"I'll ponder on't a spell, and make up my mind," was all he said, and never renewed the subject again.

But he had very little time to ponder, and he never did make up his mind; for a few months after Christie's long visit ended, Uncle Enos "was took suddin'," and left all he had to her.

Not an immense fortune, but far larger than she expected, and great was her anxiety to use wisely this unlooked-for benefaction. She was very grateful; but she kept nothing for herself, feeling that David's pension was enough, and preferring the small sum he earned so dearly to the thousands the old man had hoarded up for years. A good portion was put by for Ruth, something for "mother and Letty" that want might never touch them, and the rest she kept for David's work, believing that, so spent, the money would be blessed.

CHAPTER XXI.

AT FORTY.

"NEARLY twenty years since I set out to seek my fortune. It has been a long search, but I think I have found it at last. I only asked to be a useful, happy woman, and my wish is granted ; for I believe I *am* useful ; I *know* I am happy."

Christie looked so as she sat alone in the flowery parlour one September afternoon, thinking over her life with a grateful, cheerful spirit. Forty to-day, and pausing at that half-way house between youth and age, she looked back into the past without bitter regret or unsubmitive grief, and forward into the future with courageous patience ; for three good angels attended her, and with faith, hope, and charity to brighten life, no woman need lament lost youth or fear approaching age. Christie did not, and though her eyes filled with quiet tears as they were raised to the faded cap and sheathed sword hanging on the wall, none fell ; and in a moment tender sorrow changed to still tenderer joy as her glance wandered to rosy little Ruth playing hospital with her dollies in the porch. They shone with genuine satisfaction as they went from the letters and papers on her table to the garden, where several young women were at work, with a healthful colour in the cheeks that had been very pale and thin in the spring.

"I think David is satisfied with me ; for I have given all my heart and strength to his work, and it prospers well," she said to herself, and then her face grew thoughtful as she recalled a late event which seemed to have opened a new field of labour for her if she chose to enter it.

A few evenings before she had gone to one of the many meetings of working-women, which had made some stir of late. Not a first visit, for she was much interested in the subject, and full of sympathy for this class of workers.

There were speeches, of course, and of the most unparliamentary sort, for the meeting was composed almost entirely of women, each eager to tell her special grievance or theory. Any one who chose got up and spoke ; and, whether wisely or foolishly, each proved how great was the ferment now going on, and how difficult it was for the two classes to meet and help one another in spite of the utmost need on one side and the sincerest good-will on the other. The workers poured out their wrongs and hardships passionately or

plaintively, demanding or imploring justice, sympathy, and help ; displaying the ignorance, incapacity, and prejudice, which make their need all the more pitiful, their relief all the more imperative.

The ladies did their part with kindness, patience, and often unconscious condescension, showing in their turn how little they knew of the real trials of the women whom they longed to serve, how very narrow a sphere of usefulness they were fitted for in spite of culture and intelligence, and how rich they were in generous theories, how poor in practical methods of relief.

One accomplished creature, with learning radiating from every pore, delivered a charming little essay on the strong-minded women of antiquity ; then, taking labour into the region of art, painted delightful pictures of the time when all would work harmoniously together in an Ideal Republic, where each did the work she liked, and was paid for it in liberty, equality, and fraternity.

Unfortunately she talked over the heads of her audience, and it was like telling fairy tales to hungry children to describe Aspasia, discussing Greek politics with Pericles and Plato reposing upon ivory couches, or Hypatia modestly delivering philosophical lectures to young men behind a Tyrian purple curtain ; and the Ideal Republic met with little favour from anxious seamstresses, type-setters, and shop-girls, who said ungratefully among themselves, "That's all very pretty, but I don't see how it's going to better wages among us *now*."

Another eloquent sister gave them a political oration which fired the revolutionary blood in their veins, and made them eager to rush to the State-house *en masse*, and demand the ballot before one half of them were quite clear what it meant, and the other half were as unfit for it as any ignorant Patrick bribed with a dollar and a sup of whisky.

A third well-wisher quenched their ardour like a wet blanket, by reading reports of sundry labour reforms in foreign parts ; most interesting, but made entirely futile by differences of climate, needs, and customs. She closed with a cheerful budget of statistics, giving the exact number of needlewomen who had starved, gone mad, or committed suicide during the past year ; the enormous profits wrung by capitalists from the blood and muscles of their employés ; and the alarming increase in the cost of living, which was about to plunge the nation into debt and famine, if not destruction generally.

When she sat down despair was visible on many countenances,

and immediate starvation seemed to be waiting at the door to clutch them as they went out ; for the impressible creatures believed every word and saw no salvation anywhere.

Christie had listened intently to all this ; had admired, regretted, or condemned as each spoke ; and felt a steadily increasing sympathy for all, and a strong desire to bring the helpers and the helped into truer relations with each other.

The dear ladies were so earnest, so hopeful, and so unpractically benevolent, that it grieved her to see so much breath wasted, so much good-will astray, while the expectant, despondent, or excited faces of the workwomen touched her heart ; for well she knew how much they needed help, how eager they were for light, how ready to be led, if some one would only show a possible way.

As the statistical extinguisher retired, beaming with satisfaction at having added her mite to the good cause, a sudden and uncontrollable impulse moved Christie to rise in her place and ask leave to speak. It was readily granted, and a little stir of interest greeted her, for she was known to many as Mr. Power's friend, David Sterling's wife, or an army nurse who had done well. Whispers circulated quickly, and faces brightened as they turned towards her ; for she had a helpful look, and her first words pleased them. When the president invited her to the platform she paused on the lowest step, saying, with an expressive look and gesture,—

"I am better here, thank you ; for I have been and mean to be a working-woman all my life."

"Hear ! hear !" cried a stout matron in a gay bonnet, and the rest indorsed the sentiment with a hearty round. Then they were very still, and then, in a clear, steady voice, with the sympathetic undertone to it that is so magical in its effect, Christie made her first speech in public since she left the stage.

That early training stood her in good stead now, giving her self-possession, power of voice, and ease of gesture ; while the purpose at her heart lent her the sort of simple eloquence that touches, persuades, and convinces better than logic, flattery, or oratory.

What she said she hardly knew : words came faster than she could utter them, thoughts pressed upon her, and all the lessons of her life rose vividly before her, to give weight to her arguments, value to her counsels, and the force of truth to every sentence she uttered. She had known so many of the same trials, troubles, and temptations that she could speak understandingly of them ; and, better still, she had conquered or outlived so many of them, that

she could not only pity but help others to do the same. Having found in labour her best teacher, comforter, and friend, she could tell those who listened that, no matter how hard or humble the task at the beginning, if faithfully and bravely performed, it would surely prove a stepping-stone to something better, and with each honest effort they were fitting themselves for the nobler work, labour, and larger liberty God meant them to enjoy.

The women felt that this speaker was one of them, for the same lines were on her face that they saw on their own, her hands were no fine lady's hands, her dress plainer than some of theirs, her speech simple enough for all to understand, cheerful, comforting, and full of practical suggestion, illustrations out of their own experience, and a spirit of companionship that uplifted their despondent hearts.

Yet more impressive than anything she said was the subtle magnetism of character; for that has a universal language which all can understand. They saw and felt that a genuine woman stood down there among them like a sister, ready with head, heart, and hand to help them help themselves; not offering pity as an alms, but justice as a right. Hardship and sorrow, long effort and late-won reward, had been hers, they knew; wifehood, motherhood, and widowhood brought her very near to them, and behind her was the background of an earnest life, against which this figure with health on the cheeks, grey hair on the forehead, hope in the eyes, courage on the lips, and the ardour of a wide benevolence warming the whole countenance, stood out full of unconscious dignity and beauty; an example to comfort, touch, and inspire them.

It was not a long speech, and in it there was no learning, no statistics, and no politics; yet it was the speech of the evening, and when it was over no one else seemed to have anything to say. As the meeting broke up, Christie's hand was shaken by many roughened by the needle, stained with printer's ink, or hard with humbler toil; many faces smiled gratefully at her, and many voices thanked her heartily. But sweeter than any applause were the words of one woman who grasped her hand and whispered with wet eyes,—

"I knew your blessed husband; he was very good to me, and I've been thanking the Lord he had such a wife for his reward!"

Christie was thinking of all this as she sat alone that day, and asking herself if she should go on; for the ladies had been as grateful as the women; had begged her to come and speak again, saying they needed just such a mediator to bridge across the space that now divided them from those they wished to serve.

She certainly seemed fitted to act as interpreter between the two classes; for, from the gentleman her father she had inherited the fine instincts, gracious manners, and unblemished name of an old and honourable race; from the farmer's daughter, her mother, came the equally valuable dower of practical virtues, a sturdy love of independence, and great respect for the skill and courage that can win it.

Such women were much needed, and are not always easy to find, for even in democratic America the hand that earns its daily bread must wear some talent, name, or honour as an ornament, before it is very cordially shaken by those that wear white gloves.

"Perhaps this is the task my life has been fitting me for," she said; "a great and noble one, which I should be proud to accept and help accomplish, if I can. Others have finished the emancipation work, and done it splendidly, even at the cost of all this blood and sorrow. I came too late to do anything but give my husband and behold the glorious end. This new task seems to offer me the chance of being among the pioneers, to do the hard work, share the persecution, and help lay the foundation of a new emancipation whose happy success I may never see. Yet I had rather be remembered as those brave beginners are, though many of them missed the triumph, than as the late comers will be, who only beat the drums and wave the banners when the victory is won."

Just then the gate creaked on its hinges, a step sounded in the porch, and little Ruth ran in to say, in an audible whisper,—

"It's a lady, mamma, a very pretty lady: can you see her?"

"Yes, dear; ask her in."

There was a rustle of sweeping silks through the narrow hall, a vision of a very lovely woman in the doorway, and two daintily gloved hands were extended as an eager voice asked,—

"Dearest Christie, don't you remember Bella Carrol?"

Christie did remember, and had her in her arms directly, utterly regardless of the imminent destruction of a marvellous hat, or the bad effect of tears on violet ribbons. Presently they were sitting close together, talking with April faces, and telling their stories as women must when they meet after the lapse of years. A few letters had passed between them, but Bella had been abroad, and Christie too busy living her life to have much time to write about it.

"Your mother, Bella? how is she, and where?"

"Still with Augustine, and he, you know, is melancholy mad:

very quiet, very patient, and very kind to every one but himself. His penances for the sins of his race would soon kill him if mother was not there to watch over him. And her penance is never to leave him."

"Dear child, don't tell me more; it is too sad. Talk of yourself and Harry. Now you smile, so I'm sure all is well with him."

"Yes, thank Heaven! Christie, I do believe fate means to spare us, as dear old Dr. Shirley said. I never can be gay again, but I keep as cheerful and busy as I can for Harry's sake, and he does the same for mine. We shall always be together, and all in all to one another, for we can never marry and have homes apart, you know. We have wandered over the face of the earth for several years, and now we mean to settle down and be as happy and as useful as we can."

"That's brave! I am so glad to hear it, and so truly thankful it is possible. But tell me, Bella, what Harry means to do? You spoke in one of your letters of his being hard at work studying medicine. Is that to be his profession?"

"Yes; I don't know what made him choose it, unless it was the hope that he might spare other families from a curse like ours, or lighten it if it came. After Helen's death he was a changed creature; no longer a wild boy, but a man. I told him what you said to me, and it gave him hope. Dr. Shirley confirmed it as far as he dared; and Hal resolved to make the most of his one chance by interesting himself in some absorbing study, and leaving no room for fear, no time for dangerous recollections! I was so glad, and mother so comforted, for we both feared that sad trouble would destroy him. He studied hard, got on splendidly, and then went abroad to finish off. I went with him, for poor August was past hope, and mamma would not let me help her. The doctor said it was best for me to be away, and excellent for Hal to have me with him, to cheer him up, and keep him steady with a little responsibility. We have been happy together, in spite of our trouble, he in his profession and I in him; now he is ready, so we have come home, and now the hardest part begins for me."

"How, Bella?"

"He has his work and loves it: I have nothing after my duty to him is done. I find I've lost my taste for the old pleasures and pursuits, and though I have tried more sober, solid ones, there still remains much time to hang heavy on my hands, and such an

empty place in my heart, that even Harry's love cannot fill it. I'm afraid I shall get melancholy : that is the beginning of the end for us, you know."

As Bella spoke the light died out of her eyes, and they grew despairing with the gloom of a tragic memory. Christie drew the beautiful, pathetic face down upon her bosom, longing to comfort, yet feeling very powerless to lighten Bella's burden.

But Christie's little daughter did it for her. Ruth had been standing near, regarding the "pretty lady" with as much wonder and admiration as if she thought her a fairy princess, who might vanish before she got a good look at her. Divining, with a child's quick instinct, that the princess was in trouble, Ruth flew into the porch, caught up her latest and dearest treasure, and presented it as a sure consolation, with such sweet good-will, that Bella could not refuse, although it was only a fuzzy caterpillar in a little box.

"I give it to you because it is my nicest one and just ready to spin up. Do you like pussy-pillars, and know how they do it?" asked Ruth, emboldened by the kiss she got in return for her offering.

"Tell me all about it, darling," and Bella could not help smiling as the child fixed her great eyes upon her, and told her little story with such earnestness that she was breathless by the time she ended.

"At first they are only grubs, you know, and stay down in the earth ; then they are like this, nice and downy and humpy, when they walk ; and when it's time they spin up and go to sleep. It's all dark in their little beds, and they don't know what may happen to 'em ; but they are not afraid, 'cause God takes care of 'em. So they wait, and don't fret, and when it's right for 'em they come out splendid butterflies, all beautiful and shining like your gown. They are happy then, and fly away to eat honey, and live in the air, and never be creeping worms any more."

"That's a pretty lesson for me," said Bella softly, "I accept and thank you for it, little teacher ; I'll try to be a patient 'pussy-pillar' though it *is* dark, and I don't know what may happen to me ; and I'll wait hopefully till it's time to float away a happy butterfly."

"Go and get the friend some flowers, the gayest and sweetest you can find, Pansy," said Christie, and as the child ran off she added to her friend,—

"Now we must think of something pleasant for you to do. It

may take a little time, but I know we shall find your niche if we give our minds to it."

"That's one reason why I came. I heard some friends of mine talking about you yesterday, and they seemed to think you were equal to anything in the way of good works. Charity is the usual refuge for people like me, so I wish to try it. I don't mind doing or seeing sad or disagreeable things, if it only fills up my life and helps me to forget.

"You will help more by giving of your abundance to those who know how to dispense it wisely, than by trying to do it yourself, my dear. I never advise pretty creatures like you to tuck up their silk gowns and go down into the sloughs with alms for the poor, who don't like it any better than you do, and so much pity and money are wasted in sentimental charity."

"Then what shall I do?"

"If you choose, you can find plenty of work in your own class; for, if you will allow me to say it, they need help quite as much as the paupers, though in a very different way."

"Oh, you mean I'm to be strong-minded, to cry aloud and spare not, to denounce their iniquities, and demand their money or their lives."

"Now, Bella, that's personal; for I made my first speech a night or two ago."

"I know you did, and I wish I'd heard it. I'd make mine to-night if I could do it half as well as I'm told you did," interrupted Bella, clapping her hands with a face full of approval.

But Christie was in earnest, and produced her new project with all speed.

"I want you to try a little experiment for me, and if it succeeds, you shall have all the glory; I've been waiting for some one to undertake it, and I fancy you are the woman. Not every one could attempt it; for it needs wealth and position, beauty and accomplishments, much tact, and more than all a heart that has not been spoilt by the world, but taught through sorrow how to value and use life well."

"Christie, what is it—this experiment that needs so much, and yet which you think me capable of trying?" asked Bella, interested and flattered by this opening.

"I want you to set a new fashion: you know you can set almost any you choose in your own circle; for people are very like sheep, and will follow their leader if it happens to be one they fancy. I

don't ask you to be a De Staël, and have a brilliant salon : I only want you to provide employment and pleasure for others like yourself, who now are dying of frivolity or ennui."

"I should love to do that if I could. Tell me how."

"Well, dear, I want you to make Harry's home as beautiful and attractive as you can ; to keep all the elegance and refinement of former times, and to add to it a new charm by setting the fashion of common sense. Invite all the old friends, and as many new as you choose ; but have it understood that they are to come as intelligent men and women, not as pleasure-hunting beaux and belles ; give them conversation instead of gossip ; less food for the body and more for the mind ; the healthy stimulus of the nobler pleasures they can command, instead of the harmful excitements of present dissipation. In short, show them the sort of society we need more of, and might so easily have if those who possess the means of culture cared for the best sort, and took pride in acquiring it. Do you understand, Bella?"

"Yes, but it's a great undertaking, and you could do it better than I."

"Bless you, no! I haven't a single qualification for it but the will to have it done. I'm 'strong-minded,' a radical and a reformer. I've done all sorts of dreadful things to get my living, and I have neither youth, beauty, talent, nor position to back me up ; so I should only be politely ignored if I tried the experiment myself. I don't want you to break out and announce your purpose with a flourish, or try to reform society at large, but I *do* want you to devote yourself and your advantages to quietly insinuating a better state of things into one little circle. The very fact of your own want, your own weariness, proves how much such a reform is needed. There are so many fine young women longing for something to fill up the empty places that come when the first flush of youth is over, and the serious side of life appears, and so many promising young men learning to conceal or condemn the high ideals and the noble purposes they started with, because they find no welcome for them. You might help both by simply creating a purer atmosphere for them to breathe, sunshine to foster instead of frost to nip their good aspirations, and so, even if you planted no seed, you might encourage a timid sprout or two that would one day be a lovely flower or a grand tree all would admire and enjoy."

As Christie ended with the figure suggested by her favourite work, Bella said, after a thoughtful pause,—

"But few of the women I know can talk about anything but servants, dress, and gossip. Here and there one knows something of music, art, or literature ; but the superior ones are not favourites with the larger class of gentlemen."

"Then let the superior women cultivate the smaller class of men who do admire intelligence as well as beauty. There are plenty of them, and you had better introduce a few as samples, though their coats may not be of the finest broadcloth, nor their fathers 'solid men.' Women lead in society, and when men find that they cannot only dress with taste, but talk with sense, the lords of creation will be glad to drop mere twaddle, and converse as with their equals.

"Bless my heart !" cried Christie, walking about the room as if she had mounted her hobby, and was off for a canter, "how people can go on in such an idiotic fashion passes my understanding. Why keep up an endless clatter about gowns and dinners, your neighbours' affairs, and your own aches, when there is a world full of grand questions to settle, lovely things to see, wise things to study, and noble things to imitate? Bella, you *must* try the experiment, and be the queen of a better society than any you can reign over now."

"It looks inviting, and I *will* try it with you to help me. I know Harry would like it, and I'll get him to recommend it to his patients. If he is as successful here as elsewhere, they will swallow any dose he orders ; for he knows how to manage people wonderfully well. He prescribed a silk dress to a despondent, dowdy patient once, telling her the electricity of silk was good for her nerves : she obeyed, and when well dressed felt so much better, that she bestirred herself generally, and recovered ; but to this day she sings the praises of Dr. Carrol's electric cure."

Bella was laughing gaily as she spoke, and so was Christie as she replied,—

"That's just what I want you to do with *your* patients. Dress up their minds in their best ; get them out into the air ; and cure their ills by the magnetism of more active, earnest lives."

They talked over the new plan with increasing interest ; for Christie did not mean that Bella should be one of the brilliant women who shine for a little while, and then go out like a firework. And Bella felt as if she had found something to do in her own sphere, a sort of charity she was fitted for, and with it a pleasant sense of power to give it zest.

When Letty and her mother came in, they found a much hap-

pier-looking guest than the one Christie had welcomed an hour before. Scarcely had she introduced them when voices in the lane made all look up to see old Hepsey and Mrs. Wilkins approaching.

"Two more of my dear friends, Bella; a fugitive slave and a laundress. One has saved scores of her own people, and is my pet heroine; the other has the bravest, cheeriest soul I know, and is my private oracle."

The words were hardly out of Christie's mouth when in they came, Hepsey's black face shining with affection, and Mrs. Wilkins, as usual, running over with kind words.

"My dear creeter, the best of wishes and no end of happy birthdays. There's a triflin' keepsake! tuck it away, and look at it by-me-by. Mis Sterlin', I'm proper glad to see you lookin' so well. Aunt Letty, how's that darlin' child? I ain't the pleasure of your acquaintance, Miss; but I'm pleased to see you: the children all sent love, likewise Lisha, whose bones is better sense I tried the camfire and red flannel."

Then they settled down like a flock of birds of various plumage and power of song, but all amicably disposed, and ready to peck socially at any topic which might turn up.

Mrs. Wilkins started one by exclaiming, as she "laid off" her bonnet,—

"Sakes alive, there's a new picter! Ain't it beautiful?"

"Colonel Fletcher brought it this morning. A great artist painted it for him, and he gave it to me in a way that added much to its value," answered Christie, with both gratitude and affection in her face, for she was a woman who could change a lover to a friend, and keep him all her life.

It was a quaint and lovely picture of Mr. Greatheart leading the fugitives from the City of Destruction. A dark wood lay behind, a wide river rolled before; Mercy and Christiana pressed close to their faithful guide, who went down the rough and narrow path, bearing a cross-hilted sword in his right hand, and holding a sleeping baby with the left. The sun was just rising, and a long ray made a bright path athwart the river, turned Greatheart's dinted armour to gold, and shone into the brave and tender face that seemed to look beyond the sunrise.

"There's just a hint of Davy in it that is very comforting to me," said Mrs. Sterling, as she laid her old hands softly together, and looked up with her devout eyes full of love.

"Dem women oughter bin black," murmured Hepsey tearfully,

for she considered David worthy of a place with old John Brown and Colonel Shaw.

"The child looks like Pansy, we all think," added Letty, as Ruth brought her nosegay for Auntie to tie up prettily.

Christie said nothing, because she felt too much; and Bella was also silent because she knew too little. But Mrs. Wilkins, with her kindly tact, changed the subject before it grew painful, and asked, with sudden interest,—

"When be you a-goin' to hold forth agin, Christie? jest let me know beforehand, and I'll wear my old gloves: I tore my best ones all to rags clappin' of you; it was so extra good."

"I don't deserve any credit for the speech, because it spoke itself, and I couldn't help it. I had no thought of such a thing till it came over me all at once, and I was up before I knew it. I'm truly glad you liked it, but I shall never make another, unless you think I'd better. You know I always ask your advice, and, what is more remarkable, usually take it," said Christie, glad to consult her oracle.

"Hadn't you better rest a little before you begin any new task, my daughter? You have done so much these last years you must be tired," interrupted Mrs. Sterling, with a look of tender anxiety.

"You know I work for two, mother," answered Christie, with the clear, sweet expression her face always wore when she spoke of David. "I am not tired yet: I hope I never shall be, for without my work I shall fall into despair or ennui. There is so much to be done, and it is so delightful to help do it, that I never mean to fold my hands till they are useless. I owe all I can do, for in labour, and the efforts and experiences that grew out of it, I have found independence, education, happiness, and religion."

"Then, my dear, you are ready to help other folks into the same blessed state, and it's your duty to do it," cried Mrs. Wilkins, her keen eyes full of sympathy and commendation as they rested on Christie's cheerful, earnest face. "Ef the sperrit moves you to speak, up and do it without no misgivin's. I think it was a special leadin' that night, and I hope you'll foller, for it ain't every one that can make folks laugh and cry with a few plain words that go right to a body's heart and stop there real comfortable and fillin'. I guess this is your next job, my dear, and you'd better ketch hold and give it the right turn, for it's goin' to take time, and women ain't stood alone for so long they'll need a sight of boostin'."

There was a general laugh at the close of Mrs. Wilkins's remarks

but Christie answered seriously, " I accept the task, and will do my share faithfully with words or work, as shall seem best. We all need much preparation for the good time that is coming to us, and can get it best by trying to know and help, love and educate one another, as we do here."

With an impulsive gesture Christie stretched her hands to the friends about her, and with one accord they laid theirs on hers, a loving league of sisters, old and young, black and white, rich and poor, each ready to do her part to hasten the coming of the happy end.

" Me too !" cried little Ruth, and spread her chubby hand above the rest : a hopeful omen, seeming to promise that the coming generation of women will not only receive but deserve their liberty, by learning that the greatest of God's gifts to us is the privilege of sharing His great work.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS IN 1509.

OFFICIAL records, however old they may be, seldom prove very interesting to those who merely cast a casual glance at them. They are generally filled with so much that had no more than a passing interest for those who were immediately concerned in the transactions referred to that it requires a good deal of patience and perseverance to sift the wheat from the chaff, and to extract from a mass of dry and unimportant details the comparatively few notices of events which have left their mark on history, and consequently deserve to attract the interest of all. The record of Parliamentary proceedings contained in the Journals of the two Houses of the Legislature forms no exception to this rule. Page after page may be turned over before the reader's diligence is rewarded by the discovery of anything that seems to be of historical moment. Even if he turns to some memorable date he will often be disappointed at the curt and matter-of-course style in which is couched the notice of an event which, in his opinion, ought to fill so large a space in the records of the past. Nay more, it is quite possible that he may altogether miss what he is looking for, so few are the words that sometimes suffice to describe how a revolution was effected. The consequence is that the Parliamentary Journals are seldom opened except by a few students of history and those who are engaged in Parliamentary life; and yet they may, with a little diligence, be made to yield much instruction and not a little amusement. But it must not be supposed that they will furnish us with a complete history of the British Constitution, or that the first volume of the Lords' Journals commences with the beginning of the existence of the Upper House. Indeed, it is not easy to say what the date of that beginning was. Sir Edward Creasy refers the origin of the House of Lords to Magna Charta, but it was nearly three centuries later before a regular journal of each day's proceedings began to be kept. At any rate, even if it was commenced earlier, 1509 is the date of the oldest portion of it that has been preserved.¹

¹ The Commons' Journals do not commence till November 8, 1547.

On the 21st of January in that year King Harry the Eighth opened his first Parliament in person. We can imagine the handsome young monarch seated on his throne, his good-natured and thoroughly English features with difficulty suppressing all indication of the impatience with which he listened to the Archbishop's sermon. For, strange as it may seem, instead of a King's Speech there was an Archbishop's Sermon, as will appear from the following literal translation from the Latin of the first page of the Journal :—

“ Monday, 21st January, 1509.

In the first year of Henry VIII.

On Monday, the twenty-first day of January, in the first year of the reign of King Henry the Eighth since the Conquest, the first day of the Parliament, the Lord King himself sitting on the royal throne in the great chamber adjoining his chapel and oratory beneath his palace at Westminster, there being then present the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of the whole kingdom of England, and also the Commons then summoned to Parliament and assembled by the Royal Commands, the Most Reverend Father in Christ, the Lord William Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, Chancellor of England, by command of the Lord King himself, with no less elegance and skill than solemnity, wisdom and learning, and with the highest approval of all present, pronounced, declared and published the cause of the summoning of the aforesaid Parliament, taking for his text these words following :—

‘ Fear God, honour the King.’ ”

Then follows a brief summary of the sermon, which does not seem to have been anything very remarkable, though doubtless at the time of its delivery it really received all the applause which is said to have been bestowed upon it.

Archbishop Warham, on whom devolved the duty of preaching on this important occasion, was a man whose name is not very prominent in history ; but perhaps it is not too much to say that for that very reason, considering the times in which he lived, he must have been an exceptionally good man. Under that fickle monarch, Henry VIII., who degraded one favourite merely to raise another in his stead, it was almost impossible for a man to fill a high position in the state without sooner or later incurring the king's enmity. Nor would the most servile compliance with all his Majesty's whims and humours have saved him from this fate, since the royal mind was so often changed that what pleased

it one day might be the cause of its resentment the next. That Archbishop Warham was able, by the honest, straightforward course of his life, to live in honour and to die in peace is surely no small point in his favour. We have said that servility was by no means a sure method of retaining the king's favour, but it was nevertheless an expedient so universally resorted to that an independent man like Warham ought to command our admiration. His career exhibits a confusion of what are now two distinct professions, the Church and the Law, which was very common before the Reformation. At first he seems to have intended to devote himself to the former, since he accepted a benefice; but a few years later we find him practising in the Court of Arches, and with such success did he follow a lawyer's calling that in 1493 he was made Master of the Rolls, and in 1502 Keeper of the Great Seal. In the following year he was raised to the dignities of Bishop of London and Lord Chancellor, and the year after that he was made Archbishop of Canterbury, thus reaching the summits of both professions. In illustration of his honesty and independence may be mentioned his opposition to Henry VIIIth's marriage with his brother's widow, both in 1502, when Henry VII. caused the contract to be entered into, and again when the marriage was carried into effect. Wolsey, who was the Archbishop's enemy, supplanted him as Chancellor in 1516, but after the Cardinal's fall the Great Seal was again offered to Warham, who, however, declined it on the ground of old age. He died in 1532, and was succeeded in the primacy by Cranmer. Warham has been accused of superstition, chiefly on account of his disposition to put some faith in the imposture of the Maid of Kent; but the fact of his having been the friend of Erasmus (who dedicated one of his works to him) ought to go far towards exculpating him from such a charge.

To return to the Journal of 1509. After the conclusion of the Chancellor's address is an entry of the Commons being directed to choose a Speaker and present him to the King, and of the appointment of "Receivers and Triers of Petitions." As these two things are still done at the commencement of each new Parliament, it will probably interest our readers to see what difference the lapse of more than three centuries and a half has made in the mode of procedure. But first it will be necessary to explain who these Receivers and Triers of Petitions were, and what they had to do. It must be remembered that in those days the jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery was not fully established. The common law of the

land failed to afford relief in a great number of cases, and it became the acknowledged right of those who were thus suffering from the imperfections of the law to petition Parliament for the redress of their grievances. Sir T. E. May says that the Receivers of Petitions were ordinarily the clerks of the chancery, afterwards the masters in chancery, and later still some of the judges. It was their duty to sit in public for the purpose of receiving petitions, which they afterwards transmitted to the Triers. These latter were certain prelates, peers, and judges, assisted when necessary by the lord chancellor, the lord treasurer, and the serjeants-at-law. Their business was to examine the petitions, and ascertain whether they were such as had any claim to the interference of Parliament, many being rejected on the ground that the courts of law were fully competent to deal with them. A specimen of these petitions may not be uninteresting. Most of them are in Norman French, a particularly unintelligible language to those who are not familiar with it; but we have chosen one in English, in order that we may place the exact words before our readers. It is dated "Anno IX. Henrici VI.," i. e. A.D. 1430-31, and runs thus:—"To oure Soṽayne Lorde the Kyng, and to the Lordes of this p̄sent Parlement Sp̄uell and Temporell. Besecheth right mekele youre pore wydowe and contenuell bedewoman Annes Plomer." Then follows an account of how the Petitioner had been ousted from some lands, the prayer of the petition being couched in these words:—"Like it to youre full Roiall excelence, to consider the longe and the continuell pursuyte, with the grete and the importable costes the which youre seid pore wydowe hase hade and susteyned in this partie, throwe the which she is broght in so grete poverttee, that she hase noo gode whereof to sue longure at the comwne lawe, soo that for defaute of gode, withoute youre merciable and graceouse socour, she stondith in eas of p̄petuell disheretisson and uttur undoyng in this worlde. And upon that to yif in charge to youre Chauncellor of Ingeland for the tyme beyng, be autorite of Parlement, to do come before hym bothe the parties above reherced, and make a fynall conclusion betwyx home, as lawe, faith and gode conscience wyll; for Goddes luf, and in werke of charitee." The answer to the petition is added in the same words as are used to this day in declaring the Royal Assent to private bills—"Soit fait comme il est désiré."

We will now give a translation of the text of the entry which immediately follows the abstract of the Primate's sermon.

“After the conclusion of which Speech and Declaration, the said Lord Chancellor gave it in command to the aforesaid Commons, in the King’s name, that they should meet on the morrow in their accustomed Commons House and choose one to be their Speaker, and present him when so chosen to the said Lord King; and, in order that justice might be had and administered with more despatch, convenience and diligence to those who wished to present complaints and petitions, he constituted and appointed certain Receivers and Examiners or Triers of those Petitions, in form following.”

The rest of the entry is in Norman French, and as the use of that language is still retained in the appointment of the Receivers and Triers, we give the text of the original.

“Recepeurs des Peticions de Angleterre, Irland, Gales, et de Scoce.

Sir John Yong.

Sir Roger Lupton.

Sir John Taylor.

Et ceuls q’vouldront delivrer leurs Peticions bailleront en de dens sept jours prochanement ensuivant.

Recepeurs des Peticions de Gascoigne et des autres terres et pais de par de la la meere et des isles.

Sir Nicholas West, &c.

Et sont assignes Triours des Peticions de Angleterre, Irland, Gales, et pareilment de Scoce.

L’Archeveque de Canterbury.

Le Duc de Buckingham.

L’Evecq de Winchester, &c.

Tous ensembles, ou cinque des Prelats et Segniors avanditz au moins, appellees a eulx le Chancellier et Tresorier, ou deuls aultres officiers du Roy, comme il sera necessaire, et tiendront leur place en la Chambre du Chamberlen.

Et sont assignes Triours de Peticions de Gascoigne et des autres terres et pais de par de la la meere et des isles.

Tous ensembles, ou trois des Prelats et Segnieurs avanditz, appellees a eulx le Chancellier et Tresorier, et aussi le Serjant du Roy, quant il besoignera, et tiendront leur place en la Chambre de Tresorer.”

Although the nomination of these Receivers and Triers of Petitions still finds a place in the Journal of the House of Lords at

the commencement of each Parliament, it is hardly necessary to say that they have no duties to fulfil. Their appointment is in fact a mere relic of the past; but it is a relic which has been so carefully preserved that, but for the names, we should be at a loss to tell whether what we read was written in 1509 or in 1869. On the 6th of February in the latter year Parliament was formally opened. In the Journal of that date we find the several entries which are usual at the commencement of a new Parliament, and among them the following :—

“ Les Recevours des Petitions de la Grande Bretagne et d'Ireland :

Messire Alexander Edmund Cockburn, Chevalier et Chief Justicer de Banc Commune.

Messire Colin Blackburn, Chevalier et Justicer.

Messire William Russell, Ecuyer.

Et ceux qui veulent delivre leurs Petitions les baillent dedans six jours prochainement ensuivant.

Les Recevours des Petitions de Gascoigne et des autres terres et pays de par de la mer et des isles :

Messire Fitzroy Kelly, Chevalier et Chief Baron de l'Exchequer de la Reyne, &c.

Et ceux qui veulent delivre leurs Petitions les baillent dedans six jours prochainement ensuivant.

Les Triours des Petitions de la Grande Bretagne et d'Ireland :

Le Duc de Somerset.

Le Duc de Saint Albans, &c.

Touts eux ensemble, ou quatre des Seigneurs avant-ditz, appellant aux eux les serjeants de la Reyne, quant sera besoigne, tiendront leur place en la Chambre du Tresorier.”

The rest of the entry bears the same close resemblance to the original precedent of 1509, and need not therefore be transcribed. We much doubt whether the noble Lords and learned Judges appointed to fill these ancient offices were aware of the honour that had been conferred upon them; but we may be quite sure that their duties were not materially augmented by the additional labour which they were thus called upon to undertake.

It will have been observed that in 1509, immediately after the

Primate's sermon, the Commons were directed to choose a Speaker, and to present him to the King. This is another matter the old formalities connected with which have been preserved with the utmost fidelity. Most of our readers will probably have some recollection of the accounts that appeared in the newspapers of what took place in Parliament when Mr. Brand was elected to succeed the late Lord Ossington in the Chair of the House of Commons, and, having been so elected, presented himself at the Bar of the House of Lords, and received from the Lords Commissioners appointed for that purpose the assurance of her Majesty's approbation. But this was not exactly a parallel case, inasmuch as the Commons had not been ordered to choose a Speaker, but merely received her Majesty's permission to do so after the retirement of the previous occupant of the chair. The proceedings of 1509 were much more closely imitated in 1868, when the new House of Commons was formally directed to choose a Speaker. It is true that it was well known that, in accordance with modern custom, Mr. Evelyn Denison, who had been Speaker in the last Parliament, would be re-elected; but, nevertheless, all the time-honoured ceremonies were gone through with as much exactness as if the election had involved a trial of strength between the two great political parties, and there had been some likelihood of her Majesty declining to confirm the choice made by her "faithful Commons." What took place in 1509 was this. In obedience to the King's commands certain members of the House of Commons came to the Lords the day after Parliament had been opened and announced that they had elected a Speaker, and begged that his Majesty should be acquainted therewith, in order that he might signify when he would be pleased to have the said Speaker presented to him. The Lord Chancellor, after having politely congratulated the Lower House on the expedition with which they had conducted the election, directed them to meet at ten o'clock on the following morning, when the King would notify to them at what time the Speaker should be presented to him. We may presume that they did so meet the next morning, and received the royal commands to attend his Majesty in the House of Lords the same day; for on the 23rd of January we find the Commons presenting Thomas Ynglefyld or Inglefyld (for the name is spelt in both ways in the same paragraph) to the king in the Upper House, and his Majesty admitting him as a fit and proper person for the responsible office to which he had been chosen. Whereupon Mr. Inglefyld protested that he was not worthy of

his Majesty's favour, and the king said he was. Then the Speaker begged that whenever he should have to speak in the name of the Commons his words might be construed subject to this protest. To which the king replied that he should benefit by his protest to the same extent as former Speakers. Now see how very similar were the proceedings in 1868. On the 10th of December the Lord Chancellor, in her Majesty's name, directed the Commons to choose "some proper person" to be their Speaker, and to present such person in the House of Lords on the following day "for her Majesty's royal approbation." Accordingly the next day the Commons came to the Bar, and Mr. Denison informed their Lordships that the Commons had, "according to their undoubted rights and privileges," elected a Speaker, and that their choice had fallen upon himself. "I now present myself," he added, "at your Lordships' Bar, and submit myself with all humility to her Majesty's gracious approbation." The expression of that approbation was then conveyed to the Speaker by the Lord Chancellor, after which the Speaker claimed on behalf of the Commons all their ancient rights and privileges, and finally prayed "that if any error should be committed it might be imputed to himself, and not to her Majesty's loyal Commons." In reply to this little speech the Lord Chancellor assured the Speaker that "her Majesty did most readily confirm all the rights and privileges which had ever been granted to or conferred upon the Commons by any of her royal predecessors;" and that "although she was sensible that he stood in no need of such assurance, her Majesty would ever put the most favourable construction upon his words and actions." Now in these days, when the paramount authority of Parliament is so surely established that we may safely affirm it to be unassailable, all this is little more than mere ceremony; but it is a ceremony which has been very wisely retained. These privileges of the House of Commons, three of which are particularly enumerated by the Speaker, viz. freedom of speech in debate, freedom from arrest of their persons and servants, and free access to the sovereign when occasion shall require, are like the names of victories inscribed on the colours of a regiment. There was many a hard struggle between Crown and Parliament before any of these rights were established; and though one cannot repress a smile at the mere thought of the House of Brunswick ever falling into the errors which wrecked the fortunes of the Stuarts, still it is well that we should be occasionally reminded of what our ancestors have done

for us, and of what it is therefore our duty to do for ourselves and for our children. The same may be said of a host of other relics of the past which abound in the proceedings of Parliament, and which, though perhaps useless in themselves, still deserve our veneration because of the memories which surround them. Do not let us destroy old things merely because they are old; and, on the other hand, do not let us prop up an obstruction merely because it is moss-grown and decayed. The middle course between these two extremes is the one which the English people have ever pursued; and in this, as in most other respects, Parliament is a faithful representative of the nation.

A. H.

EDITH DEWAR;

OR,

GLIMPSES OF SCOTTISH LIFE AND MANNERS IN
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY COLIN RAE-BROWN,

AUTHOR OF "THE DAWN OF LOVE," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

THE "YOUNG MINISTER."

ON landing from the ferry-boat which had brought him off from the Glasgow steamer, Donald Dewar felt none of those throbbings which agitate sensitive bosoms on similar occasions. To some extent he was a fatalist—that is, when it suited him—and he simply considered that the "old man's time had come." He was not deceived either, for the Rev. John Dewar expired within a few hours after his son's arrival, an event of which he never became conscious.

Donald Dewar had been already "licensed" for the ministry, and when the prescribed time arrived for presenting himself to his own living, he, more as a matter of decent form than aught else, officiated in the parish church to prove his acceptability to the congregation before "induction;" on that occasion he was not only the "observed of all observers," but the object of profound admiration in respect of his chastely eloquent and purely orthodox style.

The young clergyman was of tall stature, handsomely formed, and presented to his audience a very commanding and attractive presence. His features were bold in outline and firm in expression, and when his head first appeared above the "book-board" of the pulpit, exhibiting a rich profusion of jet black hair, lying in rich and graceful masses on either side of his high and ample forehead, the impression conveyed was—to use Dominie Sampson's words—

“prodigious!” This feeling was heightened to something bordering on veneration when his deep mellow voice, well skilled in intonation, and equally flexible, read out the Morning Psalm—

“That man of perfect blessedness,” &c.

So much so, that a time-honoured and sagely sapient critic remarked, at the close of the service, that “he read mair like an angel than a mere man o’ clay.”

“It’s perfectly amazin’,” said old Mrs. Gillies, following up the village oracle’s remark, “to hear a young fallow like that sae glib o’ the tongue in maitters perteenin’ to heevenly things. His faither never took sic a flicht as we hae had experience o’ on this occasion, an’ I fervently hope it will be bless’d tae him and tae us a’. We’re no out the need o’ being stirred up, Mr. Tamson, and it wud amaist need an angel tae rouse a gude mony o’ the folks about Kildonald. We’re a’ great backsliders, and fearfully and wonderfully made.”

“Speak for yirsel, Mrs. Gillies” (Mrs. G. squinted, was hump-backed, and very lame), “speak for yirsel. As my name’s Macintosh, and ane o’ the auldest men in the pairish, I dinna think there’s half as mony queer and reprobate folks amang us as ye wud mak oot. Nae doot, there’s ower mony gaun the wrang gate here, as weel as everywhaur else, but there’s a deal mair than eloquence needed to bring us into the fauld o’ the Gude Shepherd. The pruif o’ the puddin is in the preein o’ ’t, and ye maun e’en wait a wee before ye can preceesely tell what the young man will be in the lang rin.”

Such was the blunt opinion of Donald Macintosh, a well-to-do owner of several substantial fishing-smacks, and a man of more than average intellect among his fellows.

Mrs. Gillies was one of those “unco’ gude and rigidly righteous” people who thought the majority of her neighbours were all on the high road to perdition, while she belonged to the special “elect,” and was certain of salvation.

Honest Donald Macintosh had a perfect horror of the class to which Grannie Gillies belonged, and though generally the most courteous of men, he never could help giving her a “cut in”—as he called it—when she put on her “preaching cap.” Thus it was, that when she uttered the words “We are a’ fearfully and wonderfully made,” Donald imported a considerable sneer into his rejoinder of, “speak for yirsel, Mrs. Gillies, speak for yirsel.”

The old lady flounced round the next corner as fast as her very

lame leg would allow, and, it may be taken for granted, Donald Macintosh was not included in her prayers that night.

The great majority of the congregation considered the "presentation" sermon a decided success, and the Rev. Donald Dewar knew beforehand that such would be the result. He knew well what his father's failings as a preacher had been, and, if necessary, he would have studied to avoid them, but there was no such necessity.

The elder Dewar had long dinned abstract and abstruse "doctrinal" religion into the ears of his people, causing a perfect weariness of the flesh in the younger and more intelligent portions of the congregation, and this dry and unpractical sermonizing was precisely the style which his son utterly ignored. He went in for Practical Christianity in all its breadth and entirety; embellishing his forcibly-drawn pictures thereof with exquisite touches of light and shade which generally terminated in a perfect blaze of peroration.

This man was a social diplomatist of the first order. It was "expedient" to place himself high in the estimation of the younger and more educated of his parishioners—the older, and, consequently, old-fashioned people were rapidly dying out—and he did so by means which, in themselves, were more than desirable innovations at Kildonald. What a world of deceit some human hearts can contain, and with what consummate skill that deceit may continue to be practised! Defying all detection, there are many men, and women also, who successfully play the part of arch-hypocrites to the very close of their earthly existence.

What wonder if we find that, after his formal "induction," the "young minister" became the object of general remark and admiration—especially of such of the neighbouring lairds' gude-wives as had marriageable daughters to dispose of.

What a race some of these good ladies ran in striving who should be the first to originate a subscription for a new pulpit-gown and church-service!

But, as ill-luck would have it, Captain Macneill's managing and ladylike better-half, and Laird Miller's bouncing, buxom dame, actually met each other, bent on the self-same errand, in the "Major's" drawing-room.

Major Malcolm was a retired military noble who always headed the village subscriptions as a matter of course, and both ladies were welcomed by him with the utmost cordiality. Each of

the rival match-makers had daughters just turned twenty, both being more or less attractive in looks and manners, though, like their parents, differing widely from each other in the possession of those essentials which were indispensable to the "position" which they—or their mothers for them—aspired to.

Ellen Macneill and Jane Miller were both possessed of substantial "tochers," which had been bequeathed by wealthy relatives, and their families occupied respectable and influential positions, although the Millers had no such "hold" in the "county" as the Macneills.

A very large subscription was raised, and at an unusually crowded meeting in the church, a most elegant pulpit-gown, with a Bible and psalm-book, superbly bound, were presented to Mr. Dewar, in the name of "the ladies of the congregation," by the worthy Major.

That gentleman had not arrived at his discretionary years without acquiring a very great amount of good sense and worldly wisdom; besides, he was really as amiable and kind-hearted a gentleman of the good old school as ever breathed; and, with admirable tact, he, in the few brief but emphatic words with which he prefaced the "presentation," contrived to give both lady patronesses an almost equal share of commendation for "the praiseworthy zeal and assiduity with which they had originated and carried out the project now so successfully brought to completion."

Dewar, though at heart haughty and inclined to look contemptuously on such things, infused a degree of bland suavity into his reply, that quite charmed and delighted all present, more especially Mrs. Macneill and Mrs. Miller.

Following in the Major's wake for once, he wisely poured out the oil of praise in equal portions over the reverentially bent heads of both ladies; who, in their best satins, and most costly jewels, occupied one of the front pews facing the pulpit-table.

Of course, each of the ladies fancied that there was some especial warmth in the terms used by the minister to designate her individual exertions. The "wish will be father—and mother—to the thought," and each wended her way home, sagely planning how the matrimonial artillery was next to be directed, and as to what kind of shot would prove most effective in bombarding Dewar's heart and position.

Nor were they alone in such plans and preparations. The dinner-parties, tea-parties, and picnics that followed the "presentation"

and "induction"—great events in such a locality—were somewhat astounding. Dewar had seen too much of select life in Edinburgh, and had too great an innate admiration of self to be really pleased with so much lionizing; still he, above all other men, was the one best fitted to get through it with tact, and consequent *éclat*.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MACNEILLS AND THE MILLERS.

ELLEN MACNEILL'S father had been a commander in the navy; one who had seen active service. He was connected with some of the best families in the West Highlands, and greatly esteemed throughout the county; all the more so because of his great affliction, namely, the entire paralysis of both legs.

No finer type of a thorough Highland gentleman can be conceived than that which Captain Macneill presented "at home," and while on the quarter-deck no nobler or braver British sailor had ever breathed.

In his palmy days he had stood six feet one inch, standard measure, his build being in admirable proportion to his height. As that full-length portrait, which hung above the massive oak sideboard in his dining-room, depicted the gallant commander, he must have been a perfect Adonis of the quarter-deck. Beneath this picture there was suspended, by loops of true navy-blue ribbon, the veritable Dolland telescope which the painter had so marvelously well rendered on canvas—slung in the captain's right hand. The portrait had always been well cared for; the dust was not allowed to accumulate week after week, and there was no gas at Colonsay Hall. The epaulettes were still brightly golden, so were the buttons and sword-hilt, and the trousers were almost spotlessly white. In a small view, which had been introduced as an accessory picture in the background, there was a miniature representation of the "Conqueror," one of Britain's old-fashioned, yet world-renowned, wooden walls, from whose port-holes many a destructive broadside had been poured. This had been the captain's maiden ship, and he decided on having her introduced in the family picture in preference to any of those crafts which he had been aboard of in his later years.

The captain's middy stories were of the raciest possible descrip-

tion, and the sight of the old ship not only proved wonderfully suggestive, but warmed up all his latent sea-enthusiasm to its highest altitude. Few visitors ever left Colonsay Hall without having listened to some of those marvellous "yarns" for which its owner had become celebrated far and near. The annals of his country have well told of the Captain's doughty deeds, but a single glance at that telling portrait is still sufficient to convince the beholder that—

"Firm as a rock, in breeze or gale,
He strode the quarter-deck."

The captain was well off in worldly matters, and kept up a good style of living. Except on Sundays, he never dined without having his ears regaled by the sound of the bagpipes. In fair weather, Sandy McNeill, his stalwart retainer and piper, strode backwards and forwards on that portion of the hall terrace which fronted the dining-room windows—commanding a fine view of the loch—and there blew his loudest blasts, or "soughed" forth his deepest wails of Gaelic music, wild and weird. The spirit of Ossian might have conjured up Sandy's strains, they had so much of the antique in their strange varieties; and if the spirits of the mighty dead are permitted to revisit this sublunary sphere, perhaps the mighty Fingal himself may have listened to those echoes of his legendary reign.

When the weather was wet, or otherwise foul, Sandy took his place in the grand old corridor, which intersected the interior of the mansion, and made its wainscoted and well-antlered and armoured sides, as well as the roof, echo and re-echo the hearty efforts of his well-inflated lungs.

Next in order to the piper came Tom Jarvis, formerly a first-class A.B. on board the good ship which the captain had last commanded, and now principal valet to his former chief officer.

Tom was a gigantic, broad-shouldered, brawny, sun-burnt Englishman. Born at Deal, and the son, grandson, and great—or greater—grandson of sailors, on both sides of the house, a more perfect specimen of an out-and-out "Salt" could not have been met with in any part of her Majesty's dominions. Though between fifty and sixty years of age, Tom had not a grey hair on his head, beard, or whiskers. His entire hirsute furnishings were as black as jet, and curly as the wool of his own favourite retriever, which, while yet a pup, he had characteristically christened "Boreas."

As Captain Macneill had become rather corpulent, no ordinary individual—especially one of the usual valet stamp—could have moved his portly person about from room to room at all, while the “bo’swain”—as his master had dubbed him—managed to effect this with the utmost ease.

Sandy and his pipes prefaced and accompanied dinner and dessert, but after the first tumbler of Islay and Campbeltown—especially obtained direct from the distillers, and blended at the hall—Tom Jarvis, at the sound of a whistle, which was always suspended from the Captain’s guard-chain, entered the room, scraped his best bow with his glazed hat, and gave forth “Tom Bowling,” “Cease, loud Boreas,” “Tom Tough,” or some other equally spirit-stirring and breezy melody, with all the force and finish of an accomplished nautical vocalist. At the conclusion, Tom would sail up with a tar-like swagger and sea-roll to his master, who thereupon handed him a brimming tumbler of double-stiff toddy, and one of his prime Havannahs.

Sandy McNeill and Tom Jarvis were both splendid specimens of the *genus homo* in every possible way. Intellectually, they were as well informed as most men possessing their limited opportunities could well be, and morally they were perfect embodiments of veracity and integrity.

The piper belonged to one of the few families in the neighbourhood who still occasionally made use of the Gaelic language in conversing with their relatives, and this habit made its peculiar mark on Sandy’s pronunciation of English. The bo’swain, on the other hand, had not lost one iota of his mother tongue, salted highly, and thoroughly sea-flavoured, so that the conversations between the two worthies afforded an example of conflicting idioms that never failed to afford excellent entertainment to those who had the opportunity of listening.

Sandy thoroughly despised the invention of cigars, and, indeed, the weed in that form was not a particular favourite with Tom himself, but he had his supply from the “captain,” and would swear by his dinner largess while half an inch of it remained unconsumed.

“I wunner,” said Sandy on one occasion, “whut she can fin tae like in thae bit curroty things. I wudna gie a blast o’ my Glescow pipie for a hale hunner o’ sic trash.”

“Avast heaving there, comrade,” rejoined Tom, throwing up his weather eye, “haven’t I told you that if the commander asked me

to smoke powder-twist I'd do that too. England expects that every man each day will do his dooty, and that's my creed, Mr. Mac. No shirking sharks or shrapnells when the commander gives the word: them's my sentiments!"

"It's a' verra richt, bousan, it's a' verra richt when it's the Laird's wull, but for a' that I'm glad he gies me nane o' thae trashy things, and that I hae cauld whuskey without water aifter I'm dune wi' my blawin. I cunna crack richt wi' ye, man, tull ye licht yer pipe, mak haste—*creishorst*—and finish that bit kail runt o' a thing."

"Right you are, my hearty, here goes the last of it, and now for a bit of the old Wirginny. You never was at Wirginny, were you, Mister Mac? Oh, I thought so, neither was I, but I've heard that the baccy grows there as plentiful as dockweeds here, and may a'most be had for an old song. Wouldn't I sing them a rare lot for a few pounds of the real honeydew-stuff like this here, my mate, that makes your lips smack, and your teeth water while its only a-cuttin'."

With such and similar conversation the two worthy fellows were wont to pass the evening, and there never was a harsh or unkind word known to pass between them.

Captain Macneill knew when he had good servants, and, unlike too many masters, he used them as fellow-men, and not as representatives of a race naturally inferior. He had his reward.

Mrs. Macneill was the daughter of a celebrated clergyman, who, a few years after the settlement of the young minister, joined the intrepid band who originated the Free Church of Scotland—those noble-minded men who gave up their comfortable livings, and left their cherished homes, in 1843, rather than longer submit to the tyranny and oppression of the Law of Patronage.

A more sublime spectacle has not been witnessed in modern or ancient times than that which presented itself to the crowds assembled in Edinburgh on the 18th day of May, 1843, when the Evangelical members of the General Assembly of the Established Church of Scotland, headed by Chalmers, sallied forth, bareheaded, from the place of meeting—St. Andrew's Church—and proceeded to Tanfield Hall, Canonmills, where the first General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland was then and there constituted under the moderatorship of Chalmers: the greatest mind that has ever adorned the ecclesiastical economy of Scotland.

On the faces of all, whether clerical or lay representatives of their

presbyteries, were depicted the full responsibility and thorough solemnity of the great resolve they had mutually taken—a resolve which, the ministers forfeited the means of living, house, home—everything, in short, but *principle*!

Ultimately, four hundred and seventy-four clergymen so abandoned their livings, rather than remain associated with an established order of things by which the most useless and un instructive presentee could be, and literally was, thrust upon a congregation.

Since that memorable day, the adherents of the Free Church of Scotland have raised some Ten Millions Sterling for religious and educational purposes!

Why should the disestablished Church of Ireland despair?

In place of doing injury to the objects which all true Christians have most at heart, the Free Church movement has well-nigh doubled the number of churches and schools which were in existence throughout Scotland prior to the date of the “Disruption,” while it has more than redoubled the zeal and activity of the “Moderate” party who remained in possession of their livings. So much so that the members of the latter have recently come to be convinced of the manifest evils which attend on “patronage,” and are actually soliciting its complete abolition.

Time turns the tables of all “vested rights” and cherished delusions, and history will have few such marvellous results to chronicle as that which is evidenced in this resolve to follow out the example set by the brave men who went out with their great leader beyond the gates of St. Andrew’s Church, Edinburgh, on the 18th day of May, 1843.

The Rev. Dr. Davidson, Mrs. Macneill’s father, occupied the pulpit of one of the principal churches in a seaport town of considerable importance in the west of Scotland. The living was an exceptionally large one, its emoluments averaging about 1000*l.* per annum. He was a distinguished Hebrew scholar, and a man of great classical attainments generally. Sincere as eloquent, humble in manners, yet of commanding presence, the Rev. Doctor was more than “looked up to” in the town—he was its Sir Oracle in very truth, and he did not misuse the confidence reposed in and paid to his worth and opinions.

Blessed—for it is a blessing in such cases—with a considerable private fortune, in addition to his valuable stipend, and quite a deluge of substantial presents in kind—and of every kind—the streams of his bounty flowed freely into the otherwise cheerless and

almost hopeless wynds and lanes in the vicinity of a filthy harbour. They were like rivers of life and light and gladness gliding into a region which had become notorious for the lack of all that renders life bearable.

"Behind the veil," in those squalid regions, he bore with him the "creature comforts" of existence, dropping them here and there, at one house after the other, accompanied—not preceded—with words of hopeful comfort and most catholic encouragement to all. The capacious pockets of his great-coat resembled the fruitful sleeves of the modern wizard, and seemed well-nigh inexhaustible. His special charity account with the family grocer—afterwards an honourable and worthy Lord Mayor of the British metropolis—swelled far beyond the extent of his own home requirements, and the same result followed with regard to the woollen and linen-drapers' bills for the year.

A more perfect embodiment of a "Christian minister" never blessed a community with his practical words and deeds than Duncan Davidson: blessed be his memory!

Under such a father, and favoured with a mother who was in every respect a helpmate meet for such a man, it is not to be wondered at if the captain's lady shone amidst society, and in her own family circle, with no borrowed light.

Mrs. Macneill wore her fifty summers blithely, her lithe, light form, slightly above middle height, moved hither and thither with all the ease and activity of thirty-five; while her cordial manners, frank address, and speakingly bright black eyes, made every one—relative, acquaintance, or dependent—happy whenever they came within the influence of her sunny presence.

The captain, who had left the service in splendid health, was so thoroughly disheartened, for the first time in his life, by the great affliction which suddenly fell upon him three years afterwards—as dreadful in its extent as in its suddenness—that but for the fortitude displayed by his wife, the worthy sailor must have succumbed to the utter prostration of soul and body which followed up his paralytic attack.

For seven weeks she scarcely ever left his bedroom, and it was the opinion of more than one eminent Edinburgh physician that but for her presence of mind, uniform and unflagging cheerfulness, and slavish nursing, the sufferer would never have rallied—much less lived to be the hale, hearty, joy-giving and joy-loving man he had become.

Judging by the happiness which her mother still enjoyed as a wealthy clergyman's wife, Mrs. Macneill thought Mr. Dewar would be no bad match for her darling Ellen.

Such a marriage would still ensure her daughter's *entrée* to the best society at home or elsewhere, and Ellen's fortune, added to that of the wished-for husband, would give them both an opportunity of being generous in the extreme to the poor and needy of the county. It was therefore with the very best intentions, and with the full knowledge that her daughter was in every way worthy of the position, that Mrs. Macneill took advantage of the opportunity which her own spontaneous ingenuity, and Mrs. Miller's, put in her way—for assisting in the proposed presentation to the young minister: a proceeding which, she thought, could not fail to bring him and Ellen into more intimate relations than hitherto.

It never once crossed the mind of the captain's lady that Mrs. Miller entertained any such project—as a marriage between the latter's daughter and the young and aristocratic clergyman, the son of a third cousin of the duke's!

Ellen Macneill, then in her twenty-first year, presented in person one of those strange anomalies with which mother Nature, every now and again, astonishes finite humanity.

Both of her parents were tall; her father, as the reader has already been made aware, unusually so. Mrs. Macneill's hair was black as the raven's wing, and that of the Captain dark chestnut.

Ellen Macneill was considerably under the middle height—indeed she was *petite*—her hair was as brightly golden as that of the fair and fabled Aurora, her eyes blue as the purest unclouded ether of the sunny South, and her complexion the most perfect blending of the lily and the rose. She might have passed for the veritable Undine of the Teutons, transported by faery steeds to the Scottish Highlands. She trod her “native heath”—or rather bounded over it and the neighbouring rocks—with a lightness and grace which would not have been surprising in a supernatural being, but which is not generally expected in the proverbial

“Hielan' lass o' sonsie build.”

Mentally, she was gifted far beyond her years, or actual opportunities of acquiring thorough insight into the beautiful in nature, art, and life. Overflowing with poetry and music, her almost instantaneous compositions evinced a power and finish which no amount of study could have produced, and which gave unmistakable proof of her possession of the “spirit and faculty divine.”

Inspiration for her breathed everywhere—beside, around, and above her. Every glen, every rock, every grassy knoll, every leaping cascade, every quiet pool, and every meandering nameless burn, had for her a legend and a charm. For her there was no gold like that of the gorse or broom, and the choicest flowers were as weeds in sight of her darling heather. The “fairy,” as she was termed by the villagers, seemed to flit about at all times and in all seasons. With the first faint streaks of dawn she might be seen skipping from ledge to ledge of the shelving rocks which formed the “Brownie’s Glen,” and when the moonlight silvered the boulders on the beach, her light form could frequently be descried close to the water’s edge.

Ellen never ventured abroad on her rambles unattended. “Rough,” a Skye terrier of the purest breed—a perfect Easdale, slate in colour, and such teeth!—was never absent from his young mistress; he filled the joint offices of cavalier and duenna, and whenever or wherever “Rough” put in an appearance, it required no gift of foresight or prophecy to come to the conclusion that the “fairy” was near at hand.

He who had now become the honoured incumbent of Kildonald parish church and Ellen Macneill had frequently met during the winter seasons in Edinburgh at the houses of mutual friends.

On one occasion he had acted as her squire at a grand Waverley ball which had been organized to procure funds for completing the building of the Scott monument, so well known to all those who have paid a visit to modern Athens. Rumour had it that the handsome student then paid most marked attention to his fair charge; and also, that she seemed to receive such with the utmost cordiality. Rumour, especially in such matters, cannot always be considered the deliverance of an oracle, but certainly it afforded Mrs. Macneill some excuse for the advances she thought proper to make on her daughter’s behalf.

Jane Miller, on the other hand, had never before seen the “young minister;” at all events, not till the never-to-be-forgotten presentation.

Jane’s father, a retired London tradesman, had formerly resided at Broadstairs, in Kent. A rich relation, who had amassed money in Australia, left all his fortune, including Dunmora—an excellent small estate—to Mr. Miller; and that gentleman and his better half had thereupon made their way to Argyleshire, and tried hard to be “upsides” with the oldest families in the county. Miss

Miller had remained at Broadstairs with an elderly maiden aunt, from whom there were very "great expectations;" but that greatly respected and afterwards deeply lamented relative had recently paid the debt of nature, and the disconsolate niece, and sole heir, put in an appearance very shortly after at Dunmora House.

Jane Miller, at the period of the "young minister's" advent, had just entered on her twenty-first year, and, physically, might have been termed "a fine woman."

She was tall and well rounded in form; had a good colour, splendid teeth, and quite a profusion of raven tresses, amongst which the highland breezes delighted to revel. But her demeanour was cold, and the expression of her features decidedly sinister. She rarely looked any one straight in the face; either drooping her eyelids, or averting her face, while engaged in conversation. She seemed afraid to let any one have a good steady gaze at her, lest the innermost thoughts of her heart should be discerned through her eyes.

Miss Miller would have been quite good enough for the Rev. Mr. Dewar, and it is almost a pity that her large fortune and good looks did not attract that mammon-worshipper's zealous attentions.

The minister, however, was a proud man, and the Millers of Dunmora, like the Allans of Glasgow, had no "origin." That would not suit one who was on visiting terms with "his Grace."

The future lady of Kildonald manse must needs be a lady in her own right. The last occupant of that position—who had predeceased her husband by so short a time—was an unquestionable third cousin of the late duke himself. Campbells are by no means scarce in Argyleshire.

Jane Miller was quite as artful as her mother was the reverse. Mrs. Miller's chief fault lay in allowing herself to be easily led. She was not a bad-hearted woman, but she frequently lent herself to "dodges" designed by her daughter for the humiliation of others who stood in her way: the father was—nobody.

As a weekly boarder at one of the Margate boarding-schools in which the discipline was rather lax, Miss Miller had, in former days, come to know a little too much. The *habitués* of that rather fast and loose seaside resort are not always of the most select order, and Jane had proved an apt learner of some very questionable habits.

Before leaving Kent she had got herself mixed up with one or two very pretty scandals. One, in particular, had reference to an

adventure with a married gentleman at Broadstairs. The pair had strolled rather far along the beach, under the eastern cliff, and been overtaken, while returning, by a rapidly-advancing tide. So great was their danger that quite a crowd of persons collected on the brink of the cliff, while waiting for others who had been despatched for ropes. At this juncture—they were submerged to the waist—a boat from the harbour, manned by four able fellows, clove its way through a heavy rolling surf, and with great difficulty managed to rescue the dripping pair from the very jaws of death.

The young lady had also acquired a more than unenviable notoriety through her active participation in several seriously practical jokes, which she and some others had perpetrated, in and to the utter disgust of the respectable frequenters of the neighbourhood. In fact, her maiden aunt died just as the Kent coast and its vicinity were becoming uncomfortably hot for her niece. "It's a far cry to Lochow," and so is it from the English Channel to Lochdonald; so that, but for the author's "wee bird," Miss Miller's Kent cantrips might have remained profound secrets to this day.

Though the finer qualities of human nature did not exist in her mental organization, Jane Miller was an uncommonly clever woman. When tripped up in any of her machinations, it was because she had allowed herself to be carried away by the zest of a hoped-for and almost certain success.

Vanity was her rock ahead. She knew she was good-looking, better-looking than many young ladies who commanded a considerable amount of permanent attention and admiration, and yet she had become painfully aware that there was not one real friend—much less an admirer—retained amongst all her acquaintances of either sex. Every time she beheld her handsome face, splendid hair, and shining teeth, reflected in the mirror—which often seemed to mock her with its flattery—she wondered at and pondered over the fruitlessness of all her efforts to *retain* the intimacy of certain ladies and gentlemen—especially the latter—whose respective circles offered excellent practice for her varied artillery.

When her education had been completed, she prevailed on her aunt to remove permanently to Margate, expressing a perfect horror of being constantly "buried" in such a slow place as Broadstairs; the "escapade" under the cliffs had, however, not a little to do with this latter "move" of Miss Jane.

"It may be all very well," she remarked, "to visit the place now and again, but a longer stay here would kill me outright. There is

absolutely no resident society, and the visitors are very slow people. The very nursemaids are prim and pedantic. Now do, like a dear old thing as you are, come to Margate. I have seen such a pretty house to let on the Cliff, nearly opposite where the band plays, and when your rheumatism is troublesome there will be no end of amusement for you before the very windows."

"Ah," replied the old lady, a more unmistakable Cockney than either her brother or his better half, "music and such-like things may suit you and other young and gay folks, but I ham now coming down the 'ill of life, and must prepare for leaving the world with hall its noises and vain things."

"Tut, tut, auntie, you always get in that strain when I ask you a favour. Recollect, you were once young yourself, and, I believe, very gay, and very damaging to the peace of certain gentlemen."

Jane said this in a way which she knew would eventually melt the aged spinster into compliance with her wishes: all humanity has its weak side.

"Well, Jane," rejoined her aunt, in the most modest of tones, "I cannot say has I never was good-looking, and that I 'ave 'ad my admirers, it's your good father as can testify, but I really ham a very hold woman now—so hold that perhaps it may not be right for me to stand in the way of hany one; so, if you greatly desire it, I shall make no objection to removing; more particular, as I 'ave just recollected that that dear Mr. Jones, as used to hold forth in Camberwell, is now one of the saving lights of the Gospel at Margate."

The old lady was brimful of Bible extracts, and a most exemplary devotee of Dissent, and held every one beyond the pale of salvation who did not go to church as frequently as herself, see with her jaundiced vision, and think with all her blinded prejudice.

The Miss Millers removed from Broadstairs to Margate, and it was not long before the younger one made numerous acquaintances, frequently with little or no prudence, from amongst the motley throng who patronize that much-frequented place of summer and autumn resort, frequently falling among strange company.

Her envy and jealousy of any handsome female with whom she came in contact so soon displayed themselves in the most offensive manner, that when she did chance to fall in with really good people the acquaintanceship had but the briefest possible duration.

However, the old lady died within six months of the removal to Margate, and when her niece got as far north as Lochdonald she

felt sadly at a loss to find individuals on whom to vent her irrepressibly mischievous propensities; the advent of the "young minister" soon furnished her with a rare occasion for the exercise of talents which had just begun to feel "buried" in Highland quietude.

It was in reality Miss, and not Mrs. Miller, who had been the active promoter, behind the scenes, of the "presentation" scheme, and it was sheer force of circumstances which led her to see that the co-operation of some other lady, such as Mrs. Macneill, was diplomatically necessary.

Ellen Macneill, on the contrary, tried to dissuade her mother from openly taking an active interest in the matter, not caring to be brought more in contact with the Millers than was absolutely requisite, in order to keep up a mere visiting acquaintanceship, as Jane Miller was one of the very last persons with whom she could have associated in a friendly manner. And as to "other motives," such had no place in her mind whatever, seeing she was irrevocably, though secretly, engaged to a young officer then absent in India.

This was the only secret which Ellen Macneill had not shared with her mother, and though her reticence cannot be wholly justified, there were strong reasons why she should not then divulge the exact state of matters.

The Millers were pure, unmitigated Cockneys, and the head of the house had long carried on a prosperous wholesale wine and grocery business in London. They had not one drop of blue blood in their veins—a sad want in the Highlands—but they were the proudest of purse-proud people, and, in their own estimation, were quite equal to the best families in Argyleshire. When Miss Miller came to the north she very soon induced her pliable mother to endeavour after making "great impressions" by way of new carriages, dashing horses, and gay liveries. Their joint wealth was considerable, and they could point to relatives who were, or had been, mayors and aldermen—nay, to an uncle who became a veritable member of parliament; and Moses Miller's greatest pleasure in life—always excepting his rich relative's decease—was anticipated from the sumptuous display of new plate which would be made at Dunmora House on his daughter's then rapidly approaching twenty-first birthday.

That day, long expected, did at length arrive. The affair was really and tremendously grand in every respect. No expense had

been spared. A *déjeuner*, a *fête champêtre* in Dunmora Park, a select dinner-party, and a less exclusive supper, crowned with a ball in the grand old saloon, bristling with real native skins and antlers, and with imitation arms and armour from Wardour Street, Soho.

The gathering was truly a great event for the district, and for far more than its mere grandeur it ultimately became the subject of remark far and near—for many days at least.

Of course, as might be expected, there are always envious people in the world who will say nasty things, deserved or not, at such times, and under such circumstances; but that share of ill-natured criticism which fell to the particular and individual lot of Miss Miller on the occasion referred to, she really brought upon herself. Her marked attention to the one Reverend and evidently principal guest, having been most pertinacious, unbecoming, and unladylike, furnishing delectable food for all the gossip-merchants and news-mongers for twenty miles round.

But time is a great effacer of both fame and gossip, and Miss Miller's misjudged attentions, together with the grand display at Dunmora, were comparatively soon forgotten by all save the principal actors in that comedy of errors—for such it fairly proved at last. Soon afterwards, even the principal performers had good cause to wish that the great event had never taken place.

Sir John Malcolm, the Major's only brother, and a baronet of long pedigree and limited means, died at Morven a few days after the events just narrated. Two years previous his wife had preceded him to that "cold grave" which is ever furthest from the thoughts of the living.

On the day following that which saw Sir John laid in the family vault at Morven, Flora, his only daughter, then twenty-one years of age, came to reside with her uncle. She had been his acknowledged heir for a considerable time, and she was devotedly attached to him by other ties than those of mere pecuniary interest; that eminently selfish and all-engrossing principle which is so destructive to true sincerity and singleness of action. Such a principle had no place in the pure, trusting heart of Flora Malcolm. Were all hearts so constituted, that rare pearl of great price, "sweet sincerity," would be oftener met with than it is. But, alas! the one predominating idea, and inward question, "What am I to *gain* by this?" permeates and interpenetrates a vast majority of our human race!

THE DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER'S BILL.

BY COL. COLOMB, F.S.A.

(WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY "ESPERANZA.")

PRONOUNCE not the story a myth,
Which late was the talk of the town,
How sev'n lovely sisters called Smith,
All favour'd the rich Mr. Brown.

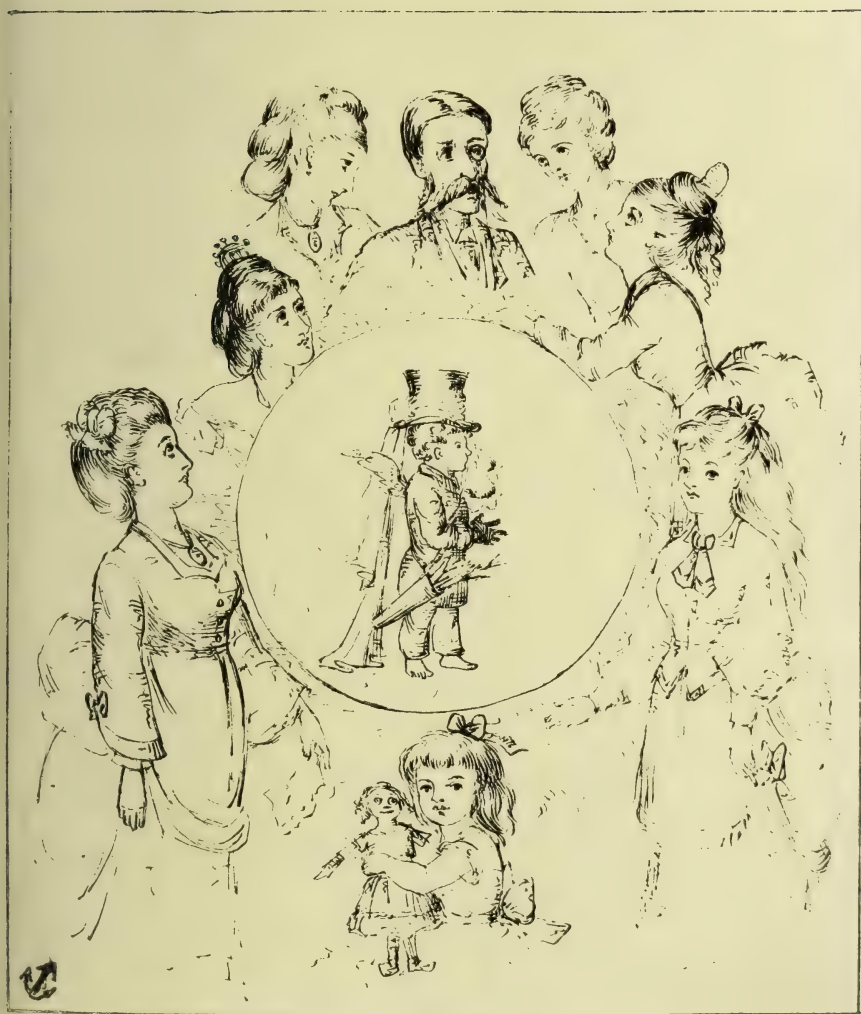
To Brown ev'ry heart was inclined ;
The ladies all thought him a dear—
So handsome, and clever, and kind !
And he had three thousand a year.

With forms and with faces divine—
And hearts very tender and true,
The Smiths other girls did outshine,
And all were grown up except two.

Anne, Florence, Maude, Kitty, and Clare,
Were exquisite Venuses all ;
Susannah and Jane—not less fair—
Young Junos I think you would call.

To none of these sisters so fair
Had Brown a petition addressed ;
For plainly the truth to declare—
He didn't know which he liked best.

As bee who improves not his hours
Goes humming, but won't settle down,
Confused by the scent of the flow'rs—
So buzzed round the Smiths, Mr. Brown.



At last, with a purpose defined,
He gave the young ladies a call
And said—"I have made up my mind,
Dear charmers, to marry you all."

Loud laugh'd all the sisters so fair,
And they said, "You're facetious to-day."
You may guess how he made them all stare
When he answer'd, "I mean what I say ;

"Too strait-laced our manners have been,
We may now wed all round if we will ;
I will read, to explain what I mean,
The new 'Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill.'"

"Go, Jane and Susannah, my dears,"
Said Anne, Florence, Maude, Kitty, Clare ;
"This matter's not fit for your ears,
Though in it your elders have share."

The youngest thus urged, did not stay ;
And Brown made all clear, as he said—
That when death a man's wife takes away,
All her sisters in turn he may wed.

Then Brown his proposals began—
He knelt to those exquisite dears,
And being help'd up by Miss Anne,
The rest of the sisters shed tears.

"To Anne I will ever be true !"
Said Brown—"my kind creatures, don't cry—
But tell me, oh ! what should I do,
Supposing this darling should die ?"

"Should fate dearest Annie remove,"
(Sweet Florence, the second, then said)
"To happier regions above—
My brother-in-law I will wed."

"Anne, diamond! and Florence, sweet pearl!
 If lost to me, *both* you should be—
 Ah, thought truly dreadful!—next girl!
 Say—what would become of poor me?"

Then spoke gentle Maude, who came third,
 "If death should dear Florence strike down"—
 (Here sobs from her juniors were heard,)
 "I'll marry you, dear Mr. Brown!"

"And if I should outlive all three"—
 Cried Brown, with sad visions perplex'd;
 "To what—to what arms should I flee?"
 Quoth Kitty, "I'll comfort you next!"

"Oh Kitty, Maude, Florence, and Anne!"
 Said Brown "your *four* hearts I now share!"
 "Oh, worthy and excellent man!
 I'll be your *fifth* partner!" cries Clare.

Here Jane, and Susannah, outside
 Were heard kicking up a great din;
 "We've heard the whole matter" they cried,
 "Oh, please Mr. Brown—let us in!"

Brown did so. Susannah then said,
 "We are strong little girls, as you see;
 When all our *five* elders are dead,
 Your nurses we're willing to be."

Their "elders" here boxing their ears,
 Brown straight did those infants defend,
 Remarking, "Poor kind little dears!
 I'm sure that no harm they intend."

Said Anne in a faltering mood,
 "You must promise, whate'er may befall,
 That you won't play 'old Harry' (see Froude),
 And for 'State reasons' murder us all."

“ Sister Anne,” return’d Brown, “ calm your fears,
Here an innocent Bluebeard you see;
Join hands and dance round me, my dears;
Your fool in the middle I’ll be.”

When Brown took his leave in the hall,
Lest some his devotion should doubt,
He kiss’d his sev’n future wives all,
And they in sweet chorus chimed out :—

“ Until we are laid on the shelf,
Who now all depend upon you,
You must take far more care of yourself
Than you’ve been accustom’d to do.”

Then Brown finish’d off with these words :—
“ My darlings ! for *your* sake I will.
Meanwhile we’ll petition the Lords
To pass this most excellent bill.”

MR. SHINDY'S ADVENTURES IN SEARCH OF LIBERTY.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MR. SHINDY IN THE MIDST OF THE NORTHERN VICTORIES.

WITHIN a month after Mr. Lincoln had read his melancholy and foreboding, but eloquent inaugural address to the assembled multitude at Washington, the great Civil War had come to an end. General Grant had been, as Mr. Lincoln called it, "pegging away" before the walls of Richmond, and boasted that he could afford to lose ten soldiers for every one lost by the Confederates; and a greater general than Grant had marched at the head of a triumphant host, right through the heart of Georgia to the sea-coast, and captured the important city of Savannah. The Southern armies were reduced to the last stage of inefficiency before the final crash fell like an avalanche upon them. There was not an ounce of lead left in the whole South of which to make bullets. The roof of every church and public building had been stripped of metal, the very water-pipes had been taken down from the house-tops; the leaden ones to be melted, the cast-iron ones to be broken up for shot: even the buttons of the soldiers' coats had been utilized for this purpose. The whole strength and manhood of the South were in the field, and—as Grant somewhat brutally but truly said—the South was as one against ten, with this difference against the South, that when one soldier was lost, his place could not be filled by another, and with this in favour of the bull-headed Grant, that if he lost his ten men, there were other ten, or even twenty, ready to take their places. These were not native-born Americans, but newly imported Germans and Irish, who were captivated by the high bounty money, and went to battle after a week's jollification in New York, with light hearts and utter recklessness, fighting in a cause which was in reality not their own.

I had accepted an invitation from Mr. Vanderdoncken to stay a month at his beautiful villa in Staten Island, and went with him into New York on the day that the news arrived of the fall of Richmond, the surrender of General Lee, the flight of Mr. Jefferson Davis, and the total collapse of the Confederacy. We walked up Broadway from the Battery, expecting to see a sight, and we did see a sight, and such an outbreak of wild, frantic joy, pervading a whole people, I never before and have never since witnessed. Bells rang, guns belched fire and smoke and hideous noises upon the air; the people roared and shouted, or danced maniacally at street corners, while from every house in that long and beautiful street, which is the pride of New York, the "stars and stripes," victorious in a greater and more melancholy struggle than was ever waged on the American continent, flapped in the sunny and windy atmosphere, as if every flag were individually conscious of a triumph. Wall Street, the Lombard Street of New York, was crammed full of excited people, listening to the speech of a still more violently excited orator, who had got possession of a front place on the balcony of the Custom House, and was recommending as the first duty of the Republic—now that its hands were free, and the rebellious South prostrate—that it should immediately declare war against Great Britain, and wipe that proud and detestable country out of the list of nations; not only as a just punishment for the depredations of the Alabama, but for her want of sympathy with the Northern States.

"Are your people quite mad?" I inquired of Mr. Vanderdoncken, as the plaudits of the multitude echoed and re-echoed through the street. "What has England done to incur this shameless hostility? England, I maintain, has been the true friend of the North; for, if she had, as she might have done, recognized the independence of the South, as the Emperor of the French wished her to do in conjunction with himself, the war would have ended long ago; and countless treasure and countless precious lives would have been saved."

"Ah!" said Mr. Vanderdoncken, "you don't understand our people, and I don't believe they understand themselves; and to tell you the truth, I don't understand the English, neither do our people. I only know this, that if Ireland were in rebellion, and able to maintain herself for three months, or even three weeks, our Government would recognize her flag and her independence, without misgiving or hesitation. Why Lord Palmerston acted with more

generosity to us than we should have done towards him puzzles me."

"Well," I replied, "I don't know that there was much generosity in the matter, or much love of you or your institutions. The fact is, Lord Palmerston has not a majority of more than twenty in our Parliament, and the Exeter Hall philanthropists, and all the religious bodies, who abhor the very name of slavery, can control three or four or even five times as many votes in Parliament; so that if Lord Palmerston had staked his ministerial existence on the recognition of the South, he would have been out of office the next morning, without a chance of ever getting in again. He is a prudent statesman, and vastly prefers place to the independence of the South, or perhaps to principle; though he is a good man too!"

"Doubtless he is right," replied Mr. Vanderdoncken, "but the difference between our statesmen and Lord Palmerston is, that in the event of a rebellion in Ireland, a recognition of the independence of the Irish republic, would make the political fortune of every member of Congress, or every aspirant to the Presidentship, who recommended and supported it."

"I am sorry to hear it, and this hatred or dislike or jealousy of England, I do not know which I ought to call it, on the part of the Americans, distresses me more than I like to admit. And not only distresses, but mystifies and bewilders me. It is wicked and wrong; and England does not deserve it."

All this while the rampant orator on the Custom House balcony, was howling, screaming, and gesticulating, and the crowd were loudly applauding. I could stand no more of what to me was drivel and madness, so I motioned Mr. Vanderdoncken to leave the place, which he was nowise loth to do. On our way up the crowded street we overtook a very venerable-looking gentleman, to whom Mr. Vanderdoncken introduced me, as one of our most distinguished men. He's "one of the most distinguished men in our country, sir." Mr. Gerritt Brown (so let me call him), who had done more, perhaps, than any other man in America, to rouse up the popular fury against the institution of slavery, and had fought the battle of freedom with tongue and pen and purse, when it was dangerous to popularity, if not to life and limb, to say a word against a Southern slave-owner; and when an abolitionist was almost universally considered to be worse than a robber, and almost as bad as a murderer. I found Mr. Brown to be a very mild and

sensible person, who, although he rejoiced at the downfall of Richmond, and the consequent collapse of the Southern cause, expressed his earnest hopes that the Northern States would use their victory with moderation, and secure of the submission of the South, hold out the right hand of good fellowship to their yesterday's enemies, and endeavour to conciliate them by a generous oblivion of the past.

"What? and forgive Jeff. Davis?" asked Mr. Vanderdoncken, almost aghast with surprise.

"I would build a bridge of gold for Jefferson Davis to escape," said Mr. Brown, "and if he returned to America, three years hence, I would not only forgive him, but invite him, if I had the power, to high office, certain that he would be an able and illustrious servant of the State."

"You are more magnanimous than I am," replied Mr. Vanderdoncken.

"I do not claim to be magnanimous, I claim to be right," said Mr. Brown, and shaking us both by the hand, he disappeared in the crowd.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE MURDER OF MR. LINCOLN.

It was not many days after this conversation that I sat at breakfast with Mr. Vanderdoncken. His house was situated on a height overlooking the lovely Bay of New York and the teeming city beyond. The Irish servant girl, or "Biddy," had been despatched, as she usually was every morning, to the newspaper stall at the steamboat pier, to bring us the morning papers to peruse at breakfast. She was absent for a longer time than was customary with her, and the breakfast had long been over, and we were putting on our hats and coats preparing to go to New York before she made her appearance. She rushed in at last in a state of great excitement, shrieking with laughter and exclaiming wildly, "There are no papers! Lincoln is dead! Seward's dead!—they're all dead!" Mr. and Mrs. Vanderdoncken thought the girl had lost her wits. So did I. But her unnatural laughter changed in a moment into an irrepressible burst of tears and sobs, and she fell on the floor of the hall, in a fit of hysterics, shrieking that "Lincoln was dead." Mrs. Vanderdoncken and her Irish cook, coming to see what was

the matter, looked after the prostrate girl, and administered the usual restoratives in cases of hysteria, while Mr. Vanderdoncken and I wondering greatly what could have happened, walked down the hill towards the landing-place. We first of all came upon a knot of boys at the corner of a street, and we heard one say, "Who's President now?" and another reply, "Why, you fool! Andy Johnson to be sure." Continuing our course we met other groups of men, boys, and women, all in a state of extreme excitement; and at the newspaper stall, where no papers were to be had for money, a still larger group, amid which one man—with a paper in his hand, its columns in mourning, such as English papers display when the sovereign or one of the royal family dies—was reading to the crowd the details of the horrible assassination of Mr. Lincoln. I felt a qualm and nausea, as of sea-sickness, come over me as I listened to the dreadful story. Mr. Vanderdoncken declared that a similar sensation almost caused him to faint as he gradually became conscious of the awful nature of the crime that had been committed.

Mr. Lincoln, as all the world speedily knew, never spoke or rallied after he received the fatal shot, and Mr. Seward, as the world knew at a later time, had not received a fatal wound, but lingered in much danger for many weeks, but finally recovered and was able some years after to make a journey round the world. The assassin, Wilkes Booth,—the son of an English father,—a mad tragedian, mad with conceit, romance, and innate wickedness, did this horrible business in the silliest and most theatrical style, and was hunted to death some days afterwards like a wild animal; amid the regret of the whole country that he was not captured alive, brought to trial, and publicly executed. The first impression in America was that the deed had been planned by Southern politicians, for the supposed benefit of the Southern cause, and in the insane hope that some good might arise to the South from the confusion that this event might create in the North. But there was no confusion in the North, though there was some dismay and much righteous indignation. The event was the unhappiest that could have occurred for the conquered Southern people. The hearts of the North were softening towards the vanquished, and a general amnesty was loudly spoken of and earnestly supported by the most influential organ of the anti-slavery party. But this cowardly murder changed for a time the whole current of popular and political thought, and Mr. Stanton, the War Secretary, in a moment of ungovernable and most unreasonable rage, proclaimed the fugitive

Southern President to be guilty of the assassination by the subornation of the assassin, and set a price upon his head and upon the heads of six other honourable and pure-minded gentlemen, who had no more concern with the murder than Mr. Stanton himself, or the child that may be born in the middle of the twentieth century.

He telegraphed from Washington to General Dix, in military command at New York, to give it publicity in every newspaper in America and Europe, that Booth's conspiracy was "organized in Canada and *approved in Richmond.*" The assertion was intensely malignant. If it had been true it needed something more than Mr. Stanton's signature to prove it; and, whether true or untrue, it was impolitic to divulge it in that form, and answered no purpose but the increase of an excitement already too dangerous. Everything showed that the crime of Booth was that of a few ruffians, desperadoes, and crack-brained fanatics; and nothing showed that any members of the Confederate Government was, or could have been, stupid as well as wicked enough to encourage or be concerned in a plot from the success of which they could gain nothing, and which, whether successful or the reverse, could not fail to cover all connected with it with eternal infamy. That the Federal War Minister should have formed such a suspicion of the earnest, brave, and, although defeated, the heroic men who sustained for four years the cause of the Confederacy, proved that *he* at least was not of the heroic stamp; but that he should have publicly uttered it, and done his utmost to brand honourable men with a purposeless crime, showed, I thought, a malice unworthy of a statesman or a Christian.

The day after the announcement of poor Mr. Lincoln's murder, New York—and, as I afterwards learnt, every other city, town, and village in the Union—was covered with funereal black. Where all the black cloth and crape came from that hung from every window in all the streets of New York in sign of mourning puzzled everybody but the great dry-goods merchants to account for. Nobody could have thought that there was so much black velvet, cloth, serge, and ribbon as Broadway alone displayed. Not a house was without the funereal garb. To have omitted to hang out black or to display at least a portrait of the President, tied with black ribbons, in the window was to incur the certain wrath of the populace and a chance of broken glass and possibly of broken heads. The streets wore this funereal aspect for many days. The funeral obsequies of the murdered man were in one sense grand and imposing, and worthy of the grief of a great people mourning for a

martyr ; but they were too protracted, and attended by too many circumstances calculated to stir up and to perpetuate strife, to meet with approval. Had the tree been allowed to lie where it fell, had Abraham Lincoln been interred under the dome of the Capitol, or even, after proper funereal rites performed at Washington, had the body been quietly and unostentatiously removed to Illinois to rest among his early friends and his own people, enough would have been done to show the deep sorrow and abiding respect of the nation. But when the embalmed body, with its face exposed, was carried from town to town and from city to city, to lie in state, to be made a spectacle to millions, and where in every place through which it passed the mournful exhibition not only pandered to a vulgar and indecorous curiosity, but excited political rancour ; the calm, unreproachful face of the dead man was outraged (at least, I thought so) and his memory desecrated by the display of evil passions which in his life he did more than any of his countrymen to allay. For some days after the murder it was not safe for men who had made themselves conspicuous in their several localities by opposition to the policy of the deceased to appear in public ; and in one instance the people, in their abhorrence of assassination, committed that very crime to mark how much they detested it. A thoughtless or, perhaps, a drunken man expressed on board of the steam ferry-boat, from Brooklyn to New York, his satisfaction that Abraham Lincoln could do no more mischief, when the indignant bystanders seized him and threw him into the river. His body was sucked under the paddle-wheels, and sank to rise no more alive. Other outrages as shameful were perpetrated, and even two ex-Presidents of the United States—Mr. Fillmore and General Pierce, both men of venerable years—were subjected to personal insults for not mourning so conspicuously as seemed to be necessary in the judgment of an excited and unreasoning mob. In the proclamation of Mayor Gunther, of New York, requesting a total suspension of business for two days, that the citizens might wholly devote themselves to the duty of honouring the memory of Mr. Lincoln, he warned the people of the danger of political passion. "Let us," he said, "observe these days with a deep sense of duty, mindful of what we owe to the dead and not forgetful of the living ; and, while expressing our sorrow by every symbol of mourning and all the pageantry of love, let us honour the dead still more worthily by utterly eradicating from our hearts the heathenish and atrocious spirit of revenge, the cause of the heinous deed to which he fell a

victim, as repugnant to the maxims of religion and the principles of civilization on which social order, rational liberty, and the happiness of mankind depend." Upwards of 50,000 people, of whom at least three-fourths were women, visited the dead body of the murdered man as it lay in state in the City Hall the first day, and at least as many more had the same melancholy privilege the second day, leaving thrice the number disappointed in not being able to obtain entrance, from the utter impossibility, in the limited time of twenty-four hours, to pass them through the building.

It ought not to have done so, perhaps; but the murder of the simple, inoffensive, and honest President,—and the roaring and seething of American passions during the war,—made me less hopeful than I had ever been of the permanence of American liberty; and having seen a great deal, and had a considerable experience of the country, I determined to make my way back to England as speedily as possible, better qualified I thought to sit for an English borough or county than when I left home, and with my theoretical love of Republicanism, as the best of all possible forms of government, very considerably weakened.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MR. SHINDY COMES HOME.

MY American friends got up what General Squash called a "Love Feast," a farewell dinner or banquet on my departure. The Americans are in many respects very unlike the English, but they are very like them in their love of a dinner, at which speeches are to be made by notable and distinguished men in praise of one another—a practice which a friend of mine calls "passing round the butter-boat." The affair came off at Delmonico's renowned Restaurant in Fourteenth Street, New York. Many eminent men of all parties and professions were present,—Black Republicans and White Republicans, War Christians and Peace Christians, Hard-shell Democrats and Soft-shell Democrats, Unionists and Secessionists, Yankees, Knickerbockers, Germans (as they are called in America, Dutchmen), Irishmen, and Scotchmen—and what struck me as rather singular, not an Englishman. But I knew and was ashamed of the reason. Englishmen were very unpopular in America during the great Civil War, because they had committed the unpardonable

crime of unsympathy (the word must stand, as I can find no synonyme for it); and almost every Englishman in New York either kept himself in the background in all political matters, or pretended to be an American. I shall not repeat any of the speeches—buncombe or no buncombe, high falutin or low falutin, or no falutin at all—that were made on an occasion that was very agreeable to me, but shall content myself with remarking, that amid all the good feeling expressed towards myself individually, there ran a strong under-current of dislike to my country. The Northerners disliked England because England through its press, its pulpit, its aristocracy, and the general tone of public opinion, thought the South had as good a right to win as against the North, as the original Thirteen Colonies, under Washington, had to win as against England; and the friends of the South disliked England, because England had not joined with the Emperor of the French in recognizing the independence of the Confederacy. And then there was the Alabama Question. I was confidentially informed while we were waiting for dinner, that a few New York merchants of great wealth had subscribed, or promised to subscribe, money enough to fit out half a dozen privateers to sail from New York, Boston, or Baltimore, to sweep the commerce of Great Britain from the seas, the first time that England should ever be engaged in a war with any European power. This I explained, was more easily threatened than done, and I suggested that it might happen in the end to be a case of the biter bitten, or the engineer hoist with his own petard. Nevertheless, amid all this ill feeling that vented itself unconsciously to the speakers, there seemed to be a real and genuine desire to stand well in the opinion of the “Old Country,”—a kind of feeling that the good-will of England towards America overbalanced ten thousand times the possible ill-will of all the rest of the world. I had noticed many times previously during my sojourn in the States, that, although the Americans were never tired of abusing England themselves, they would not allow a Frenchman, a German, a Spaniard, an Italian, anybody in fact, to imitate their example, and were, to use their own vulgarism, “down” upon so ill-advised a critic “like a thousand of bricks.” What was said at my farewell banquet confirmed my previous impressions, and convinced me that—*say* what they might,—the Americans though jealous of England and of England’s power and supremacy, were proud of her in their hearts, and would rather have her good opinion than that of the whole world, were the whole world fifty times bigger than it is.

Let me sum up the results of my American experience. The best form of government, theoretically, is the Republican form. But in practice the Republican form of government requires a virtuous people to work it and maintain it. But what people is virtuous? Agriculture may be virtuous—but not so Commerce. Nations as they increase become commercial, and, say what we will and think what we may, there is a canker of unvirtuousness about buying cheap and selling dear. All governments are corrupt except the government of a wise man in easy circumstances and in good health in his own family. A despotism is corrupt. An absolute monarchy is corrupt. A limited Monarchy is corrupt. A republic, whether aristocratic or democratic, is corrupt; and it is all a matter of accident and degree which form shall happen to be more corrupt than the other. In all countries the government is a kind of impersonality and abstract idea. A man, call him Smith, who would not rob another man—call him Jones—will rob or cheat the government to which he owes allegiance, whether it be despotic, constitutional, or republican, without the slightest compunction, provided he thinks he can do so with impunity. Republicanism is a grand idea, but grand ideas—well—*are* grand ideas, and nothing else. And though grand ideas, like germs and seeds, have a tendency to grow into grand facts, the tendency is impeded by so many adverse and unfavourable circumstances—by so many nipping winds and frosts and hurricanes, that the fruit, if it ever ripens, ripens in cycles of such enormous magnitude and rotundity, that a man's poor life of seventy years is as nothing in the computation. Thus the sowers seldom or never reap, or can hope to reap; and the grand ideas, of which the originator thinks so much, die too commonly in barren deserts and wildernesses of sand.

Meditating upon all these matters, and many others—recalling my impressions and experiences, marshalling my facts—systematizing them, codifying them, grinding them all down, as it were, into one pulp and consistency,—as I paced during twelve days the deck of the good Cunard steamer that bore me from New York to Liverpool,—I came to the conclusion that *quoad* English affairs I was no longer a radical; that the United States suffered, and would have to suffer for many long and troublous years under the so grievous affliction of having to elect periodically a chief magistrate, and to let loose in his behalf, and in that of his competitors, the evil floods of a *cloaca* of corruption; that an hereditary monarchy—illogical and absurd as it was in theory—was practically very much

to be preferred. I shall never stand for the borough of Great Swindleton any more. If I am ever again to contest a seat in Parliament, I shall contest it on Conservative principles. I don't believe in an American millennium. I don't believe in ultra-democracy. I don't believe in what is called "the people," meaning thereby the inert, sluggish, ignorant masses, who don't know the difference between the brook Kedron, or the Rhine, or the Thames. I don't believe that the voice of the stupid people is the voice of God. I believe that government should be administered by the wise.

And, lastly, I believe that I am one of them, though I don't believe that any borough or county in England will take me at my own valuation! I know to a certainty that I shall never ask them.

JOHN ABRAHAM SHINDY.



THE GRANITE CAVERN.

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

CHAPTER IV.

LITHODOMES — THE RIVER'S MOUTH — THE CHIMNEYS — CONTINUED
RESEARCHES — THE FOREST OF EVERGREENS — WAITING FOR THE
EBB — ON THE HEIGHTS — THE RAFT — RETURN TO THE SHORE.

ALL at once the reporter sprang up, and telling the sailor that he would rejoin them at that same place, he climbed the cliff in the direction which the negro Neb had taken a few hours before. Anxiety hastened his steps, for he longed to obtain news of his friend, and he soon disappeared round an angle of the cliff. Herbert wished to accompany him.

"Stop here, my boy," said the sailor; "we have to prepare an encampment, and to try and find rather better grub than these shell-fish. Our friends will want something when they come back. There is work for everybody."

"I am ready," replied Herbert.

"All right," said the sailor; "that will do. We must set about it regularly. We are tired, cold, and hungry; therefore we must have shelter, fire, and food. There is wood in the forest, and eggs in nests; we have only to find a house."

"Very well," returned Herbert, "I will look for a cave amongst the rocks, and I shall be sure to discover some hole into which we can creep."

"All right," said Pencroft; "go on, my boy."

They both walked to the foot of the enormous wall over the beach, far from which the tide had now retreated; but instead of going towards the north, they went southwards. Pencroft had remarked, several hundred feet from the place at which they landed, a narrow cutting out of which he thought a river or stream might issue. Now, on the one hand it was important to settle themselves in the neighbourhood of a good stream of water, and on

the other it was possible that the current had thrown Cyrus Harding on the shore there.

The cliff as has been said, rose to a height of three hundred feet, but the mass was unbroken throughout, and even at its base, scarcely washed by the sea, it did not offer the smallest fissure which would serve as a dwelling. It was a perpendicular wall of very hard granite, which even the waves had not worn away. Towards the summit fluttered myriads of sea-fowl, and especially those of the web-footed species, with long, flat, pointed beaks—a clamorous tribe, bold in the presence of man, who, probably for the first time, thus invaded their domains. Pencroft recognized the skua and other gulls among them, the voracious little smew which in great numbers nestled in the crevices of the granite. A shot fired among this swarm would have killed a great number, but to fire a shot a gun was needed, and neither Pencroft nor Herbert had one; besides this, gulls and smews are scarcely eatable, and even their eggs have a detestable taste. However, Herbert who had gone forward a little more to the left, soon came upon rocks covered with sea-weed, which, some hours later, would be hidden by the high tide. On these rocks, in the midst of slippery wrack, abounded bivalve shell-fish, not to be despised by starving people. Herbert called Pencroft, who ran up hastily.

“Why! here are mussels?” cried the sailor; “these will do instead of eggs!”

“They are not mussels,” replied Herbert, who was attentively examining the molluses attached to the rocks; “they are lithodomes.”

“Are they good to eat?” asked Pencroft.

“Perfectly so.”

“Then let us eat some lithodomes.”

The sailor could rely upon Herbert; the young boy was well up in natural history, and always had had quite a passion for the science. His father had encouraged him in it, by letting him attend the lectures of the best professors in Boston, who were very fond of the intelligent, industrious lad. And this turn for natural history was, more than once in the course of time, of great use, and he was not mistaken in this instance. These lithodomes were oblong shells, suspended in clusters and adhering very tightly to the rocks. They belong to that species of molluscous perforators which excavate holes in the hardest stones; their shell is rounded at both ends, a feature which is not remarked in the common mussel.



NOT MUSSELS, BUT LITHODOMES.

Pencroft and Herbert made a good meal of the lithodomes, which were then half opened to the sun. They ate them as oysters, and as they had a strong peppery taste, they were palatable without condiments of any sort.

Their hunger was thus appeased for the time, but not their thirst, which increased after eating these naturally-spiced molluscs. They had then to find fresh water, and it was not likely that it would be wanting in such a capriciously uneven region. Pencroft and Herbert, after having taken the precaution of collecting an ample supply of lithodomes, with which they filled their pockets and handkerchiefs, regained the foot of the cliff.

Two hundred paces further they arrived at the cutting, through which, as Pencroft had guessed, ran a stream of water, whether fresh or not was to be ascertained. At this place the wall appeared to have been separated by some violent subterranean force. At its base was hollowed out a little creek, the furthest part of which formed a tolerably sharp angle. The watercourse at that part measured 100 feet in breadth, and its two banks on each side were scarcely twenty feet high. The river became strong almost directly between the two walls of granite, which began to sink above the mouth; it then suddenly turned and disappeared beneath a wood of stunted trees half a mile off.

"Here is the water, and yonder is the wood we require!" said Pencroft. "Well, Herbert, now we only want the house."

The water of the river was limpid. The sailor ascertained that at this time—that is to say, at low tide, when the rising floods did not reach it—it was sweet. This important point established, Herbert looked for some cavity which would serve them as a retreat, but in vain; everywhere the wall appeared smooth, plain, and perpendicular.

However, at the mouth of the watercourse and above the reach of the high tide, the convulsions of nature had formed, not a grotto, but a pile of enormous rocks, such as are often met with in granite countries and which bear the name of "Chimneys."

Pencroft and Herbert penetrated quite far in amongst the rocks, by sandy passages in which light was not wanting, for it entered through the openings which were left between the blocks, of which some were only sustained by a miracle of equilibrium; but with the light came also air—a regular corridor-gale—and with the wind the sharp cold from the exterior. However, the sailor thought that by stopping-up some of the openings with a mixture of stones

and sand, the Chimneys could be rendered habitable. Their geometrical plan represented the typographic sign "&," which signifies "*et cætera*" abridged, but by isolating the upper mouth of the sign, through which the south and west winds blew so strongly, they could succeed in making the lower part of use.

"Here's our work," said Pencroft, "and if we ever see Captain Harding again, he will know how to make something of this labyrinth."

"We shall see him again, Pencroft," cried Herbert, "and when he returns he must find a tolerable dwelling here. It will be so, if we can make a fire-place in the left passage and keep an opening for the smoke."

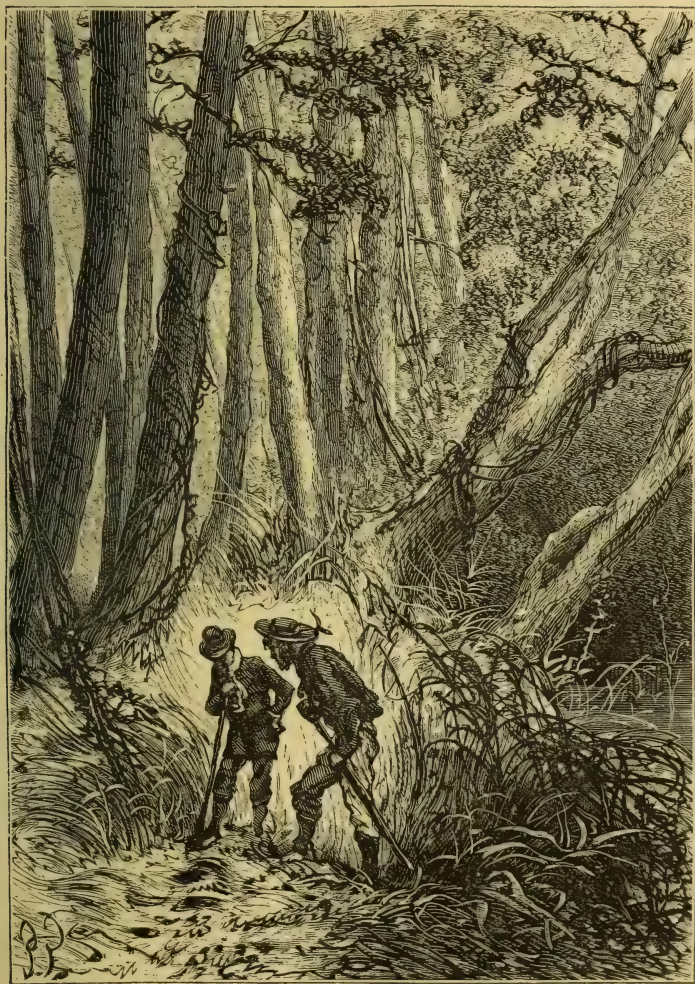
"So we can, my boy," replied the sailor, "and these Chimneys will serve our turn. Let us set to work, but first come and get a store of fuel. I think some branches will be very useful in stopping up these openings, through which the wind shrieks like so many fiends."

Herbert and Pencroft left the Chimneys, and, turning the angle, they began to climb the left bank of the river. The current here was quite rapid, and drifted down some dead wood. The rising tide—and it could already be perceived—must drive it back with force to a considerable distance. The sailor then thought that they could utilize this ebb and flow for the transport of heavy objects.

After having walked for a quarter of an hour, the sailor and the boy arrived at the angle which the river made in turning towards the left. From this point its course was pursued through a forest of magnificent trees. These trees still retained their verdure, notwithstanding the advanced season, for they belonged to the family of "*coniferæ*," which is spread over all the regions of the globe, from northern climates to the tropics. The young naturalist recognized especially the "*deodara*," which are very numerous in the Himalayan zone, and which spread around them a most agreeable odour. Between these beautiful trees sprang up clusters of firs, whose opaque open parasol boughs spread wide around. Among the long grass, Pencroft felt that his feet were crushing dry branches which crackled like fireworks.

"Well, my boy," said he to Herbert, "if I don't know the name of these trees, at any rate I reckon that we may call them 'burning wood,' and just now that's the chief thing we want."

"Let us get a supply," replied Herbert, who immediately set to work.



IN THE FOREST.

The collection was easily made. It was not even necessary to lop the trees, for enormous quantities of dead wood were lying at their feet; but if fuel was not wanting, the means of transporting it was not yet found. The wood, being very dry, would burn rapidly; it was therefore necessary to carry to the Chimneys a considerable quantity, and the loads of two men would not be sufficient. Herbert remarked this.

"Well, my boy," replied the sailor, "there must be some way of carrying this wood; there is always a way of doing everything. If we had a cart or a boat it would be easy enough."

"But we have the river," said Herbert.

"Right," replied Pencroft; "the river will be to us like a road which carries of itself, and rafts have not been invented for nothing."

"Only," observed Herbert, "at this moment our road is going the wrong way, for the tide is rising!"

"We shall be all right if we wait till it ebbs," replied the sailor, "and then we will trust it to carry our fuel to the Chimneys. Let us get the raft ready."

The sailor, followed by Herbert, directed his steps towards the river. They both carried, each in proportion to his strength, a load of wood bound in faggots. They found on the bank also a great quantity of dead branches in the midst of grass, among which the foot of man had probably never before trod. Pencroft began directly to make his raft. In a kind of little bay, created by a point of the shore which broke the current, the sailor and the lad placed some good-sized pieces of wood, which they had fastened together with dry creepers. A raft was thus formed, on which they stacked all they had collected, sufficient, indeed, to have loaded at least twenty men. In an hour the work was finished, and the raft, moored to the bank, awaited the turning of the tide.

There were still several hours to be occupied, and with one consent Pencroft and Herbert resolved to gain the upper plateau, so as to have a more extended view of the surrounding country.

Exactly two hundred feet behind the angle formed by the river, the wall, terminated by a fall of rocks, died away in a gentle slope to the edge of the forest. It was a natural staircase. Herbert and the sailor began their ascent; thanks to the vigour of their muscles they reached the summit in a few minutes, and proceeded to the point above the mouth of the river.

On attaining it, their first look was cast upon the ocean which

not long before they had traversed in such a terrible condition. They observed, with emotion, all that part to the north of the coast on which the catastrophe had taken place. It was there that Cyrus Harding had disappeared. They looked to see if some portion of their balloon, to which a man might possibly cling, yet existed. Nothing! The sea was but one vast watery desert. As to the coast, it was solitary also. Neither the reporter nor Neb could be anywhere seen. But it was possible that at this time they were both too far away to be perceived.

"Something tells me," cried Herbert, "that a man as energetic as Captain Harding would not let himself be drowned like other people. He must have reached some point of the shore; don't you think so, Pencroft?"

The sailor shook his head sadly. He little expected ever to see Cyrus Harding again; but wishing to leave some hope to Herbert: "Doubtless, doubtless," said he; "our engineer is a man who would get out of a scrape to which any one else would yield."

In the meantime he examined the coast with great attention. Stretched out below them was the sandy shore, bounded on the right of the river's mouth by lines of breakers. The rocks which were visible, appeared like amphibious monsters reposing in the surf. Beyond the reef, the sea sparkled beneath the sun's rays. To the south, a sharp point closed the horizon, and it could not be seen if the land was prolonged in that direction, or if it ran south-east and south-west, which would have made this coast a very long peninsula. At the northern extremity of the bay, the outline of the shore was continued to a great distance in a wider curve. There the shore was low, flat, without cliffs, and with great banks of sand, which the tide left uncovered. Pencroft and Herbert then returned towards the west. Their attention was first arrested by the snow-topped mountain which rose at a distance of six or seven miles. From its first declivities to within two miles of the coast were spread vast masses of wood, relieved by large green patches, caused by the presence of evergreen trees. Then, from the edge of this forest to the shore, extended a plain, scattered irregularly with groups of trees. Here and there on the left, sparkled through glades, the waters of the little river; they could trace its winding course back towards the spurs of the mountain, among which it seemed to spring. At the point where the sailor had left his raft of wood, it began to run between the two high granite walls; but if on the left bank the wall remained clear and abrupt, on the right



ROCK-PIGEONS.

bank, on the contrary, it sank gradually, the massive sides changed to isolated rocks, the rocks to stones, the stones to shingle, running to the extremity of the point.

"Are we on an island?" murmured the sailor.

"At any rate, it seems to be big enough," replied the lad.

"An island, ever so big, is an island all the same!" said Pencroft.

But this important question could not yet be answered. A more perfect survey will be required to settle the point. As to the land itself, island or continent, it appeared fertile, agreeable in its aspect, and varied in its productions.

"This is satisfactory," observed Pencroft; "and in our misfortune, we must thank Providence for it."

"God be praised!" responded Herbert, whose pious heart was full of gratitude to the Author of all things.

Pencroft and Herbert examined for some time the country on which they had been cast; but it was difficult to guess after such a hasty inspection what the future had in store for them.

They then returned, following the southern crest of the granite platform, bordered by a long fringe of jagged rocks, of the most whimsical shapes. Some hundreds of birds lived there nestled in the holes of the stone; Herbert, jumping over the rocks, startled a whole flock of these winged creatures.

"Oh!" cried he, "those are not gulls nor smews!"

"What are they then?" asked Pencroft.

"Upon my word, one would say they were pigeons!"

"Just so, but these are wild or rock pigeons. I recognize them by the double band of black on the wing, by the white tail, and by their slate-coloured plumage. But if the rock-pigeon is good to eat, its eggs must be excellent, and we will soon see how many they may have left in their nests!"

"We will not give them time to hatch, unless it is in the shape of an omelette!" replied Pencroft merrily.

"But what will you make your omelette in?" asked Herbert; "in your hat?"

"Well!" replied the sailor, "I am not quite conjuror enough for that; we must come down to eggs in the shell my boy, and I will undertake to despatch the hardest!"

Pencroft and Herbert attentively examined the cavities in the granite, and they really found eggs in some of the hollows. A few dozen being collected, were packed in the sailor's handkerchief, and as the time when the tide would be full was approaching, Pencroft

and Herbert began to redescend towards the watercourse. When they arrived there, it was an hour after mid-day. The tide had already turned. They must now avail themselves of the ebb to take the wood to the mouth. Pencroft did not intend to let the raft go away in the current without guidance, neither did he mean to embark on it himself to steer it. But a sailor is never troubled when there is a question of cables or ropes, and Pencroft rapidly twisted a cord, a few fathoms long, made of dry creepers. This vegetable cable was fastened to the after-part of the raft and the sailor held it in his hand while Herbert, pushing away the raft with a long pole, kept it in the current. This succeeded capitally. The enormous load of wood drifted down with the current. The bank was very equal; there was no fear that the raft would run aground, and before two o'clock they arrived at the river's mouth, a few paces from the Chimneys.

CHAPTER V.

ARRANGING THE CHIMNEYS—HOW TO PROCURE FIRE—A BOX OF MATCHES—SEARCH ON THE SHORE—RETURN OF THE REPORTER AND NEB—A SINGLE MATCH—A ROARING FIRE—THE FIRST SUPPER, AND NIGHT ON SHORE.

PENCROFT'S first care, after unloading the raft, was to make the cave habitable by stopping up all the holes which made it draughty. Sand, stones, twisted branches, wet clay, closed up the galleries open to the south winds. One narrow and winding opening at the side was kept to lead out the smoke and to make the fire draw. The cave was thus divided into three or four rooms, if such dark dens with which an animal would scarcely be contented deserved the name. But they were dry, and there was space to stand upright, at least in the principal room, which occupied the centre. The floor was covered with fine sand, and taking all in all they were well pleased with it for want of a better.

"Perhaps," said Herbert, while he and Pencroft were working, "our companions have found a superior place to ours."

"Very likely," replied the seaman; "but, as we don't know, we must work all the same. Better to have two strings to one's bow than no string at all!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Herbert, "how jolly it would be if they found Captain Harding and brought him back with them!"

"Yes, indeed!" said Pencroft, "that was a man of the right sort."

"Was!" exclaimed Herbert, "do you despair of ever seeing him again?"

"God forbid!" replied the sailor. Their work was soon done, and Pencroft declared himself very well satisfied.

"Now," said he, "our friends can come back when they like. They will find a good enough shelter."

They now had only to make a fireplace and to prepare the supper—an easy task. Large flat stones were placed on the ground at the opening of the narrow passage which had been kept. This, if the smoke did not take the heat out with it, would be enough to maintain an equal temperature inside. Their wood was stowed away in one of the rooms, and the sailor laid in the fireplace some logs and brushwood. The seaman was busy with this, when Herbert asked him if he had any matches.

"Certainly," replied Pencroft, "and I may say happily, for without matches or tinder we should be in a fix."

"Still we might get fire as the savages do," replied Herbert, "by rubbing two bits of dry stick one against the other."

"All right; try, my boy, and let's see if you can do anything besides breaking your arms."

"Well, it's a very simple proceeding, and very much used in the islands of the Pacific."

"I don't deny it," replied Pencroft, "but the savages must know how to do it or employ a peculiar wood, for more than once I have tried to get fire in that way, but I could never manage it. I must say I prefer matches. By-the-bye, where are my matches?"

Pencroft searched in his waistcoat for the box, which was always there, for he was a confirmed smoker. He couldn't find it; he rummaged the pockets of his trousers, but, to his horror, he could nowhere find the box.

"Here's a go!" said he, looking at Herbert. "The box must have fallen out of my pocket and got lost! Surely, Herbert, you must have something—a tinder-box—anything that can possibly make fire!"

"No, I haven't, Pencroft."

The sailor rushed out, followed by the boy. On the sand, among the rocks, near the river's bank, they both searched carefully, but in vain. The box was of copper, and therefore would have been easily seen.

"Pencroft," asked Herbert, "didn't you throw it out of the car?"

"I knew better than that," replied the sailor; "but such a small article could easily disappear in the tumbling about we have gone through. I would rather even have lost my pipe! Confound the box! Where can it be?"

"Look here, the tide is going down," said Herbert; "let's run to the place where we landed."

It was scarcely probable that they would find the box, which the waves had rolled about among the pebbles, at high tide, but it was as well to try. Herbert and Pencroft walked rapidly to the point where they had landed the day before, about two hundred feet from the cave. They hunted there, amongst the shingle, in the clefts of the rocks, but found nothing. If the box had fallen at this place it must have been swept away by the waves. As the sea went down, they searched every little crevice with no result. It was a grave loss in their circumstances, and for the time irreparable. Pencroft could not hide his vexation; he looked very anxious, but said not a word. Herbert tried to console him by observing, that if they had found the matches, they would, very likely, have been wetted by the sea and useless.

"No, my boy," replied the sailor; "they were in a copper box which shut very tightly; and now what are we to do?"

"We shall certainly find some way of making a fire," said Herbert. "Captain Harding or Mr. Spilett. will not be without them."

"Yes," replied Pencroft; "but in the meantime we are without fire, and our companions will find but a sorry repast on their return."

"But," said Herbert quickly, "do you think it possible they will have no tinder or matches?"

"I doubt it," replied the sailor, shaking his head, "for neither Neb nor Captain Harding smoke, and I believe that Mr. Spilett would rather keep his note-book than his match-box."

Herbert did not reply. The loss of the box was certainly to be regretted, but the boy was still sure of procuring fire in some way or other. Pencroft, more experienced, did not think so, although he was not a man to trouble himself about a small or great grievance. At any rate, there was only one thing to be done—to await the return of Neb and the reporter; but they must give up the feast of hard eggs which they had meant to prepare, and a meal of raw



NEB'S DESPAIR.

flesh was not an agreeable prospect either for themselves or for the others.

Before returning to the cave, the sailor and Herbert, in the event of fire being positively unattainable, collected some more shell-fish, and then silently retraced their steps to their dwelling.

Pencroft, his eyes fixed on the ground, still looked for his box. He even climbed up the left bank of the river from its mouth to the angle where the raft had been moored. He returned to the plateau, went over it in every direction, searched amongst the high grass on the border of the forest, all in vain.

It was five in the evening when he and Herbert re-entered the cave. It is useless to say that the darkest corners of the passages were ransacked before they were obliged to give it up in despair. Towards six o'clock when the sun was disappearing behind the high lands of the west, Herbert, who was walking up and down on the strand, signalized the return of Neb and Spilett.

They were returning alone! . . . The boy's heart sank; the sailor had not been deceived in his forebodings; the engineer, Cyrus Harding, had not been found!

The reporter, on his arrival, sat down on a rock, without saying anything. Exhausted with fatigue, dying of hunger, he had not strength to utter a word.

As to Neb, his red eyes showed how he had cried, and the tears which he could not restrain told too clearly that he had lost all hope.

The reporter recounted all that they had done in their attempt to recover Cyrus Harding. He and Neb had surveyed the coast for a distance of eight miles, and consequently much beyond the place where the balloon had fallen the last time but one, a fall which was followed by the disappearance of the engineer and the dog Top. The shore was solitary; not a vestige of a mark. Not even a pebble recently displaced; not a trace on the sand; not a human footstep on all that part of the beach. It was clear that that portion of the shore had never been visited by a human being. The sea was as deserted as the land, and it was there, a few hundred feet from the coast, that the engineer must have found a tomb.

As Spilett ended his account, Neb jumped up, exclaiming in a voice which showed how hope struggled within him. "No! he is not dead! he can't be dead! It might happen to any one else, but never to him! He could get out of anything!" Then his strength forsaking him, "Oh! I can do no more!" he murmured.

"Neb," said Herbert, running to him; "we will find him! God will give him back to us! But in the meantime you are hungry and you must eat something."

So saying, he offered the poor negro a few handfuls of shell-fish, which was indeed wretched and insufficient food. Neb had not eaten anything for several hours, but he refused them. He could not, would not live without his master.

As to Gideon Spilett, he devoured the shell-fish, then he laid himself down on the sand, at the foot of a rock. He was very weak, but calm. Herbert went up to him, and taking his hand, "Sir," said he, "we have found a shelter which will be better than lying here. Night is advancing. Come and rest! Tomorrow we will search further."

The reporter got up and guided by the boy went towards the cave. On the way, Pencroft asked him in the most natural tone, if by chance he happened to have a match or two.

The reporter stopped, felt in his pockets but finding nothing said, "I had some, but I must have thrown them away."

The seaman then put the same question to Neb and received the same answer.

"Confound it!" exclaimed the sailor.

The reporter heard him and seizing his arm, "Have you no matches?" he asked.

"Not one, and no fire in consequence?"

"Ah!" cried Neb, "if my master was here, he would know what to do!"

The four castaways remained motionless, looking uneasily at each other. Herbert was the first to break the silence by saying, "Mr. Spilett, you are a smoker and always have matches about you; perhaps you haven't looked well, try again, a single match will be enough!"

The reporter hunted again in the pockets of his trousers, waistcoat, and great-coat, and at last to Pencroft's great joy, not less to his extreme surprise, he felt a tiny piece of wood entangled in the lining of his waistcoat. He seized it with his fingers through the stuff, but he could not get it out. If this was a match and a single one, it was of great importance not to rub off the phosphorus.

"Will you let me try?" said the boy, and very cleverly, without breaking it, he managed to draw out the wretched yet precious little bit of wood which was of such great importance to these poor men. It was unused.



-A CHEERFUL FLAME SOON SPRANG UP.

"Hurrah!" cried Pencroft; "it is as good as having a whole cargo!" He took the match, and followed by his companions, entered the cave.

This small piece of wood, in which so many in an inhabited country are wasted with indifference and are of no value, must here be used with the greatest caution.

The sailor first made sure that it was quite dry, that done, "We must have some paper," said he.

"Here," replied Spilett, after some hesitation tearing a leaf out of his note-book.

Pencroft took the piece of paper which the reporter held out to him, and knelt down before the fire-place. Some handfuls of grass, leaves, and dry moss were placed under the faggots and disposed in such a way that the air could easily circulate, and the dry wood would rapidly catch fire.

Pencroft then twisted the piece of paper into the shape of a cone, as smokers do in a high wind, and poked it in amongst the moss. Taking a small, rough stone, he wiped it carefully, and with a beating heart, holding his breath, he gently rubbed the match. The first attempt did not produce any effect. Pencroft had not struck hard enough, fearing to rub off the phosphorus.

"No, I can't do it," said he, "my hand trembles, the match has missed fire; I cannot, I will not!" and rising, he told Herbert to take his place.

Certainly, the boy had never in all his life been so nervous. Prometheus going to steal the fire from heaven could not have been more anxious. He did not hesitate, however, but struck the match directly.

A little spluttering was heard and a tiny blue flame sprang up, making a choking smoke. Herbert quietly turned the match so as to augment the flame, and then slipped it into the paper cone, which, in a few seconds too caught fire, and then the moss.

A minute later the dry wood crackled and a cheerful flame, assisted by the vigorous blowing of the sailor, sprang up in the midst of the darkness.

"At last!" cried Pencroft, getting up; "I was never so nervous before in all my life!"

The flat stones made a capital fire-place. The smoke went quite easily out at the narrow passage, the chimney drew, and an agreeable warmth was not long in being felt.

They must now take great care not to let the fire go out and

always to keep some embers alight. It only needed care and attention, as they had plenty of wood and could renew their store at any time.

Pencroft's first thought was to use the fire by preparing a more nourishing supper than a dish of shell-fish. Two dozen eggs were brought by Herbert. The reporter leaning up in a corner, watched these preparations without saying anything. A threefold thought weighed on his mind. Was Cyrus still alive? If he was alive, where was he? If he had survived from his fall, how was it that he had not found some means of making known his existence? As to Neb, he was roaming about the shore. He was like a body without a soul.

Pencroft knew fifty ways of cooking eggs, but this time he had no choice, and was obliged to content himself with roasting them under the hot cinders. In a few minutes the cooking was done and the seaman invited the reporter to take his share of the supper. Such was the first repast of the castaways on this unknown coast. The hard eggs were excellent, and as eggs contain everything indispensable to man's nourishment, these poor people thought themselves well off, and were much strengthened by them. Oh! if only one of them had not been missing at this meal! If the five prisoners who escaped from Richmond had been all there, under the piled up rocks, before this clear, crackling fire on the dry sand, what thanksgivings must they have rendered to Heaven. But the most ingenious, the most learned, he who was their unquestioned chief, Cyrus Harding was, alas! missing, and his body had not even obtained a burial-place.

Thus passed the 25th of March. Night had come on. Outside could be heard the howling of the wind and the monotonous sound of the surf breaking on the shore. The waves rolled the shingle backwards and forwards with a deafening noise.

The reporter retired into a dark corner after having shortly noted down the occurrences of the day; the first appearance of this new land, the loss of their leader, the exploration of the coast, the incident of the matches, &c.; and then overcome by fatigue, he managed to forget his sorrow in sleep. Herbert went to sleep directly. As to the sailor, he passed the night with one eye on the fire, on which he did not spare fuel. But one of the castaways did not sleep in the cave. The inconsolable, despairing Neb, notwithstanding all that his companions could say to induce him to take some rest, wandered all night long on the shore, calling on his master.

CHAPTER VI.

THE INVENTORY OF THE CASTAWAYS—NOTHING—BURNT LINEN—AN
EXPEDITION TO THE FOREST—FLIGHT OF THE JACAMAR—TRACES
OF DEER—COUROUCOUS—GROUSE—A CURIOUS FISHING-LINE.

THE inventory of the articles possessed by these castaways from the clouds, thrown upon a coast which appeared to be uninhabited, was soon made out. They had nothing, save the clothes which they were wearing at the time of the catastrophe. We must mention, however, a note-book and a watch which Gideon Spilett had kept, doubtless by inadvertence, not a weapon, not a tool, not even a pocket-knife; for while in the car they had throw out everything to lighten the balloon. The imaginary heroes of Daniel De Foe or of Wyss, as well as Selkirk and Raynal shipwrecked on Juan Fernandez and on the archipelago of the Aucklands, were never in such absolute destitution. Either they had abundant resources from their stranded vessel, in grain, cattle, tools, ammunition, or else some things were thrown up on the coast which supplied them with all the first necessities of life. But here, not any instrument whatever, not a utensil. From nothing they must supply themselves with everything.

And yet, if Cyrus Harding had been with them, if the engineer could have brought his practical science, his inventive mind to bear on their situation, perhaps all hope would not have been lost. Alas! they must hope no longer again to see Cyrus Harding. The castaways could expect nothing but from themselves and from that Providence which never abandons those whose faith is sincere.

But, ought they to establish themselves on this part of the coast, without trying to know to what continent it belonged, if it was inhabited, or if they were on the shore of a desert island?

It was an important question, and should be solved with the shortest possible delay. From its answer they would know what measures to take. However, according to Pencroft's advice, it appeared best to wait a few days before undertaking an exploration. They must, in fact, prepare some provisions and procure more strengthening food than eggs and molluscs. The explorers, before undertaking new fatigues, must first of all recruit their strength.

The Chimneys offered a retreat sufficient for the present. The fire was lighted and it was easy to preserve some embers. There

were plenty of shell-fish and eggs amongst the rocks and on the beach. It would be easy to kill a few of the pigeons which were flying by hundreds at the summit of the plateau, either with sticks or stones. Perhaps the trees of the neighbouring forest would supply them with eatable fruit. Lastly, the sweet water was there.

It was accordingly settled that for a few days they would remain at the Chimneys so as to prepare themselves for an expedition, either along the shore or into the interior of the country. This plan suited Neb particularly. As obstinate in his ideas as in his presentiments, he was in no haste to abandon this part of the coast, the scene of the catastrophe. He did not, he would not believe in the loss of Cyrus Harding. No, it did not seem to him possible that such a man had ended in this vulgar fashion, carried away by a wave, drowned in the floods, a few hundred feet from a shore. As long as the waves had not cast up the body of the engineer, as long as he, Neb, had not seen with his eyes, touched with his hands the corpse of his master, he would not believe in his death! And this idea rooted itself deeper than ever in his determined heart. An illusion perhaps, but still an illusion to be respected and one which the sailor did not wish to destroy. As for him, he hoped no longer, but there was no use in arguing with Neb. He was like the dog who will not leave the place where his master is buried, and his grief was such that most probably he would not survive him.

This same morning, the 26th of March, at daybreak, Neb had set out on the shore in a northerly direction and he had returned to the spot where the sea, no doubt, had closed over the unfortunate Harding.

That day's breakfast was composed solely of pigeon's eggs and lithodomes. Herbert had found some salt deposited by evaporation in the hollows of the rocks, and this mineral was very welcome.

The repast ended, Pencroft asked the reporter if he wished to accompany Herbert and himself to the forest where they were going to try to hunt. But on consideration, it was thought necessary that some one should remain to keep in the fire, and to be at hand in the highly improbable event of Neb requiring aid. The reporter accordingly remained behind.

"To the chase, Herbert," said the sailor. "We shall find ammunition on our way, and cut our weapons in the forest." But at the moment of starting, Herbert observed, that since they had no tinder, it would perhaps be prudent to replace it by another substance.

“What?” asked Pencroft.

“Burnt linen,” replied the boy. “That could in case of need serve for tinder.”

The sailor thought it very sensible advice. Only it had the inconvenience of necessitating the sacrifice of a piece of handkerchief. Notwithstanding, the thing was well worth while trying, and a part of Pencroft’s large checked handkerchief was soon reduced to the state of a half-burnt rag. This inflammable material was placed in the central chamber at the bottom of a little cavity in the rock, sheltered from all wind and damp.

It was nine o’clock in the morning. The weather was threatening and the breeze blew from the south-east. Herbert and Pencroft turned the angle of the Chimneys, not without having cast a look at the smoke which, just at that place, curled round a point of rock: they ascended the left bank of the river.

Arrived at the forest, Pencroft broke from the first tree two stout branches which he transformed into clubs, the ends of which Herbert rubbed smooth on a rock. Oh! what would they not have given for a knife!

The two hunters now advanced among the long grass, following the bank. From the turning which directed its course to the south-west, the river narrowed gradually and the channel lay between high banks over which the trees formed a double-arch. Pencroft, lest they should lose themselves, resolved to follow the course of the stream, which would always lead them back to the point from which they started. But the bank was not without some obstacles: here, the flexible branches of the trees bent level with the current; there, creepers and thorns which they had to break down with their sticks. Herbert often glided among the broken stumps with the agility of a young cat, and disappeared in the underwood. But Pencroft called him back directly, begging him not to wander away. Meanwhile, the sailor attentively observed the disposition and nature of the surrounding country. On the left bank, the ground, which was flat and marshy, rose imperceptibly towards the interior. It looked there like a network of liquid threads which doubtless reached the river by some underground drain. Sometimes a stream ran through the underwood which they crossed without difficulty. The opposite shore appeared to be more uneven, and the valley of which the river occupied the bottom, was more clearly visible. The hill, covered with trees disposed in terraces, intercepted the view. On the right bank, walking would have been

difficult, for the declivities fell suddenly, and the trees bending over the water were only sustained by the strength of their roots.

It is needless to add that this forest, as well as the coast already surveyed, was destitute of any sign of human life. Pencroft only saw traces of quadrupeds, fresh footprints of animals, of which he could not recognize the species. In all probability, and such was also Herbert's opinion, some had been left by formidable wild beasts which doubtless would give them some trouble; but nowhere did they observe the mark of an axe on the trees, nor the ashes of a fire, nor the impression of a human foot. On this they might probably congratulate themselves, for on any land in the middle of the Pacific, the presence of man was perhaps more to be feared than desired. Herbert and Pencroft speaking little, for the difficulties of the way were great, advanced very slowly, and after walking for an hour they had scarcely gone more than a mile. As yet the hunt had not been successful. However, some birds sang and fluttered in the foliage, and appeared very timid, as if man had inspired them with an instinctive fear. Amongst others, Herbert descried, in a marshy part of the forest, a bird with a long pointed beak closely resembling the king-fisher, but its plumage was not fine, though of a metallic brilliancy.

"That must be a jacamar," said Herbert, trying to get nearer.

"This will be a good opportunity to taste jacamar," replied the sailor, "if that fellow is in a humour to be roasted!"

Just then, a stone cleverly thrown by the boy, struck the creature on the wing, but the blow did not disable it, and the jacamar ran off and disappeared in an instant.

"How clumsy I am!" cried Herbert.

"No, no, my boy!" replied the sailor. "The blow was well aimed; many a one would have missed it altogether! Come, don't be vexed with yourself. We shall catch it another day!"

In proportion as the hunters advanced, the trees, more scattered, became magnificent, but none bore eatable fruit. Pencroft searched in vain for some of those precious palm-trees which are employed in so many ways in domestic life, and which have been found as far as the fortieth parallel in the northern hemisphere, and to the thirty-fifth only in the southern hemisphere. But this forest was only composed of coniferæ, such as deodaras, already recognized by Herbert, the Douglas pine, similar to those which grow on the north-west coast of America, and splendid firs, measuring a hundred and fifty feet in height.

At this moment a flock of birds, of a small size and pretty plumage, with long glancing tails, dispersed themselves among the branches strewing their feathers, which covered the ground as with fine down. Herbert picked up a few of these feathers, and after having examined them,

"These are couroucous," said he.

"I should prefer a moor-cock or guinea-fowl," replied Pencroft, "still, if they are good to eat—"

"They are good to eat, and also their flesh is very delicate," replied Herbert. "Besides, if I don't mistake, it is easy to approach and kill them with a stick."

The sailor and the lad, creeping amongst the grass, arrived at the foot of a tree, whose lower branches were covered with little birds. The couroucous were waiting the passage of insects which served for their nourishment. Their feathery feet could be seen clasping the slender twigs which supported them.

The hunters then rose, and using their sticks like scythes, they mowed down whole rows of these couroucous, who never thought of flying away, and stupidly allowed themselves to be knocked off. A hundred were already heaped on the ground, before the others made up their minds to fly.

"Well," said Pencroft, "here is game, which is quite within the reach of hunters like us. We have only to put out our hands and take it!"

The sailor strung the couroucous like larks on flexible twigs, and then they continued their exploration. The stream here made a bend towards the south, but this *détour* was probably not prolonged, for the river must have its source in the mountain, and be supplied by the melting of the snow which covered the sides of the central cone.

The particular object of their expedition was, as has been said, to procure the greatest possible quantity of game for the inhabitants of the Chimneys. It must be acknowledged that as yet this object had not been obtained. So the sailor actively pursued his researches, though he exclaimed, when some animal which he not even time to recognize fled into the long grass, "If only we had had the dog Top!" But Top had disappeared at the same time as his master, and had probably perished with him.

Towards three o'clock new flocks of birds were seen through certain trees, at whose aromatic berries they were pecking, those of the juniper-tree among others. Suddenly a loud trumpet call resounded through the forest. This strange and sonorous call was

produced by the ruffed grouse or the "tétrà," of the United States. They soon saw several couples, whose plumage was rich chestnut-brown, mottled with dark brown and tail of the same colour. Herbert recognized the males by the two wing-like appendages raised on the neck. Pencroft determined to get hold of at least one of these gallinacæ, which were as large as a fowl, and whose flesh is better than that of a pullet. But it was difficult, for they would not allow themselves to be approached. After several fruitless attempts which resulted in nothing but scaring the tétras, the sailor said to the lad,—

"Decidedly, since we can't kill them on the wing, we must try to take them with a line."

"Like a fish?" cried Herbert, much surprised at the proposal.

"Like a fish," replied the sailor quite seriously. Pencroft had found amongst the grass half a dozen tétras' nests, each having three or four eggs. He took great care not to touch these nests, to which their proprietors would not fail to return. It was around these that he meant to stretch his lines, not snares, but real fishing lines. He took Herbert to some distance from the nests and there prepared his singular apparatus with all the care which a disciple of Izaak Walton would have used. Herbert watched the work with great interest, though rather doubting its success. The lines were made of fine creepers, fastened one to the other, of the length of fifteen or twenty feet. Thick, strong thorns, the points bent back, which were supplied from a dwarf acacia bush, were fastened to the ends of the creepers, by way of hooks. Large red worms, which were crawling on the ground, furnished bait.

This done, Pencroft, passing amongst the grass and concealing himself skilfully, placed the end of his lines armed with hooks near the tétras' nests; then he returned, took the other ends and hid with Herbert behind a large tree. There they both waited patiently; though, it must be said, that Herbert did not reckon much on the success of the inventive Pencroft.

A whole half-hour passed, but then, as the sailor had surmised, several couple of tétras returned to their nests. They walked along, pecking the ground, and not suspecting in any way the presence of the hunters, who, besides, had taken care to place themselves to leeward of the gallinacæ.

The lad felt at this moment highly interested. He held his breath, and Pencroft, his eyes staring, his mouth open, his lips advanced, as if about to taste a piece of tétra, scarcely breathed.



FOWL-FISHING.

Meanwhile, the birds walked about among the hooks, without taking any notice of them. Pencroft then gave little tugs which moved the bait as if the worms had been still alive.

The sailor undoubtedly felt much greater anxiety than does the fisherman, for he does not see his prey coming through the water. The jerks attracted the attention of the gallinacæ and they attacked the hooks with their beaks. Three voracious tétas, swallowed at the same moment bait and hook. Suddenly with a smart jerk, Pencroft "struck" his line, and a flapping of wings showed that the birds were taken.

"Hurrah!" he cried, rushing towards the game, of which he made himself master in an instant.

Herbert clapped his hands. It was the first time that he had ever seen birds taken with a line, but the sailor modestly confessed that it was not his first attempt, and that besides he could not claim the merit of invention.

"And at any rate," added he, "situated as we are, we must hope to hit upon many other contrivances."

The tétas were fastened by their claws, and Pencroft, delighted at not having to appear before their companions with empty hands, and observing that the day had begun to decline, judged it best to return to their dwelling.

The direction was indicated by the river, whose course they had only to follow, and, towards six o'clock, tired enough with their excursion, Herbert and Pencroft arrived at the Chimneys.

A GREETING!

THE Town sends her thousands to meet her,
 The Princes and people go forth
 With music and banners to greet her,
 The gentle Princess from the North—
 The streets we are decking with flowers,
 And streamers are floating on high :
 But a welcome more tender than ours
 Is the greeting that comes from the sky !

The North flings before her in splendour
 Its diamonds glittering and white,
 And spread o'er the shadows, its tender
 Lace raiment of nuptial white :
 It has summon'd its speediest minions,
 Its horses of wind, fleet and wild,
 And brought, as on angel's white pinions,
 A kiss from the Czar to his child.

It has breathed on her cheek and has spoken,
 In language as soft as the snow,
 The meaning of motto and token,
 The homage of high and of low.
 It has proved that though lands may be parted,
 As stars in the dark skies above ;
 There is still to the true and fond-hearted,
 The one and same Heaven of Love !

H. A. D.

March 12, 1874.

FRIENDSHIP.

OF all the relations that exist between us and govern our social life, a true and abiding friendship is, perhaps, the one most to be desired, and from which we may reasonably expect the greatest content and peace; for though it does not bring with it the delirious joy of passionate love, still it is free from the pangs of anxious hopes and jealous fears, and though as we float on its calm waters we may miss the varied grandeur of a bolder scene, we have, at least, the satisfaction of resting in a haven where the cruel waves of earthly miseries cannot make fatal shipwreck of our fairest hopes, or engulf in their darksome depths all that renders life most dear. But secure and priceless as that refuge is, how seldom do we give a moment's thought to what our position would be without it. In the fair weather of prosperity we speak of it but lightly, as a thing of no great consequence, and with which we can, for the present, well afford to do without; but when the storms of adversity gather round and threaten us, we eagerly seek what we had so recently scorned, and are surprised and annoyed to find how far off our careless pride has carried us, and how difficult is the struggle against the relentless force of our own blind folly.

Few of us understand what friendship really is, or duly appreciate its value, and fewer still are ever fortunate enough to experience it in all its perfection. In the busy intercourse of life we are so accustomed to speak of nearly every one we know—from a near relative to a casual acquaintance—as a “friend,” that in the wide meaning of the word we lose sight of its great and serious import; yet, if we carefully consider its definition and value, few of us would not be startled to find how destitute we are of what, we flatter ourselves, we not only possess but can easily obtain when required. Many of us would have to look far, even when in affluent circumstances, for that *rara avis*—an unselfish friend, who would put himself out of the way to do us a kindness when there was no chance of his receiving a *quid pro quo*.

When trouble falls upon us, where are those legions of (so-called) "friends"? The people who visit at our houses, shoot in our preserves, and mount our favourite hunters—where are *they* when pecuniary loss renders us no longer able to entertain and amuse them? Most of them will be found amongst those very far-sighted individuals who always predicted a 'smash,' and who do not hesitate to attribute our misfortunes to our own vices or stupidity. Few of us—young as well as old—can look back on the friendships we formed in bygone days, without bringing to recollection numerous instances of misplaced confidence, with the consequent bitterness and disappointment; open quarrels which have left scars that time cannot heal; and imaginary slights that have caused a breach which the obstinate pride of both parties has only tended to widen, until the gulf has at last become impassable. A single word, spoken in the heat of temper, has often sufficed to sever the links that we fancied had securely bound us together; and in our blind carelessness we have often flung away many a rich jewel of friendship and affection, which we can never hope to regain. It is but on slight threads that the majority of human friendships hang, and we seldom reflect how easily those fragile connexions can be broken, or how strong unity of thought and will can make them. Conceit and pride frequently cause us to become so indifferent to the good opinion of others that we reject with scorn their well-meant hints, simply because they are unpalatable. Our "touchiness" will not allow us to be "dictated to." We have so good an opinion of our own judgment that we are apt to consider it infallible; and whilst ridiculing the loss of old friendships despise to encourage new ones. Such conduct can only result in a bitter and practical experience of the fact that "the worst solitude is to have no real friendships." A trustworthy friend has often been the saving of a man, and fortunate are we if we possess and appreciate such a blessing. His readiness to listen to the recital of misfortunes and suggest a means of deliverance, his good-natured tolerance of our eccentricities and temper, and his kind and gratuitous offers of advice and assistance, are things that touch our better nature, and awaken feelings that harshness and neglect would go far to stifle. Such welcome help and timely influence have often nerved men to stem the tide of adversity, and many a hard struggle for existence has been cheered and sustained by a kindly word and helping hand.

It is difficult to imagine a sadder lot than a life entirely devoid of friendship, for though—

“ Existence may be borne, and the deep root
Of life and sufferance make its firm abode
In bare and desolated bosoms ;”

yet how blank must that existence be, and how dull and cheerless that lonely heart upon which the glorious rays of friendship never shine ! in whatever position of life we may be placed we can never be beyond the want of friendship, for not in adversity alone do we feel its power, but even in prosperity we must sometimes have need of it. There are crises in the life of every man when a friend becomes a necessity, not only for the purpose of obtaining active physical aid, but more often for the no less valuable help of calm and sensible counsels, which shed a clear light upon our difficulties, appeal to our reason, and guide and strengthen our judgment. Events may happen by which we may be involved in the deepest anxiety and doubt,—when we cannot, must not, *dare not* confide in those to whom relationship allies us most closely : it is on such occasions as these, when we put friendship to so great a trial, that we feel our helplessness, and are ready to acknowledge how dependent we are on the honour and goodness of others. Alas ! how willing are we to make use of our friends when occasion demands, and how prone to forget what is due from ourselves ! We take what is offered us, as if it were a right, hardly deserving of an acknowledgment ; but when friendship claims some self-sacrifice on *our* part, we feel aggrieved and try to avoid the performance of a duty which we consider uncalled for and irksome : we think of ourselves and our own convenience, never reflecting how acceptable help would be to us if *we* were in need of it, or how little our actions are worth when done in a grudging and unfeeling spirit. Unselfishness, forbearance, and sincerity are the indispensable preservatives of friendship, and without them it must wither and fade away, for in trouble friendship finds its truest test, and if we cannot then call into use its most essential elements, we are but friends in name.

An unselfish generosity of feeling and action is only one of the many duties we owe to our fellow-creatures. We exist for them as well as for ourselves, and those who are apt to forget this truth would do well to ask themselves, in the words of the heroine of one of the ablest modern works of fiction, “ What do we live for, if it is not to make life less difficult to each other ?”

Taken altogether, the friendships between man and man must claim pre-eminence over those of the gentler sex ; for though they

may not be distinguished by the same outward manifestations of feeling, they are built on surer foundations and will exist longer. The indifference (if not dislike) that most women have for their own sex is the cause of so much mistrust and coldness that sincere and lasting friendship between them is rarely to be found; for though on occasions of serious affliction their unselfish devotion and gentle kindness render their ministrations almost more than human, still friendship is, as a rule, little understood by them. Their spirit of rivalry is too great. They are too exacting to each other, too apt to exaggerate trifles, and too frequently lend a believing ear to scandal and idle gossip, till generosity is quenched, mutual forbearance forgotten, and the place of reason usurped by bitter prejudice. Love is, happily, the element most suited to their sympathies and tastes.

As to friendship between the sexes, it may, without entering upon the vexed question of Platonic friendship, be safely asserted that when mutual regard (particularly of youth) is really great, it seems hardly possible for human nature to allow itself to be restrained within narrow limits. Most of us know too well that a great many tears have been shed, and a great many hearts sorely bruised, at the unwelcome discovery that we were only regarded "as a friend." Friendship can be cruel as well as kind, and after we have been wounded by the sharp dagger of love it certainly seems a grim practical joke that the weapon should be hidden under the garb of friendship, and it is very poor consolation to be told that we were mistaken, but that it is hoped we may "always be friends."

The cultivation of friendship should never be neglected. It lifts us out of the narrow sphere of "self," makes us more tolerant of the feelings of others, and opens a wide field for many a good word and deed; for what is friendship but a strong and noble sympathy, that calls for the exercise of all the best qualities of the human heart, and whilst insensibly elevating our own characters, leads us to strive to add to the joys and lessen the sorrows of others?

A HALF-FORGOTTEN CLAIMANT.

BY S. R. TOWNSHEND MAYER,

AUTHOR OF "SHADOWS OF OLD LONDON," "MARGARET BRANDRETH,"
ETC.

DURING what we may call the first section of the Tichborne Romance—the ejectment suit in the Court of Common Pleas—frequent allusions were made to “the Lord Chief Justice’s notorious client;” but with the disappearance of Sir William Bovill himself from the scene, the once celebrated cause with which his name had been so closely associated seemed to vanish again from the memory of man; nor among the legal recollections elicited by Sir William’s death has the case of “Smyth *versus* Smyth” found any place. It was sufficiently curious, however, to deserve summarizing, especially in conjunction with a very scarce pamphlet containing the autobiography of the Claimant of Ashton Court, or the case as it ought to have been from the plaintiff’s point of view. This singular production is called “The Victim of Fatality, a Romantic Tale of the Nineteenth Century; being the Life and History of the Plaintiff in the late trial of Smyth *versus* Smyth. Written by himself whilst a prisoner in the county gaol of Gloucester.” The title-page further informs us that “The Author was for many years known to the Public as Dr. Smyth, a Lecturer, and Author of ‘Mnemonics, or the Art of Memory;’ ‘The Trinity of Human Nature;’ and a work on ‘The Physical, Moral, and Mental Education of the Aristocracy.’”

From contemporary reports in the *Gloucestershire Chronicle* and *Gloucester Journal* of the trials in which this accomplished gentleman figured first as plaintiff, and then as defendant, and from the unspoken speech of Sir Frederic Thesiger as counsel for the defendant on the first occasion, published as a pamphlet in 1869, we may obtain a pretty accurate idea of the self-styled “Dr. Smyth’s” real history, justly characterized as “a combination of desperate wickedness and egregious folly.”

Ashton Court, near Bristol; Heath House, Stapleton; Rockley House, Wiltshire; and Wraxhall Lodge, near Ashton, residences belonging to the Smyth family; an ancient baronetcy and a long rent-roll;—are prizes worth taking a little trouble to obtain. At the time that “the Victim of Fatality” laid his audacious grasp upon them the Ashton estates were in the unquestioned possession of the son of the sister of the last two baronets, who had been brothers. The elder, Sir Hugh Smyth, was known to have been twice married—first, it is asserted, to a lady formerly his mother’s companion, and from whom he was subsequently divorced; and, secondly, to Miss Wilson, daughter of the Bishop of Bristol, who died childless.

“The Victim of Fatality” claims to have been the child of an intermediate and unacknowledged marriage which he states took place in 1796, immediately after Sir Hugh’s divorce from Miss Howell, while he was on a visit to the Earl of Bandon. The bride was Jane, daughter of Count Vandenberg and Jane Gookin his wife, and was then staying in Ireland, with her relatives, the Bernards, and the marriage was celebrated at Carrageen House, Court Maesherry. The bridegroom returned to England almost immediately, and the bride followed him in a short time, dying at Warminster in Wiltshire, on the birth of her son, “the Victim of Fatality.”

This important event occurred on February 2, 1797, at the house of Mr. John Provis, a carpenter and builder, where the infant heir to Ashton Court was, according to his own showing, left undisturbed till four years old. By no means unnoticed, however. The Marchioness of Bath from Longleat, and the Countess of Bandon from Bath, frequently honoured the humble abode of the carpenter with their visits; and the interesting little Victim returned them at the ladies’ own residences. He was a sportive infant, and tries to deduce evidence of hereditary nobility even from his earliest amusements, relating in great detail how on one occasion when a bakehouse in Warminster was full of customers he “so completely with his left hand tied together the handle of the door and the shutter that no power but a knife could undo it.” He proceeds—“It will appear odd perhaps to many of my readers, but my son Richard, not three years of age, a short time ago so entangled a piece of rope across the staircase, from banister to banister, that all the art of man could not undo it.”

Then comes the problem—“Who can account for this *penchant* of knotting in children born of parents of elevated life? They invariably take pleasure in tying knots in every piece of string or

tape or cord they meet with; it seems to form their principal source of amusement. I never saw a child do it who was not gifted with more than ordinary intellect." Other remarkable traits are placed on record, for one of which we must find room:—"The market-house at that time stood in the centre of the town (of Warminster); and in it hung against the walls long poles, with long hooks at the end of each. One market-day I got upon one of these, and having but one hand to use I pressed too much on one side, so that down went the end, and up went the hook, and there I hung. I was fortunately unhurt; and a man took me down, saying, 'Ah, little Two-Shoes' a name I was known by because I wore red-morocco shoes, *a distinction of high birth*, 'nothing will kill thee!' I often think that the occurrences of infancy and youth are the epitomes of after-life. How many times have I since gone up on the hooks of life, and am now dangling by my heels in gaol!"

When four years of age the Victim says he was taken by Grace, Sir Hugh Smyth's butler, to a school at Beckhampton; thence to Lower Court, Long Ashton; thence to a Mr. Hill's, at Brislington, and thence to Warminster Grammar School. "Here," he says, "I was contemporary with the late respected Dr. Arnold of Rugby. He was my school-fellow, bed-fellow, and constant companion; a most indefatigable student." How proud would Dr. Arnold have felt of such a tribute from such a man! "For myself," proceeds the Victim, "I never in my life learnt a lesson in the ordinary way. I would here say that I am one of those who have learnt all they know as it were intuitively." The high-born diversion of tying knots in string had by this time been abandoned for more mournful and pensive pursuits. "My greatest pleasure at this time was to steal away from all, sit on a stone opposite my mother's grave, and sigh and weep my soul away. Those were sweet moments, holding communion with the silent dead." No wonder that this juvenile Werter should have found a sympathetic spirit in the poet of "Childe Harold." "I well remember," proceed his interesting reminiscences, "going once to Harrow School, and walking into the churchyard I encountered young Byron, stretched at his full length upon a tombstone, enjoying in silent contemplation worlds of dreamy fancy, engendered by one of the most splendid scenes in nature spread out before him. His imaginative eye was all on fire. The dew-drops of the rising morn of his enlarged genius bedecked his eyelids, and they spoke of worlds and scenes as yet unknown to him

but in idea. He reminded me of my mother's grave. We wept in unison. Like me, he was the child of destiny and fate, and he so far sympathized with me that he has noticed me in 'Childe Harold.' Those who are familiar with that poem will catch the Promethean spark and instantly recognize the allusion." Not having ourselves been so fortunate as to catch the spark, we hope to be forgiven for failing to discover the allusion. "I spent the whole afternoon with him, and his opinions respecting Napoleon were in harmony with my own." It is to be regretted that the victim does not explain his "own" to us, as we might then have derived a little fresh information as to those of the more distinguished "child of destiny." On leaving Winchester College in 1810, when thirteen years of age, the victim relates that he had an interview with the Marchioness of Bath, who spoke of his mother with the deepest emotion, but with much reserve. She strongly urged him to go home to his father (Sir Hugh Smyth) and gave him some important papers—which he unfortunately lost, and also some money, and told him that he would find in the hands of her steward, Mr. Davis, of Warminster, an "oil likeness" of his father, a miniature of his mother, and some jewellery which had belonged to her. "From excitement," he adds, "I that evening sickened with the small-pox. The doctor was accordingly sent for, and I was taken to his house in Parliament Street, Westminster. I think it was Dr. Williams, and under his roof I *become* ill beyond all hopes of recovery. It was a pock of the most virulent kind, and not having been prepared for it I suffered dreadfully for eighteen months, and at last was given up for death. Oh, why did I not die! It had then been as though I had never lived: all would have ended. Well, it was not to be. No one likes to die." Being "averse to any alteration of existing circumstances," he (rather inconsistently) ordered a cab, and determined to "try change of air," in a lodging at Kensington. "Hear this, ye dying ones! ye who would give worlds to live! How often do people die, who, if they could but rouse themselves and exert their spirits, would put death to flight!" Accordingly, the Victim recovered, and "strolling down the Strand," met an old playfellow, "commonly called Lord Knox, the son of Lord Renferlin," who was going on the Continent, and persuaded our autobiographer to accompany him. The young Englishmen entered Paris at the time of the fall of Napoleon, in whom our original Victim recognized another "victim of fate; ruled by destiny." At Brussels the travellers attended the famous ball; and young

Smyth (to grant him for the present the name to which he laid claim) "stood opposite the bay window in the centre of the hall where the ill-fated Duke of Brunswick stood the whole of the evening. . . . All shone bright as a summer's sun, when, unthought of and unexpected, as the flaunting dance went on, there arose a cry, 'To arms! to arms!' The drums rang in rattling mockery to the fiddles' sound. . . . all was wild confusion. The Duke of Brunswick—where was he? I never took my eyes off him. At the first sound he started and looked amazed, and seemed by his looks to say, 'I am the victim of fate!' And so was I, and I sympathized with him." The would-be-Smyth is always anxious to procure witnesses to identity. "Surely," he says, "some of those who were present that night will remember the flaxen, curly-headed youth with his right hand in a blue morocco case at his breast, looking like the shadow of a wounded officer? If any, it will be the Marquis of Anglesea. Taking the duke's hand as he left the room for his hotel, it was to me a proud moment. The gentle pressure of his hand upon mine, his gracious acknowledgment of my attention, and his mild and resigned heavenward look warmed my heart, and my only regret was that I could not fight by his side." We omitted to mention in chronological sequence that the Victim broke his hand in fighting a schoolfellow at Mr. Hill's, an accident of which he confesses to have made ingenious use. "Of course we English were everywhere treated with marked respect. We did as we liked. I made a merit of necessity, and took the honour of a wounded officer, a ruse by which I gained more applause and commiseration than all—so young and so brave!" After "perambulating Europe" our Victim says he proceeded to the Low Countries and there learnt from "Baron von Feineigle (*sic*) an ingenious system of remembering dates and figures called Mnemonics." In Germany he met "Mr. Bell and Dr. Lancaster," and studied their system also. Returning to England in 1826 young "Smyth" learnt that his father had died two years before, and that a "Sir John" ruled in Sir Hugh's place. This Sir John, the Victim says he imagined, with amusing ignorance of the laws of succession, to be a certain illegitimate brother John, who had married a rich cousin, Miss Piggott, and adopted her name. Acting on this curious theory, "Dr. Smythe," postponed or abandoned all idea of claiming his ancestral honours, and proceeded to "travel England over with his Mnemonics," engaging also "in the pleasing occupation of a lecturer and professor of oratory." To exemplify his instructions

he adopted two orphan boys, and taught them—what he certainly had never learnt himself—"modesty of demeanour." He also took possession of a remarkable child whom he called the "Infant Kean," and trained to give dramatic entertainments at noblemen's houses. These were so well received that they next addressed the larger public of the London theatres with equal success. Our gracious Queen is well known as a distinct and musical speaker, but probably few persons are aware that she primarily owes this royal accomplishment to Dr. Smyth, who delivered his lecture on elocution at Kensington Palace, before the Duchess of Kent and her illustrious daughter, then twelve years old. The latter, proceeds the autobiography, "complimented me, and promised to attend to my instructions. This promise her Majesty has kept."

Some time between 1838 and 1849—the Victim is rather chary of dates—an interview took place at Frome between "the old man Provis" and the learned Doctor. It could hardly have been a pleasant one, as the latter says the old man Provis "struck him with his stick." Subsequently relenting, he delivered to the Victim the jewels, miniature, and a Bible, which the Marchioness of Bath had mentioned to him, and which had been sent to Provis on the death of her steward Davis. The oil painting, said to be of his father, hung among the Lares and Penates of the Provis family, and there Dr. Smyth left it.

In the May of 1849, in a highly melodramatic manner, the Victim of Fatality discovers the real usurper of his inheritance. Turning aside during a journey from Gloucester to Bristol "by way of Thornbury," to give a fond look at his paternal acres, he perceived "at the commencement of the road leading to Heath House a respectable-looking man, who was evidently, *vulgo vocato*, in a brown study. Reading my countenance (which is often an index to the mind) he respectfully addressed me." After this promising beginning Dr. Smyth told him his whole history; and the respectable stranger, informing him that Sir John Smyth of Heath House was not his brother but his uncle, advised him to call on a Bristol undertaker, who, knowing the family well, could give him all necessary particulars. At the undertaker's suggestion "Dr. Smyth" proceeded to call on his uncle at Ashton Court, on whose threshold he encountered Sir John and his favourite sister Mary—Mrs. Way. The latter interposed, trying to prevent any conversation, but our Victim was not to be so easily put down, and asked Sir John himself for an interview. "He gave such a look,"

proceeds the narrative, "as only conscious guilt could give. My father stood before him *in propria persona*. He threw his sister from him, took my arm, and we retired into what appeared a half library and dining-room. We sat down facing each other. I always like to see a man's countenance, and through it to trace the complexion of the mind. I had made up my mind to observe his looks, and it cut him to the quick." His "foolish heart," proceeds the Victim, "ever too tender for his own good," prevented him from taking prompt and severe advantage of this confusion, and he merely said "Do you know me, dear uncle?" Sir John sprang almost out of his chair, and said, "'Know you, yes, among a thousand.' He fell back evidently disappointed and violently agitated." Why Sir John should have been "evidently disappointed" it is difficult to guess, but his newly-found relative, assuming the rôle of "Rightful Heir" with a magnanimity worthy of Mr. Guppy, exclaimed "Uncle, be calm. I have not come here to-day to deprive you of the title or estates. You cannot live long: whilst you do enjoy it in peace. Provide for me and my family; treat me as your son, and secure me hereafter." To these modest requirements Sir John, we are told, responded with a look of kind and glowing affection and the rather melodramatic exclamation, "You are indeed the son of my beloved brother." The new-found relative adds "this was a well-known expression of his." So we are to imagine him continually welcoming and acknowledging relays of nephews. The one in question then took his departure, with a fifty-pound note in his pocket, and on the understanding that he should return in a few days to take up his abode with his family in his ancestral halls. "Here now was fate!" he exclaims. "What had I to do but at once to have called in the servants and made all known? Unfortunately, I am one that never either calculates or speculates."

Twelve days after the satisfactory arrangement between uncle and nephew, the latter called on Mr. Penton with the satisfactory announcement, "You see, Mr. Penton, I am come to be amongst you." The startling answer to which was—"My dear sir, be calm; you are too late—your uncle is dead and buried."

All these circumstances were overruled by fate! cries the Victim. "My heart bursting with agonized disappointment I made a vow that I would trouble no more."

Not till 1852 did he break it, and then only from the pressure of pecuniary difficulties. Taking with him his son Joseph, he "all but flew" to Ashton Court, where Mrs. Upton, Sir John Smyth's

sister Florence, was in possession, and Arthur Way, the son of Sir John's sister Mary, had been made steward. The family, however, were all absent, and "Dr. Smyth" only saw Mr. Abbott, their agent, who refused to convey any letters or in any way to encourage "Dr. Smyth" to communicate with his patrons. An interview with Mr. Smyth Pigott was equally unsatisfactory. He then wrote to Mrs. Upton, hearing from her solicitors that they had received instructions to meet any course Dr. Smyth might think fit to take. The Victim then sought the services of a solicitor, finally inducing Mr. Cattlin of London to take up his claim. The ensuing proceedings are delicately glossed over by the autobiographer. "My solicitor," he says, "ought to have been a man that understood. He, however, did not—there lies the point. The case was above his talent."

On the 8th of August, 1853, the trial began. Sir Fitzroy Kelly, the late Sir William Bovill, and others appearing for the Plaintiff, and Sir Frederic Thesiger (afterwards Lord Chelmsford), Mr. Crowder, Q.C., &c. for the Defendants. Sir Fitzroy Kelly, however, did not appear. "We did wrong," says the Victim, "to lay the venue in Gloucestershire. London, as I told my solicitor, was the proper place . . . On the second day I was examined as to my story, &c. But was it to be expected that a man like me, of naturally retired habits and possessing the most delicate sensibility, could speak of himself with as much fulness as he could write? . . . No doubt many who witnessed the abrupt termination of the cause were overwhelmed with surprise and disgust—as well they might."

Undoubtedly. But they would probably have differed considerably from "Dr. Smyth" as to the exciting cause of that disgust.

"God bless the king—God bless the Faith's Defender;
 God bless (there is no harm in blessing) the Pretender.
 Who that Pretender is, and who that King—
 God bless us all!—is quite another thing."

As he proceeds, the Doctor's reminiscences become more agitated. "Never shall I forget the looks of my enemies when the judge set my mother's miniature before them. Too beautiful for them, they could not and did not despise it. . . . Young Upton also, as I thought, looked first at it and then at me, to trace the resemblance. Oh, it is too like! Let them restore it to me, or death may be the result. Thus then," he proceeds with charming vagueness, "thus then my cause was lost. . . . My character has been tra-

duced, but, thank God, I can vindicate that. But to be confined in a gaol for seven of the most dreary months of the year, deprived of those comforts which home, be it ever so homely, can give; but, above all, to be debarred the embrace of one's loved ones, those who cling round the heart with consuming fire—this is terrible indeed! My enemies should have considered that as they began the war, their strength has been expended, and having said and done all that lies within the compass of their power, they can do no more. The public mind has been nauseated with their miserable twaddle; and although some may have swam down the stream of the popular cry"—a wonderful feat!—after "swimming down the stream of a cry," let us hear no more of crossing the Hellespont—"raised by my rich and interested relatives, who pronounced me an alien to their blood, an impostor, a horse-stealer—and God only knows what! a forgerer (*sic*) and perjurer, and one who has dared unjustly to claim that which they hold—yet, in spite of all this, the public will return to sober sense and reason." He then relates several real or imaginary attempts to discover a less distinguished pedigree for him than the one he claimed. The evidence of a daughter of "the old man Provis" showed that the Victim of Fatality was her brother. "A woman born years after me," cries the Victim, "one that I knew but little of and cared for still less." By an extraordinary perversion of logic, the Victim declares that if Ann Heath had really been his sister, she could not have stated on oath that she was so! "Her asseveration stands sufficiently confronted by the fact that a sister's devotedness is second only to that of a mother. Who does not know that a sister is a brother's warmest and best and most deeply interested friend? And *had this woman been my sister* her very nature would have revolted against the heinous course she has pursued towards me. . . . She, forsooth, to swear away my life and liberty—to rob my family of their only support—to prevent me acquiring wealth, honour, and true elevation! When she must have known, had she been my sister, that I should have been to her a brother." He then proceeds to discuss the course of action adopted by the Smyth family. "Does it not strike my readers," he asks, "that all the family were conscious of my existence? Their nervous anxiety upon the subject, and their attempts to gainsay and destroy all evidence of that existence sufficiently show to those who calmly think that they were not ignorant thereof. I gave them every chance of disproving my claim. I took the family name, not covertly but boldly. I adopted the arms—I took possession of the

property ; doing all in the hope of inducing them to adopt legal proceedings against me as an impostor. . . . I was without means ; and unable fairly to dispute, they left it to the chance of uncertain warfare. Thus acting, they have squandered thousands of my property and have driven me to a gaol." He then complains bitterly of the press. " With scarcely an exception, the papers of the day have been redolent of abuse. The evil report gains strength as it goes ; it finds an easy admittance to our newspaper press, whose editors conjure up such potent spirits as work destruction on an helpless, and it may be, as in my case, an innocent fellow-creature." But, magnanimous to the last, the Victim of Fatality thus concludes :— " Let me finally say that I owe my degradation in public opinion more to thoughtlessness than to wilfulness ; and my hope is that editors and others will now address me in something like the following strain :—' Well, friend Smyth, we have done thee wrong, but now, convinced of our error, we will do all we can to restore thee to reputation and honour ! ' But should I here again be doomed to disappointment, I beg distinctly and emphatically to declare that neither editors nor others will ever be able to make me other than their true well-wisher,—or less than the world's friend, and—SIR RICHARD HUGH SMYTH, BARONET."

Now let us look at this gentleman's real history. When the once well-known trial of "*Smyth versus Smyth*," came on at the Gloucester Summer Assizes, before " Mr. Justice Coleridge and a Special Jury," the case for the plaintiff (the Victim of Fatality) presented him as the hero of " a marvellous romance, in which a person, born to a title and to large estates, had for many years been kept in entire ignorance of his rights, until, in the decline of his life, a series of providential discoveries placed in his hands the means of proving his claim, and wresting his property from the possession of usurpers." Lord Chelmsford, in his able commentary on the case, which was to have taken the form of an address to the jury, remarks,— " The first thing that strikes the mind is the want of ' the sufficient reason,' as some metaphysicians call it, for the concealment of the marriage in Ireland. . . . If Sir Hugh had previously formed some disreputable connexion, he would naturally enough be anxious to keep it from the knowledge of his wife, but it would be no dishonour to her to learn that he had been married to a lady of birth and station ; and as Lady Smyth had no children of her own, she would not have been likely to feel any jealousy of the son and heir. . . . Again, how inconceivable that, knowing

he was the son of Sir Hugh as early as 1815, and believing (at least) that he was legitimate, he should have permitted Sir John to remain in possession of the property down to his death in 1849, and the subsequent possession to be undisturbed for three years longer." The inconsistencies in the entries in the Bible are acutely examined, and it is discovered that "Verney Lovett, D.D.," who was said to have performed the ceremony in 1796, did not become a doctor of divinity till ten years afterwards. The next difficulty is that Major Gookin (the alleged father of the bride's mother) never had a daughter; and further, that Major Gookin never even heard of the Count Vandenberg, who was said to be his son-in-law. The third point is that the Countess of Bandon, who was said to have witnessed the marriage as "Caroline Bernard," was really named Catherine Henrietta, (a curious coincidence with the "Hannah Frances" of recent notoriety), and would have signed herself not Bernard, her name, but Bandon, her title. "So that," continues Lord Chelmsford, "in order to regard this as a genuine entry, you must believe, in addition to all the other improbabilities, that Lady Bandon didn't know how to sign her name, and (perhaps being overpowered by the ceremony) that she had forgotten her Christian name." The other witness signs herself "Consena Lovett," and is said to have been lady's-maid to the Marchioness of Bath; by a singular coincidence "Consena Lovett" was a witness to the marriage of John Provis, the Frome carpenter. The difficulties surrounding evidence by handwriting are illustrated by the readiness with which persons whose disinterested veracity could not be impeached, vouched for the signatures of Dr. Lovett, to the entry of the marriage, and Lady Isabella Thynne to that of the Victim's baptism. On this point a curious incident was related by Lord Eldon; a deed was tried at Westminster Hall, which had been executed under discreditable circumstances; the solicitor declared that the witnesses were very respectable,—the Town-clerk of Newcastle was one, "and I," proceeded his lordship, "was the other: he looked back to my pleading, and was sure it was my signature, and if I had been dead would have sworn to it conscientiously. I could undertake to a certainty that the signature was not mine, *never having attested a deed in my life.*"

Next in importance to the evidence in the Bible, was that of a letter purporting to be from Hugh Smyth to his wife Jane, written on the day of their son's birth, recommending a doctor and nurse to her, and promising to visit her next day, *accompanied by his*

mother, a statement diametrically opposed to the alleged careful concealment of both marriage and birth from the father's family.

The third document produced purported to have been drawn up by Sir Hugh Smyth in 1822, in order to "sett asside" (the Victim's orthography is peculiar, and according to a style which he says he "prefers" to the orthodox one) a previous will made "through the rascality of my butler Grace, under whose especial charge my son was," in the impression that the said son was dead. Having discovered the falsity of this statement, Sir Hugh attests his son's birth and baptism, describes personal marks by which he can be identified, and calls on his brother John to aid in restoring his son's rights. With singular vagueness of expression Sir Hugh adds,— "Further, I do *desire* that documents do remain in the custody of my nurse, Lydia Reed, *and* whom, no doubt, my son will be sure to seek." The almost illegible signature of Sir Hugh was attributed to his feeble health, and counterbalanced in Mr. Bovill's opinion by the "Smyth coat of arms" on the seal.

Sir Hugh follows up this first narrative, according to the Claimant's case, by a second, drawn up in the following year (1823), reiterating the story of his secret marriage to Jane Vandenberg, the birth of his son, and the death of his unacknowledged wife, in the year following their marriage. Recurring to the subject of his son's succession to the family honours, Sir Hugh says he may be known "by the turning up of both thumbs, an indelible mark of identity in our family." The reader will here be reminded of a point much dwelt upon on behalf of a subsequent and better known Claimant. The paper again stigmatizes the rascality of the graceless Grace, and directs that Sir Hugh's son shall "cause the remains of *my* mother" (a curious slip of the pen going far to betray the writer; of course Sir Hugh, speaking of his son, would have said *his* mother) to be removed to Ashton, "and buried in the family vault close to my side, and to raise a monument to her memory." This second paper was signed more legibly than the former one, and attested by the same witnesses, with the important omission of Sir Hugh's brother John.

When the documents were disposed of, two family portraits and some jewels were produced, the former said to represent the claimant's mother and father, Sir Hugh Smith and Jane Vandenberg; and with the Bible, the documents, the pictures and the jewellery, the Victim of Fatality considered his case complete.

We have already given the plaintiff's romantic version of his

parentage and history, He had wisely chosen to put forth his claim at a time when all the chief actors in the drama he had concocted were long since dead: his alleged mother, father, uncle, the titled and brilliant circles of which he had been, to use the form of expression he "preferred," the "portagee,"—even the unprincipled butler who played chief villain,—all had long since passed away. But unhappily for the credulous among the Victim's auditors, his widow survived, and Mrs. Grace's straightforward narrative negatived all the statements of the would-be Sir Richard. She said her husband had been twenty years in Sir Hugh Smyth's service, but although always fully in his confidence, she had never heard him mention any child of Sir Hugh's. Nor could any witness be produced in support of that ingenious fiction. Under cross-examination "Sir Richard" presents some strong points of resemblance to a "Sir Roger" who has already become historical. He recites a string of names of persons and places belonging to the *crème de la crème* which he used to visit in his youth, but unfortunately his capricious memory too often puts the square man into the round hole, and bestows estates and titles with wild inaccuracy. He grows exceedingly impatient under Sir Frederic Thesiger's hands, and tells him that his questions are "irrelevant and unbecoming;" for which the judge (Mr. Justice Coleridge) calls him to order. He gets considerably out of his depth when venturing into Latin, and on being asked whether *tenax et fides* was the motto of the Carrington family, replies that he supposes so, and as *tenax* meant firm and *fides* faith, the motto must be "firm in faith," but it was "rendered different ways." On the subject of marks of identity, he claims to possess not only the "turned-up thumbs" of the Smyths, but the *queue* or tail which he considers hereditary in that family on the following singular grounds; (1) that there is the portrait of an admiral in Heath House who had so fine a one that the whole of his faculties were absorbed by its care and cultivation; (2) that Sir Hugh Smyth had a friend in the army who employed an hour every day in dressing his; (3) that Sir Hugh Smyth had one himself; (4) that the Victim has one; (5) that his youngest son, three years old, has one six inches long; and a third peculiarity more striking still—"a mark like a cut from ear to ear, just under the throat, as if the head had been taken off and mysteriously replaced; my father was born with this mark; and I was born with it." The coolness with which he admitted his own inaccuracies was startling; when reminded that he had called

his mother sometimes Lovett, though usually Vandenberg, he calmly remarked that he "never was a man who paid much attention to accuracy in those matters."

It is another coincidence that this claimant of twenty years since has also had his recollections confused by a shipwreck: whilst on a voyage to Scotland, he says, "the vessel was driven out to sea, all the luggage of the passengers was thrown overboard, and I lost all my clothes and papers and escaped but with life." Sir Frederic Thesiger remarks that the Victim's "reasons for not urging his claim are still more extraordinary,—according to his own account—although he knew he was rightful heir of this noble property he preferred the precarious livelihood of a teacher of oratory to the large possessions to which he knew himself entitled; and, as it appears, would never have asserted his rights but for his failing profession and his increasing family." Then when he does at last introduce himself to his invalid uncle, whom he has believed to be his brother, and they make the comfortable little compromise before described, Sir John presents his magnanimous nephew with a mysterious 50*l.* Bank of England note, which at another time he calls a note of Miles's Bank. Now in 1849, the year of the alleged interview and gift, there was no 50*l.* note of Miles's Bank in existence; and with regard to the 50*l.* Bank of England note, Mr. Abbot, who made up Sir John's private cash-book after his death, found only a difference of 18*s.* 10*d.* from the previous balance.

Sir Frederic Thesiger draws particular attention to those vagaries of orthography we have alluded to, not only, he says, "for the purpose of contrasting them with the plaintiff's arrogant assertions of having received a superior or first-rate education, or of his having made most *rappid* strides in his education. I should wish more particularly to draw your attention to his spelling 'whome' with an e final, and to the duplication of the consonants in various words, e.g. 'rellative,' 'littigation,' &c.;" and he also notices the peculiar rendering of "screwtiny" and "raskels." These comments are chiefly made with a view to comparing the eccentricities of the plaintiff's spelling with similar aberrations in the documents he produced, "and also in certain notices served on the person in charge of Heath House and others when 'Sir Richard's' claim was advanced, and which he admitted were written and signed by himself under the name of 'Henry Brown,'" and which Sir Frederic pronounced "clumsy forgeries." Two of the supposed witnesses are proved to have been respectively but nine and ten years old at the time the deed was

executed, and as a final and conclusive proof of its fabrication it describes Sir Hugh's illegitimate child as "the son of *the late Eliza Howell*," a person who was at that time the second Lady Smyth!

If the evidence against the plaintiff, and at the same time in proof of the misdirected ingenuity with which he proceeded to build up his case, needed any strengthening, it was afforded by the discovery that the seal on the documents, with the arms and motto of the Smyths, was made for the claimant by a London jeweller.

The "family portrait" obtained from Provis the carpenter, was endorsed "Hugh Smyth, Esq., son of Thomas Smyth of Stapleton, County Gloucester, 1796," and the inscription became the occasion of some sparring between the plaintiff and the opposing counsel. The former had "brought it out by acid," he said; "it might have been soda" (!) "or tartaric acid." He knew of it by reading, "which Sir Frederic ought to do."

Sir Frederic—"Ay, but I don't want to bring out writings."

Plaintiff—"But you bring out other things, and with considerable acidity."

There still remained the silent but important testimony of the jewels—the wedding-ring, the signet-ring with the crest of the Bandon family, the hair brooch bearing the name "Jane Gookin," the ring with the initials J. G., and the fourth ring with the initials J. B. Suddenly, while the plaintiff was still under cross-examination, holding his ground by a most astonishing agility in substituting one falsehood for another, the electric telegraph flashed a message to the defendants which brought the case to a dramatic conclusion. Sir Frederic Thesiger, with great emotion, asked the plaintiff whether he had not, in the previous January, applied to a jeweller in Oxford Street to engrave the name "Jane Gookin" on the brooch and the Bandon crest on the ring. Confounded by the suddenness of the question, and the conviction that he had been detected, he replied in a subdued and desponding tone "I did;" and so terminated, says Sir Frederic, "one of the most remarkable cases of fraud and folly known in the annals of our courts of justice. . . . Thus his claim to be the son and heir of Sir Hugh Smyth, founded upon the evidence which he produced, was entirely destroyed. But it becomes a curious question who the plaintiff is, and whether we can establish this fact in addition to proving who he is not. Upon this subject there is no want of evidence."

It appears that in a letter to Lady Caroline Thynne, he says his mother's name was Lovett, and that she died in the house of a Mr.

Provis, at Warminster. These two statements are refreshingly true; for Provis married Jane Lovett, who had been a servant at Longleat, and they had two sons, John and Thomas—the latter the plaintiff himself, as was proved by several of his relations and acquaintances, including a half-sister, and a Mrs. Tucker, who lived in the same house as the elder Provis for twenty years, and heard him remonstrate with his son Tom for passing by the name of Smyth, and the answer that “it suited his purpose better to go by that name.” Her husband spoke of the plaintiff’s borrowing 5*l.* of him to purchase a wheel chair for his father, and giving a bill for the amount signed Thomas Provis. He afterwards took an inventory of his father’s effects, giving Tucker directions to take care of the things in case of his father’s death, as he was the lawful heir. In this inventory the celebrated oil painting of Sir Hugh Smyth is catalogued as “portrait of son John,” and the plaintiff being asked why he had so entered it, after reluctantly admitting that the inventory was in his handwriting, said it was “to humour a foolish fancy of the old man’s.” It was also proved that, at the very time when he represented himself to have been confined for eighteen months to the house of a physician in Parliament Street by illness, he was suffering exactly the same term of imprisonment in Ilchester Gaol, having been capitally convicted of horse-stealing, under the name of Thomas Provis, and his sentence commuted for imprisonment. Of course he greatly understated his age.

“This, then, is the man,” says Sir Frederick Thesiger, in the eloquent passage which concludes his pamphlet, “and this the claim which some persons, who ought to have been more discreet and circumspect, have received as genuine and well founded. Resting upon half, or less than half, information of the facts, they have allowed themselves to be hurried into an impression that a romantic drama was to be performed, and a discarded, discountenanced, and injured man was, by a series of providential discoveries to be installed in his long usurped rights, and to be at last, after years of injustice and treachery, restored to the vast possessions of his ancestors. The whole is a mere dream of the night; and the moment light dawns upon it, the whole illusion vanishes at once. From the beginning to the end of the case, there is not one genuine document, and scarcely a single truth told. . . . The claimant to a large estate has multiplied proof in his possession, or within his power, and he suffers his rights to be invaded, and his property enjoyed by others for a period of nearly thirty years, without the

smallest effort to reclaim them! Touched with the rod of truth—the false scene is dispelled, the enchantment is broken up, the illusion vanishes away—and the baronet, the lineal representative of the Smyths of Ashton Court, appears in his true colours and his real character as *Thomas Provis, the convicted felon!*”

And in that character he was committed for trial at the next assizes, on the double charge of forging the two documents signed in the name of Sir Hugh Smyth, and feloniously uttering them, knowing them to be forged, and with intent to defraud. This second trial, which took place on April 6th, 1854, was little more than a recapitulation of the salient points of evidence elicited on the former one. Some of the surviving members of the Smyth family; the seal engraver, who made the seal with the mistake in the motto; the jeweller who made the old family trinkets; the bookseller of whom the Bible was bought, in which the forged entries were made; and the prisoner's half-sister, who identified him, formed a phalanx of witnesses against whom no subtlety or audacity of falsehood could prevail, and the Claimant was found guilty, and sentenced to transportation for twenty years, in spite of a rambling defence of two hours, during which an eye-witness thus describes his demeanour:—"The confidence of the man was as great as ever. He questioned witnesses, he impressed upon them the necessity of truth, he imputed perjury, he lied incessantly; he gazed upon the crowd of faces in the court with the air of a present martyr who was to be a future saint; and as he arranged his papers, he evidently thought himself more than a match for Sir Frederick Thesiger himself in the art of cross-examination."

As is sure to be the case in these gigantic impostures, the one sinner made many sufferers. Credulity and cupidity enlisted numerous followers for the would-be baronet. He obtained on credit a handsomely furnished house, and abundant "creature comforts." Four London capitalists advanced 1000*l.* each, on his undertaking to repay them (with liberal interest) when he regained his estates. He was lavish of patronage and promises to be redeemed in the golden future, and a much deluded man named Nash sold his actual butter-shop for the possible appointment of land-steward to Sir Richard Smyth.

A contemporary number of the *Spectator* says that Provis "lacked education enough to be a perfect adventurer. It is difficult to understand how such a man could undergo that preliminary examination before his own lawyers, which was necessary for their

instruction, and not excite the gravest suspicions by his vulgar language, his inconsistent tales, his illiterate mottoes on family relics, and all that manifest imposture which made many on the first day of the trial anticipate the verdict."

In the *Annual Register* for 1855, under date May 27th, the death of this "notorious impostor" is chronicled as occurring in the infirmary of Dartmoor Prison. He persisted in his audacious imposition to the last, and "made a will by which he bequeathed his *rights* in the Smyth estates to his son."

It is asserted that the late Lord Chief Justice never got over his annoyance at having been induced to embrace the cause of so unmitigated a "raskel" as the Claimant of the Ashton Court Estates. The galling recollection made him ultra-sensitive on the subject of mistaken identity, and induced him thenceforward to discountenance with unmeasured severity the pretensions of all future Claimants.

A NOSEGAY OF TRANSLATIONS.

No. X.

BY THE LATE SIR JOHN BOWRING.

From the Old German :—

MAID LILIAN.

“ While Lilian was yet a little maid,
 Both father and mother of Lilian were dead ;
 She wax’d in strength and in beauty, and
 She married a knight from Engel-land.
 Into her chamber she went, and there
 Adorn’d her body and smooth’d her hair ;
 She stretch’d her hand from the window and cried,
 ‘ Come hither, proud knight, and claim thy bride !’
 She sprang on her steed with footsteps light,
 And threw her white arm around the knight.
 Three days and three nights they gallop’d away,
 And ate not and drank not by night nor day.
 ‘ But say, thou dear knight ! fair knight of mine !
 And hast thou no bread, and hast thou no wine ?’
 ‘ O look around, dear Lilian, and see
 On the edge of the forest a linden tree !
 And wilt thou climb the linden tree,
 Or wilt thou swim over the wide, wide sea ?
 Or wilt thou choose the sword instead,
 Which from thy trunk shall sever thy head ?’
 ‘ I cannot climb the linden tree ;
 I cannot swim through the wide, wide sea ;
 And I must choose the sword instead,
 Though from my trunk it sever my head !’
 ‘ Thy silken garment must thou don,
 And put thy golden necklace on !’
 From the maiden sprouted the blood so red,
 And there the lovely Lilian lay dead !”

Erlach, iii. 165.

OBITUARY OF THE MONTH.

Feb. 22nd.—At Dean Lodge, Bedfordshire, in her 96th year, Mrs. Anne Lloyd Evans (widow of Captain John Lloyd Evans). She retained to the last hour of her life her powerful intellect, extraordinary memory, warm heart, and sensitive feeling: her eyes permitted her to read well, and she delighted in the best and deepest literature of the day. She took the same keen interest in politics as in the days of Pitt and Fox, and remembered equally well the contents of last week's *Times* as the news of the murder of Louis the Sixteenth.—Her fondness for children was one of her most salient characteristics; she was tenacious in her friendship, continued in some instances to the great-grandchildren of those she had known in early life. Her vivid interest in all the subjects of the day was surprising, and to her wonderful powers of conversation and perception she added the feminine gift of needlework. Her only physical infirmity was deafness, but not in a greater degree than with many old people. She died from bronchitis, without suffering, after only forty-eight hours' illness. Her funeral, in accordance with her written wishes, was strictly private, but the attendance was crowded; and on the plain oak coffin being lowered into the vault, the tears of the villagers showed they had lost a real friend. This notice of Mrs. Lloyd Evans' extraordinary powers would, however, not have been written, had they not been continued to an extraordinary age. And it may be consolatory to those of threescore years and ten to know, that it is possible for intellectual powers and quick sensibilities to last unabated for a quarter of a century beyond that term.

Feb. 23rd.—At Kent Terrace, Regent's Park, Charles Shirley Brooks, Esq., the editor of *Punch*, aged 58. He was about the last survivor of the originators of that favourite periodical; for alas! Thackeray, Mark Lemon, Douglas Jerrold, Mayhew, and Hood, are also no more. Mr. Shirley Brooks began life, like Charles Dickens,

as a legal student, and passed with more than usual success through the preliminary examinations; but he soon after took to literature, and became connected with the press. During five sessions, he summarized the debates in the House of Commons for the *Morning Chronicle*, and was afterwards its "Special Correspondent" in a tour through Russia, Syria, and Egypt, which he undertook to investigate the condition of the poor in those countries. Some of the letters he communicated to that journal, were collected and published under the title of "Russians in the South." Mr. Shirley Brooks also wrote several novels, "Aspen Court," "The Gordian Knot," "The Silver Cord," and "Sooner or Later," all well known works of fiction. On the death of Mark Lemon, he succeeded to the editorial chair of *Punch*, and that periodical in no way fell off under his able management. He was essentially genial in his nature, and well fitted in all respects for this employ and he will long be missed by a large circle of friends, to whom his cordial temperament had for years past endeared him. His remains were interred at Kensal Green, on Saturday, the 28th February.

Feb. 28th.—The death of Professor Quetelet, of the Royal Observatory, Brussels, is announced, aged 78. He had been in charge of the Observatory, which was built under his directions, for nearly half a century, and during that long period made many important contributions to the progress of astronomy, acquiring thereby for the Brussels Observatory a high place in the scientific world. Professor Quetelet published many volumes on astronomical and other scientific subjects. He took also a large share in the systematic observation and study of shooting stars and meteors, by the help of which a true theory of those once unintelligible bodies was at last arrived at, and their cosmical origin established.

March 2nd.—At Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park, Dr. Neil Arnott, aged 68. He commenced life as a surgeon in the naval service of the East India Company, but soon established himself as a physician in London, and had the good fortune to be employed as physician to the French and Spanish embassies. In 1827 he published his "Elements of Physics," which obtained great popularity, and was translated into the principal languages of Europe. Dr. Arnott was a great assistant to the General Board of Health on sanitary matters; for, in addition to his high claims to distinction as a physician, he was very able in the field of practical ex-

periment and in that of the useful applications of scientific knowledge. It is strange at this day, when the study of an economical arrangement for burning fuel is so desirable, that "Arnott's stove," adapted as it is for securing the largest amount of heat at the least expenditure of coal, should not be better known or more generally in use. By means of this excellent invention, an unvarying temperature can be maintained in any house. Dr. Arnott also invented the well-known "Ventilator" (which goes by his name), and the "Water-bed." In 1861 he published "A Survey of Human Progress." Before the close of his useful career, Dr. Arnott gave to each of the Universities of Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and St. Andrew's a donation of 1000*l.*, for the promotion of the study of experimental physics among the medical students. He also placed 2000*l.* at the disposal of the Senate of the London University to found a scientific scholarship.

March 7th.—The death of Mr. Philip Barnes, the founder of the Royal Botanic Society in the Regent's Park, is announced, aged 82.

March 7th.—Recently at Brighton, Dr. Forbes Winslow, the well-known author of many works on lunacy. He was for some years editor of the *Quarterly Journal of Psychological Medicine*. One of his recent publications is on the "Influence of Light."

March 14th.—At Paris, Mdlle. Desclée, after a long and painful illness. Her loss is one of the most serious histrionic art has known. Although her career was brief, she had displayed remarkable gifts, and obtained a large share of personal sympathy and regard. Mdlle. Desclée will be remembered in London by her impersonation of "Frou-Frou," but "Diane de Lys" was probably her finest character.

EDITH DEWAR;
OR,
GLIMPSES OF SCOTTISH LIFE AND MANNERS IN
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY COLIN RAE-BROWN,
AUTHOR OF "THE DAWN OF LOVE," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

MR. AND MRS. DONALD DEWAR.

FLORA had not been more than three months resident at Kildonald before all speculation as to who would be the future Mrs. Dewar was completely set at rest. Dewar's heart had never known but two idols—money and position. More of the latter than he already enjoyed could scarcely be expected or coveted, even by a clergyman; but of the former he was covetous in the extreme—possessed, as it were, by a species of mammon-madness—consequently he took not the slightest trouble to ascertain whether he had awakened any really lively, or likely to be permanent, affectionate emotions in Miss Malcolm's heart; nor did he take even ordinary pains to discover whether her tastes and inclinations—beneath life's every-day surface aspect—were in unison with his own: pity if they had. Governing all his actions, however, by that assumed suavity of manner and gentleness of temper which were so foreign to his real nature, he was not long in winning the respect and esteem—if not the love—of the young heiress.

The major had never studied the affections; he had been brought up in a rough, hard school—seen iron service, been a strict disciplinarian, made money by bushels, and come home to end his days in the delights of hunting, trout-fishing, and smoking.

Flora had no *confidante*: no friend of either sex to advise with, save and except this same blunt old soldier; and as he was so

overjoyed at the prospect of such a union, and her heart was so perfectly free, the preliminaries of the match were agreed upon as matters of course, and, indeed, no one could well have suggested any reason why they should not be so arranged—"hands without hearts," an old, old story told once again. Everything seemed to flow on quite smoothly in the connubial direction without let or hindrance of any kind.

It was only a seeming quiet, however. Miss Miller had other views, and she persuaded her mother to adopt them likewise. If they could not succeed in gaining their object, neither should he in attaining the devout consummation of his wishes.

Not so the Macneills. Fortified now by the knowledge of her daughter's engagement in another and very desirable quarter, Mrs. Macneill had long ceased to wage a war of conquest on the minister. With this cessation she had allowed her eyes to view matters as they really must have appeared to every unbiassed and discriminating mind, and the wily clergyman was soon exhibited to her in his true colours. Much, however, as she and her daughter esteemed the major and his niece, anything in the shape of interference with the "coming event," directly or indirectly, would not have been welcome on the one hand or politic on the other.

The Millers acted on a totally different principle, and from no wish to serve either of the contracting parties. Ingeniously-contrived and apparently ingenuous scandals regarding the "minister" were industriously circulated, far and wide, through their agency. One of these rumours came at length, by the ordinary multiplying and magnifying process of retailing, to wear such a serious aspect as to call for a presbyterial inquiry. The result was a triumphant acquittal of the "minister," with a thorough discomfiture and discovery of his enemies; and long before the hated nuptials were celebrated, the authors of this and other calumnies felt themselves occupying positions the reverse of enviable. Although the facts could not be absolutely brought home to roost, not only did Kildonald, but all Argyleshire soon become too hot to hold them: Dunmora House and grounds were at once let out on a long lease, whilst its former and almost ejected occupants withdrew to Edinburgh; not—the reader may rest assured—to add lustre or cordiality to its drawing-rooms.

Flora Malcolm, like her "intended," was tall and elegantly formed; while her features were the purest Grecian, chiselled and moulded to perfection. Grace and dignity attended her on her

every movement—waited on her like very slaves. Her manners were not only most affectionate, but remarkably winning, and her conversation was easy and fluent; but with all this ease there was still perceptible a certain pensiveness or want of animation that never altogether forsook her. Some mistook it for studiousness: they were mistaken. Her mind had not only never been properly enlarged, but it had been actually cramped through becoming the recipient of weird stories and legends. An unfortunate and debasing propensity had rendered her mother useless as a trainer of that dawning intellect which, at the outset, had to be indebted for its partial development to an old Highland nurse. This was Flora's great loss—greater than her poor mother's death, though none wept more over the pale, emaciated corse than she. Still she had never known what it was to love her as she doubtless would have done under more fortunate circumstances. From her fourteenth to her twentieth year she had only been six months at home; all the rest of that time had been spent at boarding-schools. Her father was a stern, moody, ill-tempered man, feared by all, loved by none. Very probably his morose disposition had driven Lady Malcolm to those excesses which led at last to her moral and physical decay and death.

The major was very kind to Flora, and they became greatly attached to each other. Nevertheless, there did not exist between them that close and mysterious affinity of soul which characterizes the relations between parent and child, and which develops the purest and the best of human love.

In short, Flora had never loved any one with real devotion. She had never met with her "other self" as yet; hence, all the latent fires of a heart that *could* have loved to madness still slumbered beneath that yet placid bosom. Her experience of her own nature was all confined to liking, and she *liked* the man of her choice—or rather the man who chose her—very much, and supposed her feelings towards him must be what the world called "love." True, there was an undefined something about him that occasionally seemed repellant, but that she attributed to the sacredness of his profession and her own want of life-experience, and she made up her mind to try and make him and herself truly happy.

Exactly one year had elapsed since the villagers of Kildonald were all excitement at the induction of the young minister, when another and, if possible, more exhilarating source of rejoicing was afforded them by his marriage with the major's niece.

On the forenoon of the appointed day, and when the company had all duly assembled in the major's spacious drawing-room, the bride, attended by her bridesmaids, was led into the apartment by her worthy major-uncle, whereupon the assembled guests rose to their feet, and formed a circle round the officiating clergyman—in front of whom the bride and bridegroom, with their respective attendants, had taken their places. The groom's-man handed to the clergyman a document which truly certified that the "banns" had been properly proclaimed in the parish church.

The Rev. Dr. Taylor, of Edinburgh, who officiated on the occasion, soon appeared thoroughly satisfied with the "marriage lines," as they are termed, and he proceeded to offer up a short prayer, soliciting the Divine blessing. Immediately thereafter, he addressed the young couple in homilistic terms, introducing the respective duties which each would now have to undertake in their fresh relations of life. This over, Dr. Taylor requested the bride and bridegroom to "join hands." His request was the signal for Captain Douglas, an old Edinburgh friend of Dewar's, to become practically useful in his capacity as groom's-man, and he proceeded to assist the Rev. Donald in getting off his glove, while Miss Macneill performed the like good office for the bride.

When the contracting parties had joined hands, Dr. Taylor, in clear and impressive tones, addressed the rev. bridegroom as follows:—"Do you, Donald Dewar, take this woman, Flora Malcolm, whom you now hold by the hand, to be your lawful, wedded wife?"

A bow of assent, accompanied with a plainly audible "I do," having come from the "young minister," Dr. Taylor thus addressed the somewhat agitated and truly timid bride:—

"Do you, Flora Malcolm, take this man, Donald Dewar, whom you now hold by the hand, to be your lawful, wedded husband?"

A scarcely audible "Yes," accompanied by a graceful curtsy, being the response, Dr. Taylor closed the ceremony by the usual declaration made on such occasions:—

"I declare you to be married persons, and whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder. Let us pray."

The rev. gentleman then once more invoked the blessing of Divine Providence on the young couple, and fervently besought for them every good that the world could bestow, and, thereafter, an entrance to those mansions where there is "neither marrying nor

giving in marriage " but where "the Lamb is the Light and the Love of one and all."

That same afternoon saw the "happy pair" depart on their bridal tour. There were salutes fired from the old fort, volleys sharply delivered from the gallant volunteers' rifles, peals rung out by the village bells, and hurrahs from old and young, quite deafening the ears of the "Isla's" passengers, as that gallant steamer hove-to for the purpose of receiving the "ferry-boat" and its unusually interesting and valuable freight. What a shower of "bachels" (worn-out shoes) were playfully hurled after the boat as she left the margin of the loch! What a long, loud, and deafening shout arose from hundreds of jubilant voices as the graceful vessel, gaily bedecked with her choice display of "flags of all nations," steamed off with the "new-married couple!" It was truly a day long to be remembered at Kildonald. The honeymoon was spent in London, Paris, Brussels, on the Rhine, and in Switzerland. Flora felt very happy. Everything she saw was not only new to her, but rendered unusually interesting by the remarkably attentive and well-read-up companion of her travels. He seemed so cheerful, so communicative, and studious to please, that she felt her inmost soul daily welling forth towards him in streams of affection. A warmth of feeling seemed now to possess her, in this regard, such as she had never experienced towards any one before. She was over head and ears in love at last, and life seemed opening out before her enraptured and delighted vision as one long bright day of unclouded pleasure. Now and again, but very rarely, that knowledge of an "undefined something" in his manner would revisit her, unwelcomely insinuating, that he did not invariably meet fond caresses and endearments with such a return as she fully wished and expected he would. "But then," love would suggest, "he is subject to nervous headaches, the result of former study, and these occasional moments of apparent coldness may be so produced." Besides, he was the man of all others to whom the major had said he would like to see her united, and she considered that her uncle was no sorry judge of character. Doubts, therefore, when they did arise, were as speedily banished from her mind. She was right in one respect; the major had, as the reader may suppose, a very high opinion of Dewar, both as a minister and a man. He considered that his niece was getting as perfect a Nathaniel as ever lived for a husband; and he made a will immediately before the marriage, whereby he left his whole fortune to

Flora, with absolute right of disposal after his death. Still, during her uncle's lifetime, Dewar knew that it could be revoked any hour, and he dissembled to perfection. The stake was large, and the game had to be carefully and skilfully played. Money was his idol—everything to him; and so much did the love of it possess his mind, engross his every thought, and govern his every action, that he may actually have prayed for strength to carry out his deception till the prize was won. Some hypocrites become so accustomed to pray and cant, as a part of their vocation and stock-in-trade, that they latterly come to do so—in all sober earnest—for the very worst and basest of purposes. Such was Dewar—a wolf in lamb's clothing, if one ever lived. He was, in short, the Mephistopheles of his profession. He had carried off more prizes in the divinity-class, and had been guilty of more secret immorality, than any student of the period. At heart, but for his ideal—gold—he was the perfect wreck of happiness.

Very shortly after Flora's marriage the major's health began seriously to give way. Before little more than a year had elapsed, and while sitting in the minister's study, he had been attempting, somewhat awkwardly, to dandle a smiling grand-daughter, only two months old, while Flora had stepped out of the room for a moment. She was suddenly recalled by an unusually loud and distressing cry from the child. On re-entering the apartment, she perceived her infant lying in the inside of the fender, in momentary danger of having its dress set on fire. Snatching it up at once from this perilous position—which alone had hitherto occupied her attention—she turned towards the arm-chair where she had left the major toasting his toes and hobnobbing with baby, and found that the old man had fallen off into an apparently heavy sleep. Playfully attempting to rouse him for a good scold, she lifted his right hand to place it on baby's head. An indescribable clammy, though not cold, feeling communicated itself to her touch, and, unconsciously, she let go her hold of the hand, which dropped heavily by his side.

The fatal truth flashed upon her at once, and a brief examination too painfully assured her that the good old man was now taking his last, long sleep of all! Why, she never could tell, but just as the sad conviction of his death was brought home to her mind, a strange feeling of utter loneliness in the world seemed to creep over her. Her husband was absent on parochial duty, but the household was immediately alarmed, and two medical attendants summoned.

As Flora had feared from the first, it was all over, both the professional men attributing his death to disease of the heart.

The major was buried with all the military honours that Kildonald could muster, and the grief throughout the village and county was general and really intense. The major had been almost a father to the poor, and a liberal, open-hearted man to every deserving object, public or individual. The Argyleshire Volunteers mustered nearly one hundred strong on the occasion of the funeral, and the coffin was carried shoulder-high by four of the tallest and finest-made men in the company. The interment took place in the family vault of the Dewars, where the major had often expressed a wish to be buried, and the "minister" acted as chief mourner on the occasion. He *acted* the part well, and that in a double sense. Flora's grief was beyond consolation, and found but little sympathy in the commonplace, though courteous, observations of her husband. To her, neither father nor mother had ever been what they should, and that dear departed, good old man was the first being to whom her heart had ever warmed. What wonder, then, if she grieved so deeply? With the single exceptions of her husband and her child, she had now no nearer relative than a cousin—and but one—residing in London.

After a few weeks had elapsed, as brief a time as decency would permit of, the minister's legal adviser arrived from Glasgow. The necessary documents were subscribed by Mrs. Dewar, and a few days thereafter both gentlemen went to London. The insatiable desire to immediately possess himself of the major's large fortune gave Dewar no rest day nor night, and his agitation and peevishness—attributed to the recent family bereavement—was observable by all with whom he came in contact, and by none more so than his wife.

CHAPTER XIII.

A DIVIDED LIFE.

It was November. Dewar had been gone quite a fortnight, and during that time he had only written twice to his wife. His last communication stated the probability of his reaching home on the evening of the 25th. The afternoon of that day was clear, frosty, and bracing, clearer than usual at that season of the year. When Flora, with baby in her lap, and telescope in hand, first discerned

the smoke of the steamer, long before she had rounded the "point," or had been observed by any of the villagers, she, all expectation, rung the bell, ordered the groom to see that the "ferry-boat" was got in immediate readiness and sent off to wait the steamer's approach. In the interim, everything that could possibly be devised by a wife to make her lord and master comfortable on a cold day, and after a long journey, was done by Mrs. Dewar. A *recherché* dinner was ready to be brought in, a dressing-gown hung over a chair opposite the fire, and a pair of new and cozily-lined slippers—worked and finished in his absence—were toasting over the brilliant steel bars of the circular fender in most inviting fashion for the feet. Added to all this, nurse was at hand with baby, clad in a beautiful robe trimmed with blue—Flora's favourite colour—and looked the very image of infant innocence and beauty re-refined.

The carriage drove up the avenue; Flora hurried to the hall, and, as the door opened and the long-looked-for traveller entered, she instinctively threw her arms around him—now her only protector; indeed, saving her child, the only available friend she possessed on earth—and was proceeding to embrace him, as had ever been her wont, when—oh, horror!—he somewhat rudely released himself from her arms and testily said, or rather muttered, "Tut, tut, what's all this for?—don't worry *now*; it's very cold, and I really wish to get upstairs to the fire."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at her feet, the poor soul-stricken woman could not have felt more appalled. It was she who felt the cold—the sharp, chilling pang of unrequited affection—as, like an arrow of ice, it cleft her very heart in twain. Every drop of blood in her veins seemed frozen, every hope of the future hopelessly congealed, and she sank to the earth in utter—but, alas! only momentary—oblivion of her doom. It might have been better had she never recovered. What a resuscitation hers ultimately proved! What a revulsion of feeling towards the man she had so striven to love—whom she had at length made herself love—despite the "undefined something," whose prophetic warning was now realized with such appalling force and power! Without one reservation, she had put him in possession of a princely fortune, and yielded him up her heart, her soul, her every thought, and yet this was the result! Spurned and rejected! The first thought was agony; the stern after-reality was utter despair!

Mrs. Dewar's health was henceforth completely shattered, hys-

terical fits became frequent and distressing, and the result was that she and her husband lived a divided life ever after.

That very night, with a quickness of perception peculiarly the gift of her sex, she felt that her doom was sealed, and saw far into a future of cold and yet colder estrangement; while she also beheld, through a break in the panoply of dark clouds which overshadowed that dreary prospect, a snow-white dove appear—held forth, as it were, by a shadowy hand—and, oh, blissful and long-remembered vision! she observed its outlines gradually change and enlarge, till at length there was presented to her enraptured gaze the form and features of her own beloved babe! How tenderly she clasped her unconscious treasure to her bosom, as she inwardly thanked the Father of all Goodness for the ray of comfort which had just entered her soul, and with the dove of His Promise nestling closer and closer, she joyously ejaculated, “There is a balm in Gilead and a Physician there!”

Her dreams that night were full of beatitudes, and disclosed scenes of paradisaical beauty—gloomless and shadowless. She beheld our blessed Saviour healing the blind, feeding the hungry, and blessing little children—amongst the latter of whom her own Edith seemed to stand, while He uttered those endearing words, “Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.”

For sixteen years of an almost widowed existence that child proved almost the sole earthly consolation of the “minister’s wife.”

The domestics of the manse were old and tried servants of the Dewars; still they were much attached to their young mistress, and could read the minister’s heart better than he could theirs. Through one of them, a *confidante*, the Macneills came to know all, but kept their information to themselves, like prudent people, and as real friends of Mrs. Dewar. Mrs. Macneill and Ellen proved true friends in need, and continued faithful in that friendship till the last scene of Flora’s trials came to be enacted. It was Mrs. Macneill who had kept Edith constantly conversant with the real state of her mother’s health, and many a polite but urgent request she had made to the minister, just to “allow Edith to come home for one little week.” The answer was as invariably polite as it was emphatically negative—“She could do no good,” while “her studies would thereby meet with a most serious interruption.” His heart was an icicle, only to be melted by the touch of gold. Flora had voluntarily, as he said, divided their lives, and he had vowed, in his innermost soul, never to give her the chance of proposing a

re-union, under any circumstances. On the contrary, he could not but perceive that the knowledge of his savagery had oozed out beyond the confines of the manse; that he was more or less shunned by some, and looked coldly on by others; and he became embittered against her up to the very point of revenge. Mammon, Pride, and Revenge are three hard masters to serve, and so the minister of Kildonald found out, while they never yielded him one iota of real enjoyment.

This man's character is difficult of description: to do it justice, the pen would require to be Rembrandtish in sharpness of outline and in depth of shadow, but the following anecdote is not an inapt illustration of its "making up."

"As the minister of a remote Scottish parish was taking a meditative afternoon stroll through the principal village of the locality, he came upon a group of children squatting on the ground at the corner of a street, and, apparently, very busily engaged in the construction of something which bore a very distant resemblance, but still a resemblance, to a yet unroofed mud church.

"'What in the world, weans, are ye about?' said the steady-going old clergyman, 'what are ye biggin?'

"'It's a kirk, maister minister,' replied the chief builder, architect, and surveyor,—a shock-headed, sharp-witted boy of nine or ten, who, as he spoke, complimented the interrogator by hastily wiping the mud sparks from off his rosy face with the lower portion of a very scanty kilt.

"'A kirk! but whaur's the minister? I see a precentor in the desk, but there's nae minister in the poopit—ye can never mak a richt kirk without a minister.'

Mightily conclusive, and most appropriate as an illustration of Dewar's character was the head-builder's wicked reply,—

"' *We havena eneuch o' dirt to mak a minister.*'"

Every year added to Edith's life seemed to endear her more and more to that fond and doating mother; while, in return, Edith proved a most dutiful and affectionate daughter.

The reader already knows how the heart of this much-afflicted and tenderest of mothers was utterly bruised, crushed, and broken at last; and when Edith at length returned to Kildonald after that long foreign sojourn—that separation which had latterly rendered her mother a permanent invalid—the old nurse and worthy Mrs. Macneill told her much that they would rather have withheld, and that nearly cleft her heart in twain, even though many dark and sorrowful

scenes were left undepicted. One truth, however, they did convey to her in its fullest details—one that consisted in the consoling evidences of that unshaken faith and hope which Mrs. Dewar had exhibited to the last hour of her earthly existence—the faith and hope in a blessed immortality which she felt assured would reunite her to the child of her affections. “The dove of His promise” had been rudely withdrawn from her earthly gaze for ever, but her last look was towards the revealing skies, and almost her last words were, “Edith ! Edith ! we *shall* meet again !”

CHAPTER XIV.

CHAMOUNI AND ITS VISITORS.

A most welcome reception greeted the ladies on their arrival at Chamouni. Madame Dessenon’s relations—a mother and two daughters—were equally gifted with herself in the matter of making others “feel at home,” all at once. To Edith, in particular, they took quite a fancy before the first hour of their acquaintance had run its course ; while she had by that time come to look upon them as old and familiar friends.

Mrs. Roberts, now a lady of sixty, had been wooed and won, in her native Epernay, some forty years previous, by a young Englishman who had then acted as travelling companion and tutor to the son of a wealthy London merchant.

Her father was at that time the principal doctor of the district, and his services were called for one afternoon in hot haste, the young millionaire having broken his arm and collar-bone through an awkward fall down the stairs of the hotel. Mr. Roberts had frequent occasion to call for Dr. Verras, as he had received the strictest injunctions from Mr. Ribston, Sen., to keep him duly posted up, at all times, and under all circumstances, as to the movements of the “son and heir,” and himself. The young fellow had fevered considerably at first, and severe inflammatory action supervened locally, so that for several days he could not be considered out of danger.

A more faithful tutor and companion than Evelyn Roberts neither father nor son could well have chosen. He was one of those men whose whole life is earnest, practical, and useful. More than once, or twice, or even thrice, his calls on Dr. Verras proved fruit-

less, in so far as he had failed to find the worthy doctor at home; but—the doctor was a widower—“Mademoiselle” was always “at home,” and the result was, as before stated, a wooing and a winning.

Ralph Ribston completely recovered before a great many months had elapsed, and, in Mr. Roberts’s opinion, they flew away very quickly indeed—much more quickly than they appeared to pass through the brain of the “son and heir.”

Mr. Roberts and his valued charge pursued their travels no further south, but returned to London direct, before the winter had set in. The following spring, through the influence of Mr. Ribston, Sen., Mr. Roberts obtained an appointment as second master at one of those leading schools where the youth of the aristocracy of wealth and position “most do congregate;” and that same autumn the ungrateful fellow robbed poor Dr. Verras of his one great comfort and solace—Mademoiselle.

In course of time the erewhile tutor became a parent and a professor; was much honoured and more esteemed. Again there was an addition to the family circle—this time also a daughter. Never was there a more peaceful or sunnier home than that of Professor Roberts, and for thirty years the peace and the sunshine pervaded it without let or hindrance. At the close of that period the worthy man died, and left his widow with her two amiable daughters still “on hand.”

Why neither of the two young ladies were ever married, has always remained a mystery. Without being positively beautiful, both of them could boast of very good looks, most amiable tempers, and a wide range of really attractive accomplishments. But so it was, up to the time when our heroine made their acquaintance at Chamouni.

At this period Miss Roberts was *bordering* on thirty, and Miss Amy *about* eight and twenty. More minute particulars as to the precise years and months were not considered necessary at Chamouni any more than they are on the British side of the Channel. Before leaving Paris, Miss Allan had replied to Charlie Lade’s letter, he having given an address in London, and, as expected, the artist and his student-friend, Fabian Melville, had arrived before them, and called on Mrs. Roberts.

Prudently considering that the lady travellers would stand greatly in need of temporary rest and leisure after their journey, the gentlemen declined to put in an appearance before tea-time—the

ladies were to arrive about noon—though strongly pressed by Mrs. Roberts to join them at a plain and early dinner.

Beforehand, the reader may as well become familiar with the gentlemen from North Britain.

Fabian Melville was remarkably tall, and strongly but handsomely built. His father, now deceased, had long held a high position under Government at Bombay, Fabian's birth-place. The latter circumstance might be held to account for the slight tinge of olive which pervaded his complexion, faintly bronzing cheeks whose full flow of healthy blood mantled through their external hue on the least excitement. Over a high and well-arched forehead, a wealth of dark glossy chestnut curls clustered in a somewhat careless, yet becoming, confusion, while the dark hazel eyes which beamed so brightly and so intelligently beneath, and the firmly-cut mouth, yielded unmistakable evidence of a high order of intellect. Fully whiskered, amply bearded and moustached, the Fabian Melville already personified might well have proved dangerous to the "other sex." It was, however, in the manners—which still make the man—of Mr. Melville that his greatest strength of attraction was concentrated.

When but ten years old he had been "forwarded" from India to Edinburgh, there to reside with Miss Melville, his father's maiden aunt, and to be thoroughly educated.

Miss Melville moved in the "best society," and was in herself a rare example of female excellence in every intellectual pursuit becoming to her sex. Her age was quite uncertain, but her refinement and true nobility of nature thoroughly unmistakable. Descended from Andrew Melville, the eminent Scottish reformer—"the best philosopher, poet, and Grecian of any young master in the land"—this worthy lady held her lineage and its associations dearer than life itself, and had no need to vow that they would never be dishonoured by her. The same intense hatred of popish plotting and intolerance which actuated the great reformer when he, in 1605, denounced the Archbishop of Canterbury at Hampton Court for encouraging popery, superstition, and Sabbath profanation, was nourished and cherished in the otherwise tender heart of Janet Melville. "I have not, and never had, any manner of patience," she would say, "with a system—miscalled a religion—which interferes with the most sacred relations of life, home, and domestic society; while, at one and the same time, its political aspirations point to the supreme control and dominion of every

nation under the sun. Awa' wi't! awa' wi't aff the face o' the earth!"

Like Mrs. Cockburn, in her now celebrated denunciation of the cast-off and tell-tale lover—"the d——d villain, tae kiss an' tell!"—Miss Melville frequently wound up a bit of declamation or exordium with a few words fashioned forth in the pure Scottish Doric. She considered the effect to be thereby marvellously enhanced, stamping her enunciation with a kind of native imprimatur.

At the High School of Edinburgh, now of more than European fame—by reason of the far-wanderings and distant settlements of adventurously-persevering Scots—young Melville early imbibed the sound rudiments and first principles of a thoroughly healthy and elevated education—morally, intellectually, religiously, and physically considered; while, at the Queen Street residence of Miss Melville, his exercises were attended to under the kind, yet strictly conscientious, surveillance of one who would have made no insufficient head-master—or mistress, rather—of the seminary herself.

The death of Fabian's father at Bombay, just as he had inherited an estate in the outskirts of Glasgow, completely altered all the arrangements which Miss Melville had carefully planned out for her nephew's future studies.

Fabian was only fifteen years of age when Mrs. Melville arrived from India in the autumn of 1847, and immediately thereafter they took possession of Langside Holm, situated south of the river Clyde, and within a very few miles of the city of Glasgow.

Very reluctantly, in one sense, Miss Melville, now of a more uncertain age than ever, bade adieu to her darling Edina, and became one of the family at Langside. She made but one stipulation, and it was this—"I must be buried in the Greyfriars: my bones would never rest out of Edinburgh."

It may be thought that our hero ran an extremely likely chance of being spoiled under such guardianship, as his mother, a lady of good birth and education, was no less devotedly attached to her son than was his worthy aunt. However, to the other estimable and always ladylike qualities which distinguished each of the ladies who belonged to this charming family circle, they added a vast amount of good common sense and prudence.

Nor was Fabian a likely youth to be spoilt had the case been otherwise. A model of truth, integrity, and honour—real, not seeming—he scorned the slightest approach to effeminacy or

dawdling, while his manners were equally gentle, elegant, and refined.

Wealthy, and pious without bigotry or fanaticism—popery always excepted—the home-circle at Langside made their influence felt for substantial good in and around the vicinity of the estate, and no really deserving “wanter” was ever sent empty away.

An extensive Glasgow ironmaster, related by marriage to the Melvilles, offered to take Fabian into his counting-house, with the promise of an ultimate partnership. The young man’s leanings were towards the Church. In deliberative conclave, the trio at the Holm duly considered the tempting offer before accepting or refusing. It was such a position as many a parent would have gladly paid down thousands to secure for his son. Mrs. Melville was greatly in favour of the proposal, while Fabian’s inclinations for the clerical profession were rejoiced in by his aunt. She had seldom missed an opportunity of instilling him with admiration for his “great forbear,” Andrew Melville, and it is little wonder that Fabian, naturally of a studious and religious—though thoroughly cheerful and truly catholic—temperament, should have long cherished the idea of following a profession in the exercise of which his renowned ancestor had rendered such signal services to his country, and to all men and all time. So far as position was concerned, it would put him on a level with the highest of the land, while, in the matter of influence, no other profession—and certainly no business—could promise one tithe of that moral, religious, and intellectual impression which a popular clergyman so easily makes on society.

Ultimately, the decision was left with himself, and he decided on the ministry as his future calling.

The College of Glasgow was not then, as now, situated at the west end of Glasgow, nor looming over the somewhat classic—but, alas! no more pellucid—Kelvin. The ancient seat of learning, now doomed to be the goods-depôt of an innovating railway—where do railways not innovate, and, may it be hoped, tend to civilize?—was situated in the venerable, but dreadfully dirty High Street, which formerly constituted the eastern verge of the city proper, and within its walls Fabian Melville was duly installed as a student. At the outset, for the sake of that exercise which is so eminently conducive to the preservation of health under study, he determined to walk to and fro from Langside to the college in all weathers. Many a time he might have been seen taking a short cut across

the Holm fields shortly after the dawn, his bright scarlet gown standing out in telling contrast to the greensward and still greener foliage. J. A. O'Connor would have gloried in the opportunity of sketching the Holm meadows and trees while the indefatigable and persistently self-denying student wended his way in the early morning towards the smoky purlieus of eastern Glasgow. And during the severe winter months, while he was making a path for himself through the snowy carpet with which Dame Nature had so bountifully clad the roots of the grass, the buttercups, and daisies—while she had daintily fringed the leafless boughs, and the still leafy firs—the sight of that bright cloak flaunting amidst the prevailing purity and whiteness could not have failed to gladden into an ecstasy the genial but winter-loving pencil of a Branwhite.

To a mind so well informed, so studious, and so reflective as that of Fabian Melville, the multitude of associations conjured up by his first advance towards, and entry within, the time-honoured and sacred precincts of Glasgow University could not fail to astonish him with their fulness and diversity.

Nearly six hundred years before, Sir William Wallace had led his little intrepid force of three hundred cavalry up this same High Street, bent on dislodging Anthony Beck, the warlike Bishop of Durham, from the cathedral. Here it was that the Guardian Genius of Scottish liberty asked his uncle, the Laird of Auchinlech, whether he chose “to bear up the bishop’s tail, or to go forward and take his blessing.” He was almost treading the actual ground where the valiant hero and his no less dauntless adherents dispersed the grand feudal following of the discomfited bishop—a following composed of knights, esquires, and their retainers. Here it was, in the narrow street, where the fabled sword of the redoubtable champion clove and crushed helmets like so many egg-shells, and here, at length, those of his stalwart spearmen who had gained the higher ground by stratagem, bore down upon the bishop and his men till the latter retreated and fled—the fighting ecclesiastic and three hundred followers escaping with their lives, and but little else.

Three hundred years before, his learned and doughty ancestor, Andrew Melville, had lived within these walls, which now received his descendant, as President. There it was that that daringly impetuous reformer, echoing the words of Knox, “Burn the nests and the rooks will flee,” prepared to carry out his plan—approved by the Protestant Lords of Convocation—of razing Glasgow Cathe-

dral to the ground: a design which was only frustrated by the craftsmen of the city fleeing to arms and daring the masons and labourers to dislodge one stone at the peril of their lives.

In later years, many historic notabilities and learned pundits—men who have left their individual impressions on the annals of their time—frequented the venerable pile; and, more recently—1757 to 1763—there had resided within its precincts the renowned James Watt, earning a modest living as a mathematical instrument maker. There it was that the original idea of using steam as a *motive-power* first entered the ingenious brain of the young Greenockian.

It has been asserted, but never verified, that Watt and his student-friend Robison, while waiting for their tea, or toddy, one winter evening, became so engrossed with study that they did not notice the modest hiss of the kettle, but remained absorbed until it literally flapped its lid through extreme “high-pressure,” thus conveying the aforesaid original idea.

Whether the story thus told be true, or a mere gossip’s *canard*, certain it is that during Watt’s temporary residence in Glasgow University he frequently experimented on the motive-power of steam, using one of Papin’s Digesters as a means of practical illustration. And still more certain it is that the thorough utilization of the results of those experiments has now bridged the ocean with steamers, dotted earth’s surface with locomotives, burrowed through mountains, crushed rocks to powder, scooped up the bowels of the earth, and added, as it were, another element to—and out of—the original four.

These and other kindred associations of Glasgow University, in the past, rushed rapidly through the young student’s brain as he approached to and entered within its ancient gateway. The impressions they made on his mind, and the aspirations to which they gave birth, together with their fruits, may yet be conveyed to the reader as he makes the further acquaintance of Mr. Melville, who, at the time of his arrival at Chamouni, had just entered on his twenty-fifth year, and was so far advanced in his studies that he intended to apply for a preacher’s licence on his return to Scotland.

Mr. Charles Lade, A.R.S.A., Melville’s true and tried friend and genial companion, was already a distinguished Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy. Though two years younger than his fellow-traveller, Charlie Lade—he liked this familiar style of desig-

nating him—had unmistakably made his mark in critical art-circles, and, what is of no small account, he had found a demand for his poetically-inspired, and carefully, yet naturally, studied *genre* subjects.

In personal appearance he was the very reverse of Fabian Melville. Under middle size, squarely and stoutly built, florid in complexion, and sandy—though redeemingly curly—in the matter of hair, the Edinburgh artist looked the perfect picture of good health and enduring physical qualities. Moreover, the merry twinkle of his eyes, and the unmistakable good humour that lurked about his mouth—becoming evident in his every word—betokened the possession of a mind at ease with itself, and plainly said that its possessor was eager to win the good opinion of every one with whom he came in contact. Such, in outline, was the reader's new friend, Charlie Lade, when our heroine made his acquaintance and that of Mr. Fabian Melville—the before-mentioned and more distinctly portrayed addition to the *dramatis personæ* who flit on and off these pages.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A TRIP TO NEW- FOUNDLAND.

LEAVING Sydney in the morning, we approached Cape Ray towards night-fall; the wind gradually increasing to a gale, now met the tide, and our little schooner plunged into the waves as if determined to hammer her way to the shore. After lying-to all night, we found we had been carried to the eastward of our port; the course was accordingly changed and we approached the shore obliquely. The scene was wild and savage in the extreme; the coast appeared to be a perpendicular wall of rock, rendered almost black by contrast with the sheets of foam that incessantly covered it; behind this dark foreground of confusion rose the headland of Cape Ray in a precipice of over one thousand feet, flanked by three conical hills, standing as if sentinels at this great portal of the St. Lawrence. An occasional break in the masses of cloud driving against the hill revealed the valleys and gorges filled with snow, and the cairn built by the great Captain Cook when employed in the survey of this coast. While admiring the grandeur of nature in her most rugged aspect, the vessel was headed straight for the rocks, and an old fisherman taking the helm, we ran through a narrow passage between two roaring mountains of foam into a little landlocked cove, called *Isle aux Morts*, from the sad fate of a ship filled with emigrants for Canada.

A few houses were scattered along the shore, and in a short time several fishermen came on board. Perhaps nowhere are men found who pursue a more laborious and dangerous occupation than the Cape Ray fishermen. Their boats are broad and strongly built, the masts short and the spread of canvas small, so they are able to keep the sea when other vessels are in distress. They fish through nearly all the winter, and habitually go three and four miles from shore during the coldest days of an almost arctic winter, when every wave that breaks over the boat covers them with ice. Undaunted by the fear of blinding snow-storms or sudden gales,

they spend hours at sea in their little boats, without food or even water to drink, and frequently return so benumbed that they have to be lifted on shore. They have, however, the gratification of getting a higher price for the fish caught under such difficulties, as the winter cod is larger and firmer than that found in summer.

Their lands yield them nothing, beyond a few potatoes or a stunted cabbage; even fire-wood is cut in the interior and hauled out in winter on sleds by dogs; their whole dependence is on the harvest of the sea. Though leading so dangerous a life they laughed at any proposition for emigration and consider agriculture degrading. They have the reputation of being honest and kind in their private dealings, and are frequently in a state of almost slavery owing to the acts of the Fish agents who supply them with necessary stores.

The gale raged furiously during three days, as we lay under the cliffs separated by a few yards only from the wild sea beating on the rocks with all the might of the Atlantic. The time was spent in fishing and visiting the fishermen. One day they took us to see the hull of an old Portuguese vessel which lay buried in the sand some distance from the water.

The tradition was that there had formerly been open water afterwards displaced by some upheaval of the land; the more curious of the fishermen had cleared away the sand from the wreck some years ago in the hope of finding treasure. Nothing was discovered beyond a few old weapons, the wreck from her size and build had probably been one of the early continental fishing-vessels that frequented the coast in such numbers.

St. George's Bay is a large indentation cut in the soft carboniferous rock, and affords every variety of bold scenery. The side of the great interior plateau, sloping to the sea, is cut off in a series of bold cliffs, over which pour the cascades fed by the accumulated snow of the valleys. At the head of the bay is a large sandbank, containing much black iron-sand, which gives the beach a curiously banded appearance. We fixed our head-quarters here while making excursions into the interior.

While trying to enter the estuary of the St. George River we ran aground, and spent the time of waiting for the tide in a visit to the scene of the first encounter between the whites and the now exterminated Red Indians. With the flow of the tide we entered the estuary of the St. George, which at first is three miles wide, and gradually narrows till a sudden turn between two steep hills brought us to the head of the salt water and the first salmon pool. In a few

minutes we had landed our luggage from the boat and launched the canoe; while I superintended the arrangements for the night, my companion got his rod and tried his fortune with the guide. In a few moments a fish was struck, and after half an hour's hard fighting an 18 lb. salmon was landed. My duties as cook were sadly neglected in my admiration of the well-balanced figure of the Indian, who stood up in the canoe and with a long paddle kept the bow directed towards the fish; so quickly and adroitly were the turns made, that it seemed as if the struggles of the fish were swinging the canoe. On each side of the still dark pool, broken only by the ripples of the current or the leap of a fish, rose the precipitous slate rocks overgrown with moss and hung with spruce bushes, while the sky was lurid with an ominously rainy sunset. We camped on a sandbank in the river bed; during the night a storm sprang up and we found we were flooded, so everything was carried to a ledge of rocks, and there we were forced to sit in wet misery waiting for the dawn. After drying ourselves we pushed on, and at the end of the third day reached the head of the river, where it spread out in a broad still reach between morasses covered with bushes and long grass. Thousands of wild geese were breeding here, and broods of goslings covered the water; undismayed by our approach they sought their food, and kept up an almost deafening clamour. Numbers of eagles were hovering in the air, and an occasional shriek marked their plunge upon an unfortunate victim; foxes and wolves were seen all gathered to the banquet spread for them in the solitude where man rarely if ever had penetrated. We were now at the foot of the great plateau of the island, and our river rushed in a series of foaming cascades from the sides of the bare granite hills, as if glad to leave the stagnant morasses of the interior. We climbed the highest of the hills and looked into the great unknown interior of Newfoundland. A clear, cloudless sky allowed the eye to range for miles over swamps and forests, with here and there a large lake. In the distance rose another range of hills, whose tops appeared to be covered with snow; they may, however, have been granite, and shone white under the sun. A noticeable feature was the quietness and paucity of life; no songs or calls of birds; the woods appeared deserted; sometimes we heard the howling of a pack of wolves hunting the cariboo, which find a congenial home in these solitudes.

We tried several times to get a shot at the latter, but always in vain, till chance sent one to the doors of our tent. I had got up

at dawn, and was looking out of the tent to calculate the probable success of a visit to a neighbouring salmon pool, when a magnificent stag stepped on the bank of the river and commenced browsing. After a delighted gaze at the grace of his movement, I took the gun from the ridge-pole of the tent, fired, and saw him spring convulsively into the water. When I reached him he lay dying, and the reproachful look of his dark eyes haunted me the rest of the day. We thoroughly enjoyed our visit to this river on account not only of the excellent fishing, but for the beautiful wild scenery. At every turn it changes; rushing from its snow-fed morasses, it foams and frets between the mountain gorges, or leaps from ledge to ledge; often resting in still, shadowy pools, the Elysium of sportsmen, then clattering between the boulders till another obstacle meets its headlong course. In spring and winter these rivers run impassable torrents; gradually they dwindle, and in summer their beds form the only roads by which access may be had to the interior. We tried once to penetrate to the interior through the woods and swamps, but gave up the attempt and followed the rivers, so dense were the thickets. The scene on a Newfoundland barren is most depressing; you imagine yourself in a sea surrounded by ramparts of spruces killed by the slow spread of the moss, their grey arms stretching defiance to an entry. Before, and on every side, spread seas of dark mud or soft carpets of moss in which you sink to the knee. The bad walking renders frequent stoppages necessary; at night a fire can hardly be kindled as the wood is saturated with moisture; and rest is not to be had owing to the swarms of insects which attack one on every side.

We found indications of coal on the banks of the St. George River, a search for this being the primary object of our visit. After resting a few days on our sandbank home, we visited several of the rivers on the south shore of the bay, and found indications of coal, which may prove valuable at some future day. We had spent a few days at the mouth of one of these rivers, where the fishing was unusually good, and found ourselves weather-bound. The literary resources of the village did not extend beyond a few copies of an old St. John's paper, the style of which may be learned from a remark in one of them by the editor, who said that the files of European papers received by the last mail had been carefully perused, but contained nothing of interest to his readers. We amused ourselves listening to the legends and adventures of the fishermen, who were glad of appreciative listeners.

One man was pointed out to me as the hero of a fearful shipwreck. He and a few of his companions had gone to the ice in search of seals; after capturing a few, they found their fire-wood and provisions running short, and immediately started for home. A heavy gale sprang up and drove them in among the loose ice, where they were entangled and could not force their way out, as the continuance of the gale packed the ice very closely. Gradually their food diminished; one by one the captain and crew retreated benumbed to die in the cabin, till the mate alone remained. While waiting for the fate which appeared inevitable, a seal made his appearance on the ice beside the vessel; he succeeded in killing it, and described the drink of fresh blood as the most delicious dainty he had ever tasted. A change of wind loosened the ice, and this intrepid man, amid the gloom of an arctic winter, steered the schooner, with her ghastly freight of dead men, one hundred miles to the cove. When the terrified villagers entered the cabin, the bodies were found lying as each had succumbed to the frost, and their faces preserved the placid look of sleepers. The poor fishermen were so deeply afflicted by the sad chance of the voyage that they never used the schooner again; and at the time of my visit she lay rotting on the shore, a melancholy memento of her hardy crew.

Little visited by strangers, leading a dangerous life, and meeting the mysteries of nature on a wild shore, they have received many superstitious impressions; the appearance of certain streaks and marks on the water or the flight of strange birds being sufficient to deter them from putting to sea for fishing. Our guns were objects of much admiration; a breech-loader they objected to, as it did not appear strong, and our rods were despised till they had seen a salmon caught.

In the fall, when the geese and ducks begin to fly south, they are very fond of a day's battue, conducted on the following plan:—Several boats are placed in line, about a gunshot apart, at right angles with the shore, and moored so that all hands may be employed in firing. The men are armed with long heavy guns, frequently old muskets. After waiting a short time, a line is seen on the horizon; it gradually increases, and becomes a flock of geese following the curves of the shore. They receive a volley from the first boat, wheel at right angles, and run the gauntlet of all the sportsmen as they fly in confused array. The guns are loaded and fired with surprising rapidity; the powder is carried in horns, and

poured into the guns usually in proportion to the size of the flock ; the shot lies loose in the pocket, the charge being what is grasped in the hand. Accidents frequently occur from the bursting of the guns, and the recoil has been sometimes strong enough to tear the gun from the holder's grasp or knock him overboard. Immense numbers of the more common wild fowl are killed by this means, and furnish an important item in the winter supply of food.

While sitting one day on the cliff in front of the village, talking to the men and watching the carpenters shaping the timbers of a little coaster, a large school of bottle-nosed whales was discovered asleep on the surface of the water, about a mile from the shore. After a short consultation and frequent peeps through a battered spy-glass, it was determined to attempt their capture. Every man rushed to his house, caught up the nearest weapon, and in a few moments all were assembled on the beach. Behind came the women with some forgotten article of clothing or overlooked powder-horn ; even the children caught the excitement, and ran about shouting. One man, just recovering from sickness, was forced, amid the laughter of his companions, to put on a pair of big boots his careful wife had brought him. While the men were being numbered and distributed among the boats and were gathering up the oars, the women and children threw quantities of stones and pieces of wood into the boats, to be used in frightening the whales. The charge of one boat was given to me, in compliment, I fancy, to a most truculent rusty lance I had appropriated.

As soon as all had taken their seats, we rowed off silently with double-banked oars. Five large boats were all we could man, as many of the fishermen had gone to the banks in the morning ; though their brown sails were in sight, time did not allow of their recall. Our armament was most ludicrous ; besides guns, we carried axes, lances, old swords, and several kettles for making a noise with. Several were busy improvising a most formidable weapon by fastening scythe-blades to short poles ; one man called while mowing, sat in the bow holding his scythe. As we left the cove, the women kept calling after us, and wishing good luck, and then hurried to the cliffs, where they watched the progress of the chase. Making a long detour, the boats were quietly formed in a semicircle to seaward of the dark group which appeared unconscious of our approach ; as soon as all were placed, the leader fired a gun, and we bore down upon the whales with all speed, shouting and splashing the water.

A movement is seen among the whales, dark forms disappear and presently emerge again; they move slowly at first, then increasing their speed, rush in a foaming crowd towards the shore. We follow at our utmost speed, regardless of the spray that dashes over the boat. Suddenly the fish pause, feeling perhaps, by instinct, that they are getting into shoal water; they turn, seem to deliberate and select the weakest spot for a charge; our speed is slackened and all prepare for the struggle. After a moment's pause, headed by the largest of the herd, they rush at my boat which happened to be in the centre of the line. On they come, raising a wall of foam, behind which are dimly seen arched backs and agitated fins; we shout, fire our guns, throw stones, and dash the oars in the water. They hesitate, a few plunge under the boat; I feel their backs scrape against the keel, as we are thrown over and half filled with water; the next is received with a blow of an axe from a gigantic fisherman; terrified and spouting blood, the whale rushes back into the herd, and heads for the shore in his blind agony. We redouble our exertions, and the fish finally yielding, follow their wounded companion, and fling themselves on the shore, where they lie wallowing in the shallow water. With a cry of triumph borne back from the women who stood on the cliff, dancing and waving their arms in delight at the prospect of an abundant winter supply of food, all the boats rowed for the shore, each striving to be first to commence the fight. With a final cheer the men drove the boats in among the fish, leaped out and began to strike right and left.

I gave up the lance, and attacked the nearest with my long hunting-knife; seizing hold of the monster's fin, in spite of its struggles, I plunged the knife repeatedly into its heart. Its exertions and plunges were incessant, frequently lifting me off my feet, and throwing me under water. I managed to hold on, and kept striking, till, with a final effort, it turned on its back. The same encounter was going on all about me; with wild cries and oaths the men struck and hewed at the whales as if infuriated, regardless of bruises, and the waves which swept over them every moment. While recovering my breath, and looking out for another foe, I received a tremendous blow from the tail of one behind me; I was stunned for a moment, and on recovering found I had been placed in one of the boats.

Quite satisfied with my exertions, I sat in the boat and watched the strange combat, already closing, as the poor stupid fish, ignorant

of their strength, fell easy victims to their determined enemies. The sight was strange and striking, the cloudless sun was shining on the waves of the bay ; blue, except over a large patch, many yards in extent, died red with blood. Each wave showed a streak of crimson, as it washed over the glistening bodies, rejoicing that it could insult the strange forms that had lately swam lords of the deep. Behind a narrow beach rose the steep cliff, down which were running the women and children, their shrill cries rising above the shouts of the men and roar of the waves. Gradually the tumult ceased, except where a whale in the last throes wrapped himself in a cloud of bloody spray, and deluged the men who stood by watching for another blow.

When all were killed, the men dragged the boats on shore, and stretched themselves on the sand to laugh and recount their exploits ; some were severely bruised by blows from the fins of the fish, but all was forgotten as they talked of the value of the oil and the prospect of a comfortable winter. Ropes were brought and the work of securing the capture commenced : each fish had to be dragged above high-tide mark, a work of no little labour, as many of the fish required the united efforts of thirty men before they could be moved. With songs and shouts they tugged and pulled, and gradually all were placed so that the waves could not reach them. Women and children lent their aid, and shouts of laughter were heard on all sides as some rope slipped or broke and sent the long line sprawling on their backs. At last we could rest and count the dead : we found that one hundred and ten fish represented a good day's work.

These fish, called by the people bottle-nosed whales, vary in length from sixteen to twenty-two feet. The blubber is thickest on the head and shoulders, where it forms a layer four inches deep, and gradually diminishes to one inch about the tail. Each fish was reckoned to yield about sixty gallons of oil of the best quality, the flesh and bones being of no value. These fish, though of unwieldy shape, are very active in the water, turning readily by means of their long, narrow fins, composed of a hard, black substance resembling india-rubber. There were about seventy cow whales in the herd. I had the curiosity to taste their milk, which I found very sweet and resembling that of goats. The colour of the bulls was black on the head and back, fading into a French grey underneath, that of the cows was lighter. They feed on the herring and mackarel, forming their most dreaded enemies,

as they follow them into every corner and bend of the coast. The poor migrating fish are beset with enemies at every step; in the water, whales, porpoises, and the great king mackarel give them no peace; when they rise to the surface, crowds of gulls and hawks mark their passage, and the worst enemy of all are the fishermen, who attack them day and night, guided by the ripple and phosphorescence.

We crossed to the opposite shore of the bay and visited the magnificent gypsum cliffs, which at a distance resemble the tents of an army. These great deposits are on a scale unknown to the old world; for one half a mile they form a precipice one hundred feet high. The variety is that known as soft gypsum; it is banded by varieties of different colours, and worn by the atmosphere into towers and turrets of most fantastic shapes. Great alabaster arches and vaults mark the progress of the brook which is gradually undermining and hiding this wonderful memento of the convulsions of the carboniferous era. From its position and the cost of freight, it will probably escape the notice of quarrymen for many years, and remain a precious gift to our successors.

The soil of this district is remarkably fertile and produces abundantly the more common cereals; several people have devoted themselves to farming, and find a ready sale for their produce at the French islands. Coasting the shore, we dragged our boat over the isthmus of Port à Port, and launched her in East Bay.

Our first visit was to a reported oil well. We found the petroleum lying as a scum on the surface of the little pools of water, and glistening with every colour of the rainbow. My companion had waded to a rock in the centre of one of the pools, imagining he had found the source of the oil flow; when one of the men inadvertently threw a lighted match on the oil, it ignited to the alarm of the investigator, who stood in great dismay in a sea of fire. In a few moments it burnt out, and he rejoined us not a bit the worse. Near here a long range of limestone rocks has been exposed to the action of the sea, and worn into the most curious shapes. Pillars of every size lie on the shore, others stand in rows, arches are worn in the cliff, great rounded blocks of stone lie poised on the pillars or cover the shore in all directions. The curious shapes of these architectural toys of nature, and the effect produced by their grouping, are wonderful; here a gothic doorway, there a row of unfinished columns, every change of position bringing out new forms. We spent the greater part of a calm summer's day drifting

along the shore and sketching the more curious views, and could not tear ourselves away till the twilight warned us that we had to find our camp, the men having been sent on ahead to prepare it.

The next morning, while preparing to enter a small cave we found near the shore, our dog dashed in, and presently we heard the sounds of a fight. Quickly lighting our torches, I crawled in with my revolver and found a large otter had seized the dog and was overpowering him: watching my chance, I shot him, as he fought so bravely for his home. A half-devoured sea trout showed we had disturbed him at his breakfast. His den had been most cunningly selected, for it was accessible only at low water, and his sporting domain stretched before his door. During the same day we found another of these caves, and entered it between the tides. At first we could walk upright, but it grew so low that there was hardly room for our heads between the water and the roof, gradually the floor rose and in a few yards we found ourselves in a round vault paved with sparkling sand. The walls of the cave were worn perfectly smooth by the waves, but some change had taken place in the relative positions of land and sea, for the roof of the grotto was hidden by stalactites. They gleamed and threw back the light of our torches from a thousand points, indignant at our rude invasion of this chapel of nature buried far below the surface and guarded by the sea.

A few days after, we witnessed one of the grandest sights, the destruction of a large timber-ship. A heavy gale had driven us for shelter into a cove, and in the morning my companion and I climbed the cliffs, which here showed a bold front of over two hundred feet. At a short distance came a large dismasted ship drifting towards the breakers; no power could avert her course. My first thought was one of dismay at the inevitable fate of her crew, but a second glance showed that she was deserted; indeed her broken bulwarks and clean-swept decks evidenced a more severe gale than that then blowing. Presently she rose on the back of a white-crested wave, and struck with a thud audible even above the roar of the breakers: shuddering, she recoiled from the cloud of spray only to strike again and again. Once the poor hulk lay motionless for a few moments, and the mad attack began once more.

Suddenly she parted, and the stout hull seemed to melt, while a torrent of planks and staves spread over the water, and were tossed in every direction by the waves, as if in token of triumph. We

returned to the boat wondering if the crew had escaped with their lives and where the vessel had come from : we, however, never heard anything more about her.

After spending a few weeks very pleasantly about Bonne Bay and Bay of Islands, we returned to Canada, charmed with our cruise.

E. G.

LOVE PREPARED FOR BATTLE.

DEDICATED TO E. R. B.

Now stands fair Love alone ; in armour clad,
Facing the opposition of a world.
His dreamy fancies are dissolved and lost
In the great putting-on of all his might
To meet the stern necessity of War.
No longer doth he, laughing like a child,
Bend his bright bow, or loose his golden shafts ;
No longer doth he pout on Beauty's breast,
Rock'd in a sweet voluptuousness of joy ;
No more he runneth wild among the flowers,
Draining ambrosial nectar from the rose !
His tender toyings he hath laid aside,
And casting off the semblance of a boy,
He stands erect in majesty—a God !
Upon his lofty brow, a jewell'd casque
Flames rainbow-like against the stormy sky ;
His polish'd silver breast-plate doth reflect
All noble things of earth and distant heaven ;
His snowy mantle droops in fleecy folds
Down from his shoulder to the reverent ground ;
And with a steady hand, he firmly grasps
The sharp-edged, broad, blue-flashing sword of Truth.
Thus arm'd, he stands upon the rock of Faith,
A rock that riseth out of Sorrow's sea,
Dark at its base, and wash'd by moaning waves,
But at its summit crown'd with diamond light
Lit by the smile of high approving Heaven.
Above the Angel-Warrior, ponderous clouds
Hang, heavy-charged with ready thunder-bolts,
And drear, fantastic shadows float and mix

In wild confusion on the murky air :
 Love's earnest, fearless, and unflinching gaze
 Is fix'd upon the World, his regal foe,
 Who sits enthroned, with Mammon at her side,
 And Fortune heaping jewels at her feet.
 "Yield thee, thou fool!" she calls in haughty tone—
 "Yield, frantic Love! Thy strength is naught to mine!
 Kneel down and worship ME! or by my power,
 I'll hurl thee from thy fortress of defence
 And drown thee in the stagnant pool of Death!"
 Immortal Love, calm smiling, holds his peace;
 Whereat, soft Cunning, lithe and serpent-eyed,
 Proffers him blossoms, and fair seeming fruits
 Teeming with baleful poison at their cores,—
 She singeth syren music in his ears,
 But he is deaf to all her crafty wiles.
 Slander, with angry snarl, doth daub his crest
 With foulest slime of whisper'd midnight lies,—
 But a low, fanning zephyr's dainty breath
 For ever lightly shakes the pure plume free.
 Now gather round a swarm of evil minds,
 Malice and Jealousy, and eager Spite,
 With Worldly-wisdom, who in artful speech
 Threatens and promises alike by turns;
 Wealth, Ease, and Pleasure dance in wanton whirl,
 Striving to lure away Love's watchful eyes—
 All, all in vain! He stands defiant, calm,
 Silent and patient—full of thought sublime,
 Biding his time for action.

Will it come?

Yea, it *hath* come! A million armies march
 'Gainst one God-trusting, earth-deserted Love!
 The trump of battle echoes far and wide,
 Th' unequal strife commences! *Who shall win?*
 O World, World, World! O blind, deluded World!
 Wert thou ten thousand million times as strong
 As now thou art—thou couldst not quench one spark,
 One little wandering spark of living fire
 Struck from Love's glittering, high uplifted sword!
 O miserable World! thou'rt crush'd and lost,

Lost ere the fight begins ! for if pale Death
Yields up his kingdom to Love's conquering hand,
How shalt *thou* win, who art Death's lawful prey ?
Back, World, and crouch ! or if thou *wilt* engage
In such vain effort—march—unto the grave !
And thou shalt rot there, while the rosy light
Of Immortality crowns Love in Heaven !

VIVIAN CLIFFORD.

MAY-DAY : A LONDON IDYL.

BY F. HARRISON.

MAY-DAY in London—the words sound paradoxical. In days of yore May-day was kept in merrie England under the greenwood-tree. Then on every village-green arose the bright May-pole; even in the heart of busy London, the Church of St. Andrew was called Undershaft because the great, famous May-pole rose so much higher than the consecrated tower. In those dark ages, those times of simple faith and innocent gaiety, and contented labour and kindly wealth, May-day was indeed May-day. But now we have changed all that: cold-hearted science has placed May-day a fortnight earlier in the year, and with the alteration of the Kalendar many other alterations have come in. St. Andrew Undershaft looks up to no May-pole, and gathers but a scanty Sunday congregation; the queen of the May is a poor, dirty girl in faded tarlatan and crumpled artificial flowers; Robin Hood has been replaced by a chimney-sweep with bunches of ribbons flying from his shoulders; Little John has given way to Jack-in-the-Green, whose weary and monotonous dance rather suggests the idea of Jack in the Blues (*not* the Royal Horseguards).

Yet still there is some romance existing even in smoky London, even on our bitter May-days; and romance there will be as long as there are young, human hearts in our work-a-day world, ay, and as long as there are human hearts at all, be they young or old.

At six a.m. on the 1st of May, Mary Spring was up and about her little attic; it was a cold, bright morning, so cold that until she had lighted her fire she could not hold her needle. Having coaxed a handful of wood and coal to blaze up cheerfully, Mary Spring went to another tiny attic which opened into her own, and begged her mother to get up and come to breakfast. Old Mrs. Spring spent an hour in arraying herself in her rusty black gown and

cap trimmed with purple flowers, both now so crushed and so faded as to seem but the ghosts of a gown and cap, and Mrs. Spring herself but the ghost of a respectable elderly woman.

Little, bright, busy Mary resembled no ghost. As soon as she had laid the table and made the tea (it was the second brewing from the same leaves), she sat down to work, and the work which she had in hand was strangely out of keeping with the attic and its other surroundings. A ball-dress of the purest and richest white silk was receiving the last touches from Mary Spring's clever fingers.

This ball-dress requires a little description: it was of the purest and richest white silk, and that was all. There was no lace, no ribbon, no trimming of any kind on it; the long skirt fell in graceful, classical folds; a plain sash of the silk, merely hemmed, was to confine it at the waist, and the body (made in Mrs. Price's workroom) had a sort of fulness, and was ornamented only with bands and bows of still the same silk. The dress looked as if intended for a bride.

Mary stitched away until her mother came hobbling in asking for her breakfast. Mary threw the silk gown into the old table-cloth in which she wrapped her work, and went to the fire for the teapot. As she did so a sudden gust of wind blew a great puff of smoke into the room, and the air was immediately laden with little particles of soot, commonly called blacks or smuts.

"Oh!" shrieked Mary, as she folded the table-cloth in many folds over the snowy silk.

"Bother them smuts!" said Mrs. Spring, "they've been and got into my tea."

"Never mind the tea," said Mary; "it's Miss Stewart's ball-dress I'm thinking of."

Before the frugal breakfast was finished another puff of smoke rendered the atmosphere of the room quite dense. Mary was getting worried. "The chimney wants cleaning; I'll go round and speak to Mr. Twinch about it."

"Yes, do," answered her mother; "he's a very nice young man is Mr. Twinch."

Mary tossed her head and coloured a little; but presently, on going to the fireplace, she discovered that the soot resting at the sides of the chimney had caught fire. She was now alarmed. "Mother dear, I'll go for Mr. Twinch at once."

She threw the silk in a heap on her bed, and poising her bonnet

on her head, she rushed out, along a couple of streets, and stopped at a gate which led into a little yard. Just within the gate a strange scene was perceived; two or three men were disrobing themselves of the black, working garb of a sweep, and were beginning to array themselves in wonderful and tawdry costumes. Two plain, haggard women had already dressed themselves in the style of columbines; and Mr. Twinch, in his "customary suit of solemn black," was fixing himself in a bower of green. He paused when he saw Mary, holding the great cage over his head, as if he were a candle and about to extinguish himself.

"Oh! Mr. Twinch!" began Mary, panting, "our chimney's on fire!"

"You don't say so!" replied Mr. Twinch, lowering the cage until his face was hidden, and like some rural deity he was half man, half tree; "chimneys are the awkwardest customers as ever was. I ask you, why does your chimney take fire on the 1st of May more than the 1st of April?"

"I don't know I'm sure," said Mary piteously; "but will you come at once? I can't tell what to do."

"I'll come, Mary Spring," rejoined Jack-in-the-Green, who was now hidden in his bower, all except his feet; "but it is the hardest and cruellest fate as ever fell on a Jack-in-the-Green to have to put out chimneys at this time of day on the 1st of May. But any how, it fits beautiful!" So saying he carefully extricated himself from his bower, picked up his brushes, and set off to follow Mary.

She found the chimney beginning to burn briskly, and her mother sitting in front of the fire-place wringing her hands. Before the girl could take any measures to put out the fire, Mr. Twinch was in the room, ready to do all that was needful. While Mary brought pails of water and wet rags, he fussed about the place, screwed his brush-handles together, and assured Mrs. Spring that it was all right.

And so it was, after a time, and as far as the chimney was concerned; but when the fire was put out and the soot swept down and packed up, a terrible misfortune came to light.

The white dress lay now on the floor of Mrs. Spring's bedroom, and on the middle of each breadth was the mark of a man's black hand!

"Mr. Twinch," cried Mary, "you've done this!"

The sweep stood and stared. At length he said, "It's my belief

as gownds is awkwarder customers to deal with than chimleys. Who'd have thought it? I see some'at white a-lying there; takes it up, chucks it into tother room 'cause it shouldn't get no hurt; and there you are!" Mr. Twinch kicked out one foot towards the heap of silk, as if in utter disgust with gowns, chimneys, and himself.

Mary was now sobbing bitterly. "It was all my fault," she said; "I should have put it away more carefully; but I was so hurried and frightened."

"It were my fault, miss," interposed Mr. Twinch; "I didn't ought to have nothing to do with gownds; chimleys is more in my line."

"What is to be done now?" grunted Mrs. Spring. "What will Mrs. Price say?"

Mary cried as if her heart would break. "Mrs. Price will make me pay for it out of my own pocket. She always does if we spoil anything."

"Can't you wash it clean?" asked Twinch.

"Silks don't wash, man," answered Mrs. Spring.

"Put patches on," he suggested.

"There's nothing to be done," said Mary, drying her eyes, and endeavouring to recover her calmness. "I must go to Mrs. Price and tell her, and pay for the skirt; that will be about six pounds."

"I shall pay for it!" shouted Twinch, "Mary, I was a going to ask you to marry me, and set up on my six pounds; but if you like you can pay Mrs. Price instead."

The girl was almost too much distressed to take any notice of his offer of marriage. She began to put on her bonnet and jacket, and to fold the spoilt gown in the table-cloth. She did not think that Mr. Twinch was serious in saying that he would pay for the damage; she was only considering how she would begin her terrible announcement to Mrs. Price, the fashionable dressmaker, and a hard taskmistress. Mary silently went down from the attic carrying the spoilt gown; Twinch followed close behind her, and stopped her as soon as they were in the street, saying, "Now, look here, Mary; I ain't a master-sweep just yet, but I think I shall be some day; and you've seen me on Sundays when I've washed the soot off; and I've got a little money in the bank; and I'll pay the six pounds with all my heart; and so, you see, you'd better say you'll marry me."

"Oh my!" said Mary; "I'm sure I don't know; I haven't time to think about it to-day. If you'll wait till I've settled with Mrs. Price," and here the girl's eyes filled with tears, "then I shall be able to think about it, and tell you my opinion."

Twinch looked after her as she flew along the street; and he returned to the yard and to his green cage, while Mary went trembling to the door of the fashionable milliner.

Mrs. Price was so tremendously fashionable that she never condescended to speak to the girls who worked for her at their own homes. Indeed, many of her customers never had the honour of an interview. She used to say that she must draw the line somewhere; so she drew it below the wives of Baronets. She made an exception in favour of the families of Deans and Canons, and the Attorney and Solicitor-General, because she could not tell who might be the next Bishop and Lord Chancellor.

Mary Spring asked to see Mrs. Price, and was told, in reply, to go up to the workroom. She knew that room well, but when she laid her hand on the door-handle she hesitated and sighed. But she must enter; and found herself in the presence of the forewoman and several girls who lived in the house.

"Oh, Miss Spring," said the forewoman, looking round, "it's you, is it? You've brought Miss Stewart's dress?"

"Yes," faltered Mary, "but—"

"Well, but what? Is it not finished?"

"It *was* finished—"

"What's the matter with the girl?" exclaimed the good-natured forewoman; "what have you done with the dress?"

"I have had a misfortune—" here Mary broke down and burst into tears.

The other girls, who had suspended their work while they stared at Mary, now broke into a chorus of laughter; but the forewoman bade them hold their cackling tongues for a parcel of geese as they were, and led Mary into a little private room. Here the tablecloth was unpinned and the ruined dress displayed to view. The forewoman could only cast up her hands in silent horror. "There is nothing to be done," said she; "every breadth is spoilt, and ever so much of this troublesome bias trimming. We are too busy to get a new skirt done before evening; and besides, who is to pay for the damage?"

Mary did not like to say that Jack-in-the-Green was going to pay for his misfortune; she only wept silently. The forewoman

went to call Mrs. Price, who came in, gorgeous in a black moiré gown and Honiton lace.

"Mary Spring," she began in a deep contralto voice, "you are a nasty, careless, wicked thing; you have robbed Miss Stewart of her new dress, you have robbed me of all my profit on it, and you have put yourself out of my employment. You will pay for this silk."

"Yes, ma'am," sobbed Mary.

"And you will do no more work for me."

"No, ma'am."

"And I will give you no character."

"Very well, ma'am."

"I should not dare to send to tell Miss Stewart about your carelessness, so you will be good enough to go straight off to her house in Wilton Crescent, and make your excuses to her—I won't hear them; I don't want to know how you did it. Don't answer me, you wicked, thieving, lying creature, you!"

Poor Mary had made no attempt at excuse or explanation. She again pinned up the dress, and in silence went down the stairs into the hall, and so away towards Miss Stewart's house.

That young lady was not at home, and Mary was bidden to wait. After some time Mrs. Stewart came down stairs, and Mary began to speak to her.

"Pray don't tell me anything," snapped the tall, gaunt lady; "this is Miss Stewart's house, and I can't say a word about Miss Stewart's affairs."

So Mary sat down again, thinking how strange it was that so much money should have been left to Miss Stewart independently of her mother. It was a very sore point with Mrs. Stewart, and she dragged it forward to every one's notice, just as old women of a lower grade in society are so eager to show every chance visitor all their bodily sores and diseases.

Mary was still waiting in the hall when one o'clock struck, and the footman brought a tray with preparations for luncheon, and began to lay the table in the dining-room. Then there came a ring at the door, and Mary looked to see Miss Stewart. But no, it was only Miss Wallace, the poor cousin, who was staying on a visit in Wilton Crescent.

"Is Arabella in yet?" asked Miss Wallace as she entered the dining-room.

"No," replied Mrs. Stewart's voice. "And therefore we cannot have lunch yet."

"I should think, aunt, you might order it up if you are hungry."

"I take no liberties in Miss Stewart's house," said the stern voice. "Where have you been?"

"I have been to church, aunt, you know it is the festival of St. Philip and St. James. And the chimney-sweeps are keeping their May-day, poor things."

Silence followed; and soon afterwards Miss Stewart opened the door with a latch-key; she exclaimed when she saw Mary, "You've brought my new dress; just wait till I've had lunch." She bustled into the dining-room, ordered lunch, talked about Rotten Row, and Mr. Penrose, and Lord Spilbury, and Mrs. Montgomery-Vere-Vane. But Miss Wallace said in a pause of this monologue, "Do you think Mrs. Price's girl has had any dinner? I thought she looked very ill."

"You may take her something if you like, Annie; there's a cutlet, she won't mind its being cold and under-done."

"Aunt Stewart," said Ann Wallace, "I think she would like one of those *rissoles* better."

"Ask Arabella," replied Mrs. Stewart with a wave of her hand.

"Anything you like," was Arabella's response. So Mary Spring sat in the hall and dined on a *rissole*.

In the course of the afternoon Miss Stewart found leisure to go upstairs to her own room followed by Mary. As soon as they were shut into the luxurious bed-room Arabella sat down in an easy chair and bade Mary open the parcel.

"If you please, ma'am, I've had a great misfortune."

"What's that, my good girl?"

"Please, ma'am, the dress has got spoilt!"

"You horrid wretch!" cried Arabella, tearing open the parcel and beholding the ruins. "How did you do this?"

"It was a friend of mine who did it."

"A friend indeed, a chimney-sweep I should think! Now this is the most provoking, most abominable thing that ever happened! How dare you bring me such a dress as that?"

"We will pay for it," said Mary meekly.

"That's not the point. What am I to wear to-night? It is the first great ball of the season, and Mrs. Montgomery-Vere-Vane will have everybody in London."

The loud voice had caught Miss Wallace's ear, and she came

running in to know what was the matter. She stood aghast at the sight. Just in the middle of each breadth was the impression of a black hand.

"There!" cried Arabella, "there's a pretty affair!"

When Ann a little understood what had happened, she said quietly, "It is very provoking; but, Arabella, you have plenty of other dresses."

"Other dresses! What, wear an old dress at Mrs. Montgomery-Vere-Vane's? How coolly you talk, Ann. I particularly wanted to wear this plain silk. Did you not hear what Mr. Penrose said the other day about liking simple dress?"

Yes, Ann Wallace had heard and noticed it; but she had had a secret impression that it was the simplicity of her own dress which had evoked the sentiment from Mr. Penrose. At first she had thought that of course he came to Wilton Crescent because he admired the rich and handsome Arabella; but latterly she had begun to venture to think that he turned to poor, penniless Ann Wallace when he sought sympathy and appreciation.

"What is to be done?" asked Arabella despondingly.

"You must wear the pink tulle," said Ann; "it is very becoming to you."

"It is a dowdy old thing," cried Arabella; "dear, dear, how every thing goes wrong! You don't go to balls, Ann, so you can't enter into my feelings. No one ever was so worried as I am!"

"Shall I leave the dress, ma'am?" asked Mary Spring.

"No, no; you don't think I could make any use of such a horror? And you must go now, for I have to dress for Lady Titterton's kettledrum. You can settle with Mrs. Price, you wicked, careless girl!"

Mary again pinned up her bundle and left the room, followed by Ann, who whispered to her, "Come upstairs."

They went up to Ann's little bed-room, and the door was shut and locked.

"Now," said Ann, "take off your bonnet and put on your thimble, and I'll show you what we will do."

They spread out the silk, and Ann looked at it with critical eyes. Each black impression was just in the middle of a breadth; and in the course of a few minutes she explained to Mary her notion that a large rosette of blond and ribbon would cover the unlucky hand-marks. "Sit still a moment," cried Ann, as she left the room.

She flew downstairs, and returned with a large piece of stale bread. By lightly and carefully rubbing the marks with the bread-crumbs the worst of the black came off.

"Now," said Ann, "we must wait until Miss Stewart is gone out." They watched from the window until they saw Arabella and her mother drive off in the brougham.

"Miss Spring," exclaimed Ann, "the coast is clear; put on your bonnet and run off to Harvey's, and buy a dozen yards of rich white blond, and twenty yards of white satin ribbon about an inch and a half wide. I don't know how much they will come to; here is a sovereign and some silver. Be as quick as you possibly can."

Away flew Mary Spring, returning in twenty minutes with the blond and ribbon. Then the door was locked again, and these two girls set to work, and made up splendid rosettes, not unlike wedding favours, and placed them on the black marks. Long ribbon-streamers floated over the skirt; and when it was finished, at about six o'clock, they perceived that the dress was infinitely prettier than it had been before its misfortune. Ann held it up for Mary to admire.

"I am so much obliged to you, miss; how clever you are!" cried Mary, with tears in her eyes; "I only wish you were going to wear it!"

Ann checked a sigh as she answered, "Ah! my dear girl, I am not a rich lady. I have been living the last few months on my cousin's bounty, and now I am going to advertise for a situation as governess. I must work for my living."

It struck Mary that if Miss Stewart did not spend quite so much on dress and amusements, she might save her cousin from the hard life, as it often is, of a governess. But Ann wasted no time in regrets; she despatched Mary back to Mrs. Price's, to fetch the body of the dress, and before seven o'clock the whole dress was complete, and laid out on the sofa in Miss Stewart's bed-room. These preparations were just finished when the brougham drove up with the two ladies. Ann and Mary retired to the landing a few steps higher, and waited to hear what would be said.

Arabella came up, tired and cross; for when pleasure is pursued as a business it becomes a wearisome drudgery, and the unsatisfied heart is apt to vent its grievances through the outlet of ill-temper. But the other two girls, from their hiding-place, listened with eager, smiling faces, and heard Miss Stewart exclaim, "Good

gracious ! why ! what ! how lovely ! how exquisite ! Ann ! Ann, do you know anything about this ? ”

Then Ann crept down the stairs and explained to Arabella that Mary Spring had repaired the damage. Arabella confessed that the dress was far handsomer than it would otherwise have been, and that she should wear it with most perfect satisfaction ; and she added that she would gladly pay the full price for it. On hearing this Mary ventured to show herself, and received Arabella’s praise and thanks, and the assurance that Mrs. Price might send her bill just the same as if nothing had ever happened to the dress.

How lightly and gladly Mary Spring returned home ! As she prepared tea for her ailing and grumbling mother, a knock came to the door of the attic, followed by the person of Mr. Twinch, now washed and dressed in his Sunday best. What a tea-party that was ! How Mrs. Spring grumbled because there was too much sugar and too much milk, and not enough sugar and milk, and because Mr. Twinch was so talkative, and because Mary was so silent, and because she was the only old lady in their street who had not got a married daughter, and because it was very unkind of Mary to think of leaving her poor old mother, and because Mr. Twinch was so black at times and so smart at times, and so poor and so well-to-do, and because everything had turned out so happily, and there was nothing to find fault with, and nobody need take any notice of a poor old foolish body like her !

Before Jack-in-the-Green took his leave that evening he and Mary were engaged to be married on Midsummer Day.

The tea-party in Mary Spring’s attic was gayer than the dinner-party in Wilton Crescent ; and when dessert was over it was time for Mrs. and Miss Stewart to dress for Mrs. Montgomery-Vere-Vane’s ball. The London season was yet young, and its votaries in a measure fresh and eager : a month or two later parties would not begin until nearly midnight. Ann, who was older than her cousin, felt some wonder at the constant rush after amusement ; and a good deal of wonder at the fact that the clever, sensible, superior Mr. Penrose should join so readily in that rush.

She was yet considering this problem, for such it was to her, when Arabella came back, attired for the ball. Very handsome she looked ; her dark eyes and hair, and her rich semi-brunette complexion set off by the pure white dress, and the one white rose which gleamed like a star in her black locks. Ann admired the whole toilette exceedingly.

"The only thing is," said Arabella, "that I should have preferred a plainer dress. I really believe that many men like simplicity."

Annie smiled, and said, "Mr. Penrose, perhaps; but I am sure Lord Spilbury likes everything rich and handsome."

"Lord Spilbury, indeed! What do I care for his approval?"

"He is a peer," answered Ann; "and Mr. Penrose only an M.P."

"But Mr. Penrose is already a distinguished man; and Lord Spilbury will never set the Thames on fire."

"He is kind and good," said Ann.

Arabella began tapping her fan on the chimney-piece rather impatiently. "It is time we were off. Where is mamma? And what shall you do all the evening, Annie?"

"I am going to draw up my advertisement."

"Poor dear!" said Arabella affectionately, and kissing her cousin. "I wish you were coming with us. I am so much obliged to you, Annie, for helping Miss Spring with this dress."

Mrs. Stewart now appeared, awaiting her daughter's pleasure. When they were gone, Ann Wallace sat over the fire, thinking of her cousin and herself, and wondering what would be the next event in her life. What sort of situation should she get into? Now she must bid farewell to all her present acquaintances, Mr. Penrose, and all of them. She must face her fate and grapple with it. But why was Arabella so rich, and Ann so poor? Why are good gifts so unequally distributed? Ah, why? And yet the distribution is not really so unequal, after all, Annie Wallace!

She rose, put out the lamp, and went into the study, where she sat down and set herself steadily to the task of drawing up an advertisement. The orphan girl shrank from the prospect; the loneliness of heart which would overwhelm her when she should find herself in a family of strangers. But she was young, and healthy, and well-educated, and matters might have been worse.

She began to write. "A young lady desires a situation as governess; she can teach English, French, music, drawing, &c. Excellent references." But Ann was not satisfied with this; she did not like calling herself "a young lady:" she had heard of the "lady what sweeps the crossing,"¹ and preferred to leave her ladyhood for others to find out. She tried again. "As governess, a

¹ Fact.

surgeon's daughter, who teaches English, French, music, drawing, &c. Excellent references. Address A. W." Here she paused, wondering what address it would be advisable to give. Once more she fell into a mournful reverie.

Meanwhile Arabella Stewart had gone to Mrs. Montgomery-Vere-Vane's beautiful house in Palace Gardens, and found herself among the earliest of the guests. But soon the company poured in; and among others came Mr. Penrose. Arabella saw his grave face at the door some time before he saw her. But presently he came up to her with a smile which made his plain features almost handsome.

"Are you all well?" he asked.

"Oh yes, thank you," replied Arabella. "And how have you managed to be here so early? You said, this morning, that you must be at the House to-day."

"I have been there, but it adjourned early. We have hardly got into the full work of the session yet. And you know I never stay late at balls, on account of being up in good time in the morning."

He offered his arm and led Arabella into the middle of the room, and gave her a turn in the waltz then going on. When they paused to take breath, Arabella said, "It's a wonder that I was able to come here to-night."

"Indeed! Were you not well?"

"Yes, quite well; but I really had no dress to wear."

"Is that possible, Miss Stewart?" said Mr. Penrose, with an incredulous smile; "nothing to wear!"

"I mean, nothing new. And this dress, which is new, was utterly spoilt by the carelessness of a milliner's girl."

"It looks very nice, nevertheless."

"It is quite marvellous!" cried Arabella; "my cousin, Ann Wallace, and the milliner's girl together, contrived to repair the damage in the most wonderful manner."

"That was very kind of Miss Wallace," said Mr. Penrose.

"Very clever, at all events," rejoined Miss Stewart; "I think Annie is clever, certainly. I hope she is, poor thing; she is going to be a governess."

"Is she really? When?"

"She intends to advertise to-morrow."

Mr. Penrose gave Arabella half a dozen rapid turns among the dancers, and then suddenly stopped. "Your cousin will feel a great

difference in going from your hospitable house to the chilliness of a strange family." There was something almost stern in his tone.

"Yes, but really," said Arabella, as if making an apology, "one can't support all one's poor relations."

"All!" repeated Mr. Penrose, "certainly not all, if there are many of them. Miss Wallace is not coming here to-night, I suppose?"

"Oh no!" and Arabella allowed some annoyance to ooze through her voice and words; "she is drawing up her advertisement this evening; just like a servant, you know!"

This was enough; this bit of cruel spite put the finishing touch to the portrait of herself which she had unconsciously been drawing. The waltz was ended; Mr. Penrose took his partner back to her mother, and found Lord Spilbury in conversation with Mrs. Stewart.

"How do, Miss Stewart? How do, Penrose? Cold night for May, isn't it? Goin' somewhere else, Penrose?" The young Peer ignored the final *g* of present participles.

"Yes, I think so," replied Mr. Penrose.

"Too early to go yet, my dear fellow. Wait half an hour longer—Miss Stewart is goin' to dance with me. Come and be our *vis-à-vis*."

Mr. Penrose shook his head. "It's getting late."

"Gettin' late! Why, it's only about eleven or so. What's the matter with him, Miss Stewart?"

Arabella said she did not know, and looked as if she did not care.

"Well, we won't have him spoilin' our fun, will we? You know," confidentially, as they moved off, "he'd be one of the best fellows out if he wasn't so good."

Arabella laughed. "He's too good for me," said she. "But just fancy, Lord Spilbury, it's quite a wonder that I'm here at all to-night—" and his lordship was entertained with the history of the dress, replying with sundry "By Joves! By Georges! Surprisin's! You don't say sos!" And though the dialogue never rose above this sort of thing, the young lady was very well contented with her partner.

"Penrose is gone," said the peer; "that fellow will be doin' somethin' very queer one of these days."

Lord Spilbury was right; Penrose was gone. He had slipped

downstairs, hailed a hansom, and given the order, Wilton Crescent. The servant who opened the door looked astonished at the sight of so late a visitor ; and when he asked to see Miss Wallace, the girl was too much bewildered to answer him. He repeated his request, and was then led to the study.

On his entrance Ann sprang from her seat by the fire, and with the first instinct of a woman, shook out her dress, and glanced in the chimney-glass. Mr. Penrose was in faultless evening attire, while Ann was wearing a plain grey alpaca gown without any ornament. She wished she had a pink bow in her hair ; but he was thinking of the pink flush which had come to her cheeks. She consoled herself by reflecting that if he liked simplicity he beheld it now.

"I ought to apologize for calling so late," said Mr. Penrose.

"Oh no," replied Ann ; "but Mrs. Stewart is out. She and Arabella have gone to Mrs. Montgomery-Vere-Vane's ball."

"I left them there," said Mr Penrose quietly.

There was a pause, while the pink flush deepened into crimson.

"I heard you were at home and alone, so I came to see you."

Ann bowed her head as if to thank him. She was nervous and rather puzzled, and began to draw her papers together, and to cover the inkbottle.

"What have you been writing?" asked Mr. Penrose, as in a somewhat peremptory manner he took the papers from her hand and began to read them. Poor Annie grew still more flushed and nervous.

"As governess," Mr. Penrose began to read. "So you are thinking of going out as a governess.

"I must ; there is nothing else for me to do."

"It is an honourable calling, and one in which an immense deal of work may be done for the minds and hearts and souls of the pupils. But it is a hard life, especially for those who have not been trained to it."

All this Annie knew very well. "There is nothing else," she faltered, "by which I can hope to earn my bread."

"Are you sure of that?" and Mr. Penrose remained silent for some minutes, waiting to hear what more she would say ; but when the silence became oppressive he spoke again slowly.

"I could show you a pleasanter and even more useful situation. My father and mother sadly want a daughter, my tenants want a

Lady Bountiful, my servants want a mistress, and I want a wife. Will you come and take all those duties on yourself?"

There was a long silence now, but not oppressive or painful. When Ann was able to speak it was in broken words, but they were enough to make Mr. Penrose very happy. The papers for the advertisement were torn up and thrown into the fire; and the neighbouring church of St. Paul's struck midnight before Mr. Penrose stood up to depart. As soon as he was gone Ann hurried to her own room, and was yet on her knees in most fervent thanksgiving when she heard her aunt and cousin return home. She heard Arabella's voice humming a *galop* as she mounted the stairs; and Ann looked forward to the revelations of the next morning with some dread; for she had seen that her cousin would have been well pleased if Mr. Penrose had offered himself to her rather than to the poor dependent. Perhaps Arabella would be angry; never mind if she were, Cecil would take Ann's part now.

When they met at breakfast on the 2nd of May, Arabella seemed in high spirits, and when the servant had left the room she exclaimed, "Well, Annie, there is news this morning."

Ann was surprised that her cousin had already heard it.

"Yes indeed; I was as much surprised as you could be."

"Oh, but I was not much surprised. I had seen it coming for some time."

"Had you really? But you never spoke of it."

"I could not speak of it until it was really settled. It is to be at the end of the season."

Ann thought they might have consulted her as to her own wedding-day; but of course she must submit to Miss Stewart's wishes in Miss Stewart's house.

"He is really very nice," said Arabella; "straightforward, and kind, and good-tempered; and he will be a useful man in Parliament. And, after all, a coronet is a pretty thing."

"A coronet!" repeated Ann.

"Yes," said Arabella; "think of your cousin the Baroness Spilbury!"

"I am so glad," cried Ann warmly; "I'm sure you will be a splendid Baroness. So now, I must tell you my news. Mr. Penrose came here last night after you were gone. And I am engaged to him."

For a moment Arabella's face darkened. Ann turned to Mrs. Stewart, and said, "Aunt, won't you congratulate me?"

“ Let me hear what Miss Stewart says,” replied the aunt.

Arabella grew bright again. “ It’s awfully jolly !” she exclaimed ; “ and you won’t go to service—I mean, to be a governess ! And I’m so much obliged about that white dress ; that was what brought Lord Spilbury to the point ! And we can have a double wedding ! Oh ! what a May-day this has been !”

So said Ann Wallace.

So said Mary Spring.



WATCHING THE STORM.

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

CHAPTER VII.

NEB HAS NOT YET RETURNED—THE REPORTER'S REFLECTIONS—SUPPER—
A THREATENING NIGHT—THE TEMPEST IS FRIGHTFUL—THEY RUSH
OUT INTO THE NIGHT—STRUGGLE AGAINST THE WIND AND RAIN
—EIGHT MILES FROM THE FIRST ENCAMPMENT.

GIDEON SPILETT was standing motionless on the shore, his arms crossed, gazing over the sea, the horizon of which was lost in the east with a thick black cloud which was spreading rapidly towards the zenith. The wind was already strong, and increased with the decline of day. All the sky was of a threatening aspect, and the first symptoms of a violent storm were clearly visible.

Herbert entered the Chimneys, and Pencroft went towards the reporter. The latter, deeply absorbed, did not see him approach.

"We are going to have a dirty night, Mr. Spilett!" said the sailor: "Petrels delight in wind and rain."

The reporter, turning at the moment, saw Pencroft, and his first words were,—

"At what distance from the coast would you say the car was, when the waves carried off our companion?"

The sailor had not expected this question. He reflected an instant and replied,—

"Two cables' lengths at the most."

"But what is a cable's length?" asked Gideon Spilett.

"About a hundred and twenty fathoms, or 600 feet."

"Then," said the reporter, "Cyrus Harding must have disappeared twelve hundred feet at the most from the shore?"

"About that," replied Pencroft.

"And his dog also?"

"Also."

"What astonishes me," rejoined the reporter, "while admitting that our companion has perished, is that Top has also met his death

and that neither the body of the dog nor of his master has been cast on the shore!"

"It is not astonishing, with such a heavy sea," replied the sailor. "Besides, it is possible that currents have carried them further down the coast."

"Then, it is your opinion that our friend has perished in the waves?" again asked the reporter.

"That is my opinion."

"My own opinion," said Gideon Spilett, "with due deference to your experience, Pencroft, is that in the double fact of the absolute disappearance of Cyrus and Top, living or dead, there is something unaccountable and unlikely."

"I wish I could think like you, Mr. Spilett," replied Pencroft; "unhappily, my mind is made up on this point." Having said this, the sailor returned to the Chimneys. A good fire crackled on the hearth. Herbert had just thrown on an armful of dry wood, and the flame threw a bright light into the darkest parts of the passage.

Pencroft immediately began to prepare the dinner. It appeared best to introduce something solid into the bill of fare, for all needed to get up their strength. The strings of couroucous were kept for the next day, but they plucked a couple of tétas, which were soon spitted on a stick, and roasting before a blazing fire.

At seven in the evening Neb had not returned. The prolonged absence of the negro made Pencroft very uneasy. It was to be feared that he had met with an accident on this unknown land, or that the unhappy fellow had been driven to some act of despair. But Herbert drew very different conclusions from this absence. According to him, Neb's delay was caused by some new circumstance which had induced him to prolong his search. Also, everything new must be to the advantage of Cyrus Harding. Why had Neb not returned unless hope still detained him? Perhaps he had found some mark, a footstep, a trace which had put him in the right path. Perhaps he was at this moment on a certain track. Perhaps even he was near his master.

Thus the lad reasoned. Thus he spoke. His companions let him talk. The reporter alone approved with a gesture. But what Pencroft thought most probable was, that Neb had pushed his researches on the shore further than the day before, and that he had not as yet had time to return.

However Herbert, agitated by vague presentiments, several times manifested an intention to go to meet Neb. But Pencroft assured

him that that would be a useless course, that in the darkness and deplorable weather he could not find any traces of Neb, and that it would be much better to wait. If Neb had not made his appearance by the next day, Pencroft would not hesitate to join him in his search.

Gideon Spilett approved of the sailor's opinion that it was best not to divide, and Herbert was obliged to give up his project; but two large tears fell from his eyes.

The reporter could not refrain from embracing the generous boy.

Bad weather now set in. A furious gale from the south-east passed over the coast. The sea roared as it beat over the reef. Heavy rain was dashed by the storm into particles like dust. Ragged masses of vapour drove along the beach, on which the tormented shingles sounded as if poured out in cart-loads, while the sand raised by the wind added as it were mineral dust to that which was liquid and rendered the united attack insupportable. Between the river's mouth and the end of the cliff, eddies of wind whirled and gusts from this maelstrom lashed the water which ran through the narrow valley. The smoke from the fire-place was also driven back through the opening, filling the passages and rendering them uninhabitable.

Therefore, since the tétas were cooked, Pencroft let the fire die away, and only preserved a few embers buried under the ashes.

At eight o'clock Neb had not appeared, but there was no doubt that the frightful weather alone hindered his return, and that he must have taken refuge in some cave, to await the end of the storm or at least the return of day. As to going to meet him, or attempting to find him, it was impossible.

The game constituted the only dish at supper; the meat was excellent, and Pencroft and Herbert, whose long excursion had rendered them very hungry, devoured it with infinite satisfaction.

Their meal concluded, each retired to the corner in which he had rested the preceding night, and Herbert was not long in going to sleep near the sailor, who had stretched himself beside the fire-place.

Outside, as the night advanced, the tempest also increased in strength, until it was equal to that which had carried the prisoners from Richmond to this land in the Pacific. The tempests which are frequent during these seasons of the equinox, and which are so prolific in catastrophes, are above all terrible over this immense extent, which opposes no obstacle to their fury. No description can

give an idea of the terrific violence of the gale as it beat upon this unprotected coast.

Happily the pile of rocks which formed the Chimneys was solid. It was composed of enormous blocks of granite, a few of which, insecurely balanced, seemed to tremble on their foundation, and Pencroft could feel rapid quiverings under his hand as it rested on the side. But he repeated to himself, and rightly, that there was nothing to fear, and that their retreat would not give way. However he heard the noise of stones torn from the summit of the plateau by the wind, falling down on to the beach. A few even rolled on to the upper part of the Chimneys, or flew off in fragments when they were projected perpendicularly. Twice the sailor rose and intrenched himself at the opening of the passage, so as to take a look in safety at the outside. But there was nothing to be feared from these showers, which were not considerable, and he returned to his place before the fireplace, where the embers glowed beneath the ashes.

Notwithstanding the fury of the hurricane, the uproar of the tempest, the thunder and the tumult, Herbert slept profoundly. Sleep at last took possession of Pencroft, whom a seafaring life had habituated to anything. Gideon Spilett alone was kept awake by anxiety. He reproached himself with not having accompanied Neb. It was evident that he had not abandoned all hope. The presentiments which had troubled Herbert did not cease to agitate him also. His thoughts were concentrated on Neb. Why had Neb not returned? He tossed about on his sandy couch, scarcely giving a thought to the struggle of the elements. Now and then, his eyes, heavy with fatigue, closed for an instant, but some rapid thought reopened them almost immediately.

Meanwhile the night advanced, and it was perhaps two hours from morning, when Pencroft, then sound asleep, was vigorously shaken.

"What's the matter?" he cried, rousing himself, and collecting his ideas with the promptitude usual to seamen.

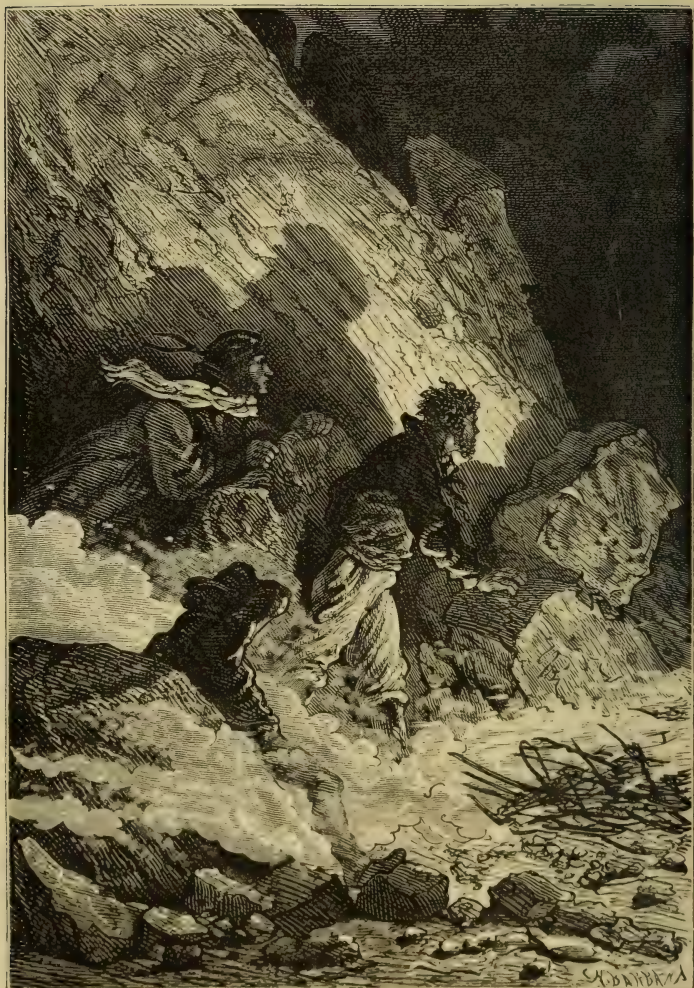
The reporter was leaning over him, and saying,—

"Listen, Pencroft, listen!"

The sailor strained his ears but could hear no noise beyond those caused by the storm.

"It is the wind," said he.

"No," replied Gideon Spilett, listening again, "I thought I heard—"



IT MUST BE TOP.

"What?"

"The barking of a dog!"

"A dog!" cried Pencroft, springing up.

"Yes—barking—"

"It's not possible!" replied the sailor. "And besides, how, in the roaring of the storm—"

"Stop—listen—" said the reporter.

Pencroft listened more attentively, and really thought he heard, during a lull, distant barking.

"Well!" said the reporter, pressing the sailor's hand.

"Yes—yes!" replied Pencroft.

"It is Top! It is Top!" cried Herbert, who had just awoke; and all three rushed towards the opening of the Chimneys. They had great difficulty in getting out. The wind drove them back. But at last they succeeded, and could only remain standing by leaning against the rocks. They looked about, but could not speak. The darkness was intense. The sea, the sky, the land were all mingled in one black mass. Not a speck of light was visible.

The reporter and his companions remained thus for a few minutes, overwhelmed by the wind, drenched by the rain, blinded by the sand.

Then, in a pause of the tumult, they again heard the barking, which they found must be at some distance.

It could only be Top! But was he alone or accompanied? He was most probably alone, for, if Neb had been with him, he would have made his way more directly towards the Chimneys. The sailor squeezed the reporter's hand, for he could not make himself heard, in a way which signified "Wait!" then he re-entered the passage.

An instant after he issued with a lighted fagot, which he threw into the darkness, whistling shrilly.

It appeared as if this signal had been waited for; the barking immediately came nearer, and soon a dog bounded into the passage. Pencroft, Herbert, and Spilett, entered after him.

An armful of dry wood was thrown on the embers. The passage was lighted up with a bright flame.

"It is Top!" cried Herbert.

It was indeed Top, a magnificent Anglo-Norman, who derived from these two races crossed the swiftness of foot and the acuteness of smell which are the pre-eminent qualities of coursing dogs. It was the dog of the engineer Cyrus Harding. But he was alone! Neither Neb nor his master accompanied him!

How was it that his instinct had guided him straight to the Chimneys, which he did not know? It appeared inexplicable, above all, in the midst of this black night and in such a tempest! But what was still more inexplicable was, that Top was neither tired, nor exhausted, nor even soiled with mud or sand!—Herbert had drawn him towards him, and was patting his head, the dog rubbing his neck against the lad's hands.

"If the dog is found, the master will be found also!" said the reporter.

"God grant it!" responded Herbert. "Let us set off! Top will guide us!"

Pencroft did not make any objection. He felt that Top's arrival contradicted his conjectures. "Come along then!" said he.

Pencroft carefully covered the embers on the hearth. He placed a few pieces of wood amongst them, so as to keep in the fire until their return. Then, preceded by the dog, who seemed to invite them by short barks to come with him, and followed by the reporter and the boy, he dashed out, after having put up in his handkerchief the remains of the supper.

The storm was then in all its violence, and perhaps at its height. Not a single ray of light from the moon pierced through the clouds. To follow a straight course was difficult. It was best to rely on Top's instinct. They did so. The reporter and Herbert walked behind the dog, and the sailor brought up the rear. It was impossible to exchange a word. The rain was not very heavy, but the wind was terrific.

However, one circumstance favoured the seaman and his two companions. The wind being south-east, consequently blew on their backs. The clouds of sand, which otherwise would have been insupportable, they then received behind; and therefore they did not impede their progress. In short, they sometimes went faster than they liked, and had some difficulty in keeping their feet; but hope gave them strength, for it was not at random this time that they climbed the shore. They had no doubt that Neb had found his master, and that he had sent them the faithful dog. But was the engineer living, or had Neb only sent for his companions that they might render the last duties to the corpse of the unfortunate Harding?

After having passed the precipice, Herbert, the reporter, and Pencroft prudently stepped aside to stop and take breath. The turn of the rocks sheltered them from the wind, and they could breathe after this walk or rather run of a quarter of an hour.

They could now hear and reply to each other, and the lad having pronounced the name of Cyrus Harding, Top gave a few short barks, as much as to say that his master was saved.

"Saved, isn't he?" repeated Herbert; "saved, Top?"

And the dog barked in reply.

They once more set out. The tide began to rise, and urged by the wind it threatened to be unusually high as it was a spring tide. Great billows thundered against the reef with such violence that they probably passed entirely over the islet, then quite invisible. This mole did not then protect the coast, which was directly exposed to the attacks of the open sea.

As soon as the sailor and his companions left the precipice, the wind struck them again with renewed fury. Though bent under the gale they walked very quickly, following Top, who did not hesitate as to what direction to take.

They ascended towards the north, having on their left an interminable extent of billows, which broke with a deafening noise, and on their right a dark country, the aspect of which it was impossible to guess. But they felt that it was comparatively flat, for the wind passed completely over them, without being driven back as it was when it came in contact with the cliff.

At four o'clock in the morning, they reckoned that they had cleared about five miles. The clouds were slightly raised, and the wind, though less damp, was very sharp and cold. Insufficiently protected by their clothing, Pencroft, Herbert, and Spilett, suffered cruelly, but not a complaint escaped their lips. They were determined to follow Top, wherever the intelligent animal wished to lead them.

Towards five o'clock day began to break. At the zenith, where the fog was less thick, grey shades bordered the clouds; under an opaque belt, a luminous line clearly traced the horizon. The crests of the billows were tipped with a wild light, and the foam regained its whiteness. At the same time on the left the hilly parts of the coast could be seen, though very indistinctly.

At six o'clock day had broken. The clouds rapidly lifted. The seaman and his companions were then about six miles from the Chimneys. They were following a very flat shore bounded by a reef of rocks, whose heads scarcely emerged from the sea, for they were in deep water. On the left, the country appeared to be one vast extent of sandy downs, bristling with thistles. There was no cliff, and the shore offered no resistance to the ocean but a chain of irregular

hillocks. Here and there grew two or three trees, inclined towards the west, their branches projecting in that direction. Quite behind, in the south-west, extended the border of the forest.

At this moment, Top became very excited. He ran forward, then returned, and seemed to entreat them to hasten their steps. The dog then left the beach, and guided by his wonderful instinct, without showing the least hesitation, went straight in amongst the downs. They followed him. The country appeared an absolute desert. Not a living creature was to be seen.

The downs, the extent of which was large, were composed of hillocks and even of hills, very irregularly distributed. They resembled a Switzerland modelled in sand, and only an amazing instinct could have possibly recognized the way.

Five minutes after having left the beach, the reporter and his two companions arrived at a sort of excavation, hollowed out at the back of a high mound. There Top stopped, and gave a loud, clear, bark. Spilett, Herbert, and Pencroft, dashed into the cave.

Neb was there, kneeling beside a body extended on a bed of grass—

The body was that of the engineer, Cyrus Harding.

CHAPTER VIII.

IS CYRUS HARDING LIVING?—NEB'S RECITAL—FOOTPRINTS—AN UN-ANSWERABLE QUESTION—CYRUS HARDING'S FIRST WORDS—IDENTIFYING THE FOOTSTEPS—RETURN TO THE CHIMNEYS—PENCROFT STARTLED!

NEB did not move. Pencroft only uttered one word.

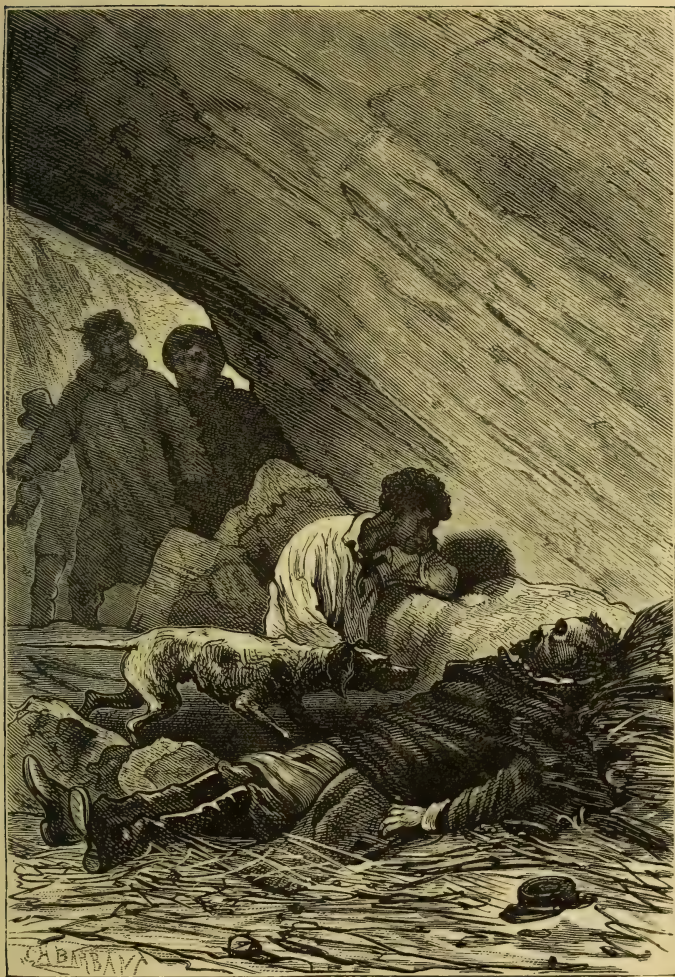
"Living?" he cried.

Neb did not reply. Spilett and the sailor turned pale. Herbert clasped his hands, and remained motionless. The poor negro, absorbed in his grief, evidently had neither seen his companions nor heard the sailor speak.

The reporter knelt down beside the motionless body, and placed his ear to the engineer's chest, having first torn open his clothes.

A minute—an age!—passed, during which he endeavoured to catch the faintest throb of the heart.

Neb had raised himself a little and gazed without seeing. Despair had completely changed his countenance. He could



DEAD OR ALIVE?

scarcely be recognized, exhausted with fatigue, broken with grief. He believed his master was dead.

Gideon Spilett at last rose, after a long and attentive examination.

"He lives!" said he.

Pencroft knelt in his turn beside the engineer, he also heard a throbbing, and even felt a slight breath on his cheek.

Herbert at a word from the reporter ran out to look for water. He found, a hundred feet off, a limpid stream, which seemed to have been greatly increased by the rains, and which filtered through the sand; but nothing in which to put the water, not even a shell amongst the downs. The lad was obliged to content himself with dipping his handkerchief in the stream, and with it hastened back to the grotto.

Happily the wet handkerchief was enough for Gideon Spilett, who only wished to wet the engineer's lips. The cold water produced an almost immediate effect. His chest heaved and he seemed to try to speak.

"We will save him!" exclaimed the reporter.

At these words hope revived in Neb's heart. He undressed his master to see if he was wounded, but not so much as a bruise was to be found, either on the head, body, or limbs, which was surprising, as he must have been dashed against the rocks; even the hands were uninjured, and it was difficult to explain how the engineer showed no traces of the efforts which he must have made to get out of reach of the breakers.

But the explanation would come later. When Cyrus was able to speak he would say what had happened. For the present the question was, how to recall him to life, and it appeared likely that rubbing would bring this about; so they set to work with the sailor's jersey.

The engineer, revived by this rude shampooing, moved his arm slightly, and began to breathe more regularly. He was sinking from exhaustion, and certainly, had not the reporter and his companions arrived, it would have been all over with Cyrus Harding.

"You thought your master was dead, didn't you?" said the seaman to Neb.

"Yes! quite dead!" replied Neb, "and if Top had not found you, and brought you here, I should have buried my master, and then have lain down on his grave to die!"

It had indeed been a narrow escape for Cyrus Harding!

Neb then recounted what had happened. The day before, after having left the Chimneys at daybreak, he had ascended the coast in a northerly direction, and had reached that part of the shore which he had already visited.

There, without any hope he acknowledged, Neb had searched the beach, among the rocks, on the sand for the smallest trace to guide him. He examined particularly that part of the beach which was not covered by the high tide, for near the sea the water would have obliterated all marks. Neb did not expect to find his master living. It was for a corpse that he searched, a corpse which he wished to bury with his own hands!

He sought long in vain. This desert coast appeared never to have been visited by a human creature. The shells, those which the sea had not reached, and which might be met with by millions above high water mark, were untouched. Not a shell was broken.

Neb then resolved to walk along the beach for some miles. It was possible that the waves had carried the body to quite a distant point. When a corpse floats a little distance from a low shore, it rarely happens that the tide does not throw it up, sooner or later. This Neb knew, and he wished to see his master again for the last time.

"I went along the coast for another two miles, carefully examining the beach, both at high and low water, and I had despaired of finding anything, when yesterday, about five in the evening, I saw footprints on the sand."

"Footprints?" exclaimed Pencroft.

"Yes!" replied Neb.

"Did these footprints begin at the water's edge?" asked the reporter.

"No," replied Neb, "only above high water mark, for the others must have been washed out by the tide."

"Go on, Neb," said Spilett.

"I went half crazy when I saw these footprints. They were very clear and went towards the downs. I followed them for a quarter of a mile, running, but taking care not to destroy them. Five minutes after, as it was getting dark, I heard the barking of a dog. It was Top, and Top brought me here, to my master!"

Neb ended his account by saying what had been his grief at finding the inanimate body, in which he vainly sought for the least sign of life. Now that he had found him dead he longed for him to be alive. All his efforts were useless! Nothing remained to be

done but to render the last duties to the one whom he had loved so much! Neb then thought of his companions. They, no doubt, would wish to see the unfortunate man again. Top was there. Could he not rely on the sagacity of the faithful animal? Neb several times pronounced the name of the reporter, the one among his companions whom Top knew best. Then he pointed to the south, and the dog bounded off in the direction indicated to him.

We have heard how, guided by an instinct which might be looked upon almost as supernatural, Top had found them.

Neb's companions had listened with great attention to this account.

It was unaccountable to them how Cyrus Harding, after the efforts which he must have made to escape from the waves by crossing the rocks, had not received even a scratch. And what could not be explained either was how the engineer had managed to get to this cave in the downs, more than a mile from the shore.

"So, Neb," said the reporter, "it was not you who brought your master to this place."

"No, it was not I," replied the negro.

"It's very clear that the Captain came here by himself," said Pencroft.

"It is clear in reality," observed Spilett, "but it is not credible!"

The explanation of this fact could only be procured from the engineer's own lips, and they must wait for that till speech returned. Rubbing had re-established the circulation of the blood. Cyrus Harding moved his arm again, then his head, and a few incomprehensible words escaped him.

Neb, who was bending over him, spoke, but the engineer did not appear to hear, and his eyes remained closed. Life was only exhibited in him by movement, the senses had as yet not recovered.

Pencroft much regretted not having either fire, or the means of procuring it, for he had, unfortunately, forgotten to bring the burnt linen, which would easily have ignited from the spark produced by striking together two flints. As to the engineer's pockets, they were entirely empty, except that of his waistcoat, which contained his watch. It was necessary to carry Harding to the Chimneys, and that as soon as possible. This was the opinion of all.

Meanwhile, the care which was lavished on the engineer brought him back to consciousness sooner than they could have expected. The water with which they wetted his lips revived him gradually. Pencroft also thought of mixing with the water some moisture from the *tétra's* flesh which he had brought. Herbert ran to the beach and returned with two large bivalve shells. The sailor composed a sort of mixture, and introduced it between the engineer's lips, who eagerly sucked it in.

His eyes then opened. Neb and the reporter were leaning over him.

"My master! my master!" cried Neb.

The engineer heard him. He recognized Neb and Spilett, then his other two companions, and his hand slightly pressed theirs.

A few words again escaped him, words which, doubtless, he already had uttered, and which showed what thoughts were, even then, troubling his brain. This time his words were understood.

"Island or continent?" he murmured.

"Bother the continent," cried Pencroft hastily; there is time enough to see about that, captain! we don't care for anything, provided you are living."

The engineer nodded faintly, and then appeared to sleep.

They respected this sleep, and the reporter began immediately to make arrangements for transporting Harding to a more comfortable place. Neb, Herbert and Pencroft left the cave and directed their steps towards a high mound crowned with a few distorted trees. On the way the sailor could not help repeating,—

"Island or continent! To think of that, when one is at the last gasp! What a man!"

Arrived at the summit of the mound, Pencroft and his two companions set to work, with no other tools than their hands, to despoil of its principal branches a rather sickly tree, a sort of marine fir; with these branches they made a litter, which, covered with grass and leaves, would do to carry the engineer.

This occupied them nearly forty minutes, and it was ten o'clock when they returned to Cyrus Harding, whom Spilett had not left.

The engineer was just awaking from the sleep, or rather from the drowsiness, in which they had found him. The colour was returning to his cheeks, which till now had been as pale as death. He

raised himself a little, looked around him, and appeared to ask where he was.

"Can you listen to me without tiring yourself, Cyrus?" asked the reporter.

"Yes," replied the engineer.

"It's my opinion," said the sailor, "that Captain Harding will be able to listen to you still better, if he will have some more *tétra* jelly,—for we have *tétras*, captain," added he, presenting him with a little of this jelly, with which this time he mingled a few particles of flesh.

Cyrus Harding chewed the pieces of *tétra*, and the rest was divided among his companions, who found it but a meagre breakfast, for they were suffering extremely from hunger.

"Well!" said the sailor, "there is plenty of food at the Chimneys, for you must know, captain, that down there, in the south, we have a house, with rooms, beds, and fireplace, and in the pantry, several dozen of birds, which our Herbert calls *couroucous*. Your litter is ready, and as soon as you feel strong enough we will carry you home."

"Thanks, my friend," replied the engineer, "wait another hour or two, and then we will set out—And now speak, Spilett."

The reporter then told him all that had occurred. He recounted all the events with which Cyrus was unacquainted, the last fall of the balloon, the landing on this unknown land, which appeared a desert, whatever it was, whether island or continent, the discovery of the Chimneys, the researches undertaken to find the engineer, Neb's devotion, what they owed to the intelligence of the faithful Top, &c.

"But," asked Harding, in a still feeble voice, "you did not then pick me up on the beach?"

"No," replied the reporter.

"And did you not bring me to this cave?"

"No."

"At what distance is this cave from the sea?"

"About a mile," replied Pencroft; "and if you are astonished, captain, we are not less surprised ourselves at seeing you in this place!"

"Indeed," said the engineer, who was recovering gradually, and who took great interest in these details, "indeed it is very singular!"

"But," resumed the sailor, "can you tell us what happened after you were carried off by the sea?"

Cyrus Harding considered. He knew very little. The wave had

torn him from the balloon net. He sank at first several fathoms. On returning to the surface, in the half light, he felt a living creature struggling near him. It was Top, who had sprung to his help. He saw nothing of the balloon, which, lightened both of his weight and that of the dog, had darted away like an arrow.

There he was, in the midst of the angry sea, at a distance which could not be less than half a mile from the shore. He attempted to struggle against the billows by swimming vigorously. Top held him up by his clothes; but a strong current seized him and drove him towards the north, and after half an hour of exertion, he sank, dragging Top with him into the depths. From that moment to the moment in which he recovered to find himself in the arms of his friends he remembered nothing.

"However," remarked Pencroft, "you must have been thrown on to the beach, and you must have had strength to walk here, since Neb found your footmarks!"

"Yes . . . of course . . ." replied the engineer, thoughtfully; "and you found no traces of human beings on this coast?"

"Not a trace," replied the reporter; "besides, if by chance you had met with some deliverer there, just in the nick of time, why should he have abandoned you after having saved you from the waves?"

"You are right, my dear Spilett. Tell me, Neb," added the engineer, turning to his servant, "it was not you who . . . you can't have had a moment of unconsciousness . . . during which . . . no, that's absurd. . . . Do any of the footsteps still remain?" asked Harding.

"Yes, master," replied Neb; "here, at the entrance, at the back of the mound, in a place sheltered from the rain and wind. The storm has destroyed the others."

"Pencroft," said Cyrus Harding, "will you take my shoe and see if it fits exactly to the footprints?"

The sailor did as the engineer requested. Whilst he and Herbert, guided by Neb, went to the place where the footprints were to be found, Cyrus remarked to the reporter,—

"It is a most extraordinary thing!"

"Perfectly inexplicable!" replied Gideon Spilett.

"But do not dwell upon it just now, my dear Spilett, we will talk about it by-and-by."

A moment after the others entered.

There was no doubt about it. The engineer's shoe fitted exactly



BRING THE CAPTAIN'S LITTER!

to the footmarks. It was therefore Cyrus Harding who had left them on the sand.

"Come," said he, "it was I who must have experienced this hallucination, this unconsciousness which I attributed to Neb. I must have walked like a somnambulist, without any knowledge of my steps, and it was Top, who in his instinct guided me here, after having dragged me from the waves . . . Come, Top! Come, old dog!"

The magnificent animal bounded, barking to his master, and caresses were lavished on him. It was agreed that there was no other way of accounting for the rescue of Cyrus Harding, and that Top deserved all the honour of the affair.

Towards twelve o'clock, Pencroft having asked the engineer if they could now remove him, Harding, instead of replying, and by an effort which exhibited the most energetic will, got up. But he was obliged to lean on the sailor, or he would have fallen.

"Well done!" said Pencroft; "bring the captain's litter."

The litter was brought; the transverse branches had been covered with leaves and long grass. Harding was laid on it, and Pencroft having taken his place at one end and Neb at the other, they started towards the coast. There was a distance of eight miles to be accomplished; but, as they could not go fast, and it would perhaps be necessary to stop frequently, they reckoned that it would take at least six hours to reach the Chimneys. The wind was still strong, but fortunately it did not rain. Although lying down, the engineer, leaning on his elbow, observed the coast, particularly inland. He did not speak, but he gazed; and, no doubt, the outline of the country, with its inequalities of ground, its forests, its various productions, were engraven on his mind. However, after travelling for two hours, fatigue overcame him, and he slept.

At half-past five the little band arrived at the precipice, and a short time after at the Chimneys.

They stopped, and the litter was placed on the sand; Cyrus Harding was sleeping profoundly, and did not awake.

Pencroft, to his extreme surprise, found that the terrible storm had quite altered the aspect of the place. Important changes had occurred; great blocks of stone lay on the beach, which was also covered with a thick carpet of sea-weed, algæ, and wrack. Evidently the sea, passing over the islet, had been carried right up to the foot of the enormous curtain of granite. The soil in front of

the cave had been torn away by the violence of the waves. A horrid presentiment flashed across Pencroft's mind. He rushed into the passage, but returned almost immediately, and stood motionless, staring at his companions. . . . The fire was out; the drowned cinders were nothing but mud; the burnt linen, which was to have served as tinder, had disappeared! The sea had penetrated to the end of the passages, and everything was overthrown and destroyed in the interior of the Chimneys!



RETURN WITH THE CAPTAIN.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS IN 1509.

No. II.

THERE was not much more done on the 21st of January, 1509. The three remaining entries in the Journal of that day relate to the Bishop of St. Asaph's leave of absence and to the proxies of the Abbots of Gloucester and Thorney. The presence of all these abbots in the House of Lords gave to that assembly a far more ecclesiastical character than it now has. During Henry's reign the number of temporal peers summoned to Parliament never exceeded fifty-one, while, previous to the dissolution of the monasteries, that of the spiritual lords was nearly sixty, though the mitred abbots and priors (who were far more numerous than the bishops) were not very regularly summoned. When the heads of religious communities were withdrawn, the only ecclesiastical members of the House left were the two archbishops and nineteen bishops; but in 1541 six new sees were created, namely, those of Oxford, Peterborough, Gloucester, Bristol, Chester, and Westminster, the incumbents of which brought the number of spiritual lords to twenty-seven. The see of Westminster, however, did not last long, for in 1550 Thirlby, the first and only bishop, was translated to Norwich, and his diocese was reunited to that of London. The number of spiritual lords then stood at twenty-six, and so it remained until 1801, when, by the Act of Union, four Irish prelates were admitted to the House, the number being thus raised to thirty. In 1836 the bishopric of Bristol was united to that of Gloucester, and the see of Ripon was created; but this, of course, did not make any addition to the roll of the Lords. Neither did the creation of the diocese of Manchester in 1847, for it was specially provided by the Act under which that diocese was formed, that for the future the junior bishop should have no seat in Parliament. The last change took place on the disestablishment of the Irish Church in 1869, by which measure the Irish bishops were removed from the House,

which has since contained but twenty-six ecclesiastical members. All this time the number of temporal peers has been constantly increasing until it has nearly reached the half-thousand. It may be mentioned, in passing, that the expression "spiritual peers" applied to the bishops as members of the House is incorrect. One of the Lord's Standing Orders expressly declares that "bishops are only lords of Parliament, but not peers, for they are not of trial by nobility." At the present day the number of bishops is so small in proportion to that of the lay lords that, in point of numbers, they exercise but little influence on the decisions of the House; but in 1509 the ecclesiastical element predominated so greatly that the House could not get on at all without its spiritual members. Thus, five days after Parliament was opened, that is to say on the 26th of January, the only entry which we find in the Journal is the following:—

"The Lord Chancellor and the rest of the spiritual lords being absent and occupied in Convocation, the Lord Treasurer, by command of the Lord King, adjourned the present Parliament to Monday next following, at the usual hour."

The same thing occurred pretty often during the session. The "usual hour," by the way, was a tolerably early one, for three days before it had been unanimously agreed upon that in future the House should meet at nine o'clock.

Henry VIII.'s first Parliament did not last long. Its first and only session barely extended beyond a month; yet it was not dissolved before the principal purposes for which it was summoned had been effected. One of these was the attainder of Empson and Dudley, and the prevention in future of the exercise of any such tyrannical measures as those by which these men had pandered to the late king's rapacity. It will be remembered that Empson and Dudley were both Barons of the Exchequer under Henry VII., whose coffers they filled with the money extorted from the people, by putting in force against all alleged offenders the numberless penal statutes which, though in most cases obsolete, were still technically valid. The result was that nobody felt himself secure, since it was impossible for him to know whether he might not at some time have offended against one of these forgotten laws. And yet, though the greatest exasperation at these proceedings was felt throughout the country, so completely did the king have his own way, that the hated Dudley himself was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons in 1504. But as soon as Henry was dead, and

his son, whose popularity was immense, had ascended the throne, the exasperation of the people found voice in an universal demand for the condign punishment of these traitors to their liberties—a demand to which Henry VIII. at once acceded. They were imprisoned, tried on a ridiculous charge of high treason, and condemned to be executed. But this was not enough. They must be solemnly attainted by Parliament, and laws must be passed against the system of which they had been the exponents. Accordingly, on the 6th of February, a bill “for removing Promoters and Commissioners for ever from their name and office” was read the first time, and the Lords decreed “that their names should be proclaimed the next day, and inscribed in the Acts of Parliament for a perpetual memory of the thing, and to their great infamy.” This was done, and on the 14th the bill, with the names annexed, was read the third time. Various other bills were passed for similar objects; one enacting that all actions for the king upon any penal statute should be taken within three years after the committal of the offence. A second for ensuring the legality and justice of the proceedings of the Commissioners who, upon the alleged escheat of lands to the crown on failure of heirs, were appointed to ascertain the facts—another means devised by Empson and Dudley for enriching their master, being the false declaration of the king’s title in such cases. A third, for enabling heirs who had been thus wrongfully deprived of their estates to reassert their right. But, as far as Empson and Dudley were personally concerned, the most important bill of the session was that for their attainder, which, after undergoing various alterations, was finally passed on the day Parliament was dissolved. Though they were thus doubly condemned to death, a whole year was suffered to elapse before the ex-judges underwent the extreme penalty of the law. Perhaps, from a lurking sympathy with the means which his father had employed for wringing money from the people—a sympathy which afterwards declared itself more openly—Henry appeared reluctant to allow the sentence which had been pronounced against those who had served the late king so well to be carried out; and it required a fresh display of popular feeling to induce him to give directions for their execution. In the next Parliament, which was held in 1511, the attainder against Dudley was reversed in favour of his son, who subsequently attained high rank in the service of the State.

On the 23rd of February, the king went to the House of Lords for the purpose of giving his royal assent to the bills which had

been passed and dissolving the Parliament. The Journal gives the following account of the ceremonies observed on this occasion :—

“This day, at about five o’clock in the afternoon, the Lord King being seated on the throne of majesty in the room commonly called the Cross-room, beneath his Palace of Westminster, the Lords spiritual and temporal, adorned with their parliamentary robes, sitting by, and the whole people from the Commons or Lower House being present, Sir Thomas Yngylfyld, their speaker or leader (silence having been previously enjoined), solemnly, eloquently, and with much grace of dignity, humility, and modesty, thus addressed his royal Majesty, extolling him with the highest praises. He referred to the gifts of nature, fortune, and grace plentifully bestowed upon his Majesty by the most high God, giving many examples of the quick agility of his valour, his wonderful moderation, the holy ardour of his justice and the benignity of his clemency towards his subjects, as well as the obedience and due reverence of his subjects to his Majesty. To show the excellence of his subjects’ fidelity and love, he offered to the royal Majesty a certain indenture containing a subsidy of many thousand pounds, a most evident proof of the munificence and liberality of the subjects towards their king.”

The delivery of this flattering harangue by the Speaker (who, it will be noticed, had been knighted in the course of the session), and the presentation by him of the money bill show how completely successful the Commons had been in asserting their exclusive right to originate taxation. At first the Lords and Commons used to make separate grants of money to the crown without communicating with each other. Then they made joint grants, the two Houses having equal authority in the matter. But after a time the Lords began to take a less active part. They no longer *granted*, they only *consented* to the grants made by the Commons. This was the state of things at the beginning of Henry VIII.’s reign. A subsidy bill was not, like other bills, in the form of a law, and did not receive the king’s formal assent, though, as will be seen directly, it did receive his approval. In the course of Henry’s long reign this was changed, and the provisions of a money bill, or at any rate some of them, were said to be enacted by King, Lords, and Commons, in the same way as those of other bills. For instance, the Subsidy Act of 1509 runs thus :—“To the worship of God; we your poure Comons by your high commandment comyn to this your present Parliament for the

shires, cities, and boroughes of this your noble Realme, by thassent of all the Lordes spirituall and temporell in this present Parliament assembled, graunte by this present endenture to you our Sovreign Lorde for the defence of this your seid Realme, and in especiall for the safeguard and kepyng of the see a subsidy called tonnage, to be taken in manner and fourme folloyng,” and so on. The king is not mentioned at all as a party to the making of the act, that having been done by the Commons with the concurrence of the Lords. Four years later we find a subsidy bill commencing with the form of words which at the present day is inserted in all bills of whatever description:—“Be hitt enacted by the Kyng our Sovreigne Lord and by thassent of the Lordes espiituall and temporell and the Comens in this present Parlement assembled and by auctoryte of the same.” In other respects also this bill seems to have been treated as an ordinary public bill, for the king’s assent to it is recorded in the common short form “*Le Roy le veult*,” instead of the longer one peculiar to money bills. But the precedent was not followed in subsequent Parliaments, whose subsidy bills continued to be drawn up much in the same form as that of 1509, until late in Henry’s reign, when it became the custom to name the king in one or more of the clauses. Thus in 1540, though the king’s name does not appear at the beginning of the bill, yet one of the latter clauses begins with the words quoted above, viz. “Be it enacted by the King our Sovereign Lord,” &c. The present practice is to describe the Commons only as making the grant, but the Queen and Lords as well as the Commons making the act, as the following extract from the commencement of an act of last session will show:—

“Most gracious Sovereign,

“We, your Majesty’s most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled, towards making good the supply which we have cheerfully granted to your Majesty in this session of Parliament, have resolved to grant unto your Majesty the sums hereinafter mentioned; and do therefore most humbly beseech your Majesty that it may be enacted, and be it enacted by the Queen’s most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows.”

The last occasion on which the royal assent was given to a money bill in the sovereign's presence was in August, 1854, when the old programme was faithfully adhered to by the Speaker, who, before handing in the Appropriation Bill, addressed her Majesty in a speech of some length, describing the work that had been done during the session.

But to return to 1509. The Journal next tells us how the Lord Chancellor replied to the Speaker's address. "Which being done, the same Lord Chancellor, by command of the Lord King, ordered all the Acts issued and made in the present Parliament for the public good to be proclaimed and published; which being declared and read in order by the Clerk of the Crown in the usual manner, the answer was made to each by the Clerk of the Parliament, according to the record of the Royal pleasure written on the back in these words:—'*Le Roy le vult;*' '*Le Roy se advisera;*' '*Soit fait comme il est désiré.*' The Subsidy Bill was indorsed "*Le Roy remercie ces Communes de lor boons cuers enfaisant les Grauntez, suis dietz mesmes lez Graunts, ac accepte et tout le content en l'indenture avandit especifie graunte et approve avesque l'act, et les provisions a cest indenture annexe.*"

This last indorsement is given here exactly as it stands in the Journal. A partial revision of the orthography and punctuation will make it more intelligible, though it will still be difficult to translate faithfully. "*Le Roi remercie ses Communes de leurs bons cœurs en faisant les graunts souldits, mêmes les graunts ac* (in another place this syllable appears as *ad*) *accepte et tout le content en l'indenture avantdit spécifié graunté et approuve avec l'act et les provisions à cet indenture annexées*"—which may be rendered thus in English:—"The King thanks his Commons for their goodwill in making the undermentioned grants, accepts the same grants, and approves everything specified and granted in the aforesaid indenture, together with the act and the provisions annexed to this indenture." The modern formula used in declaring the royal assent to a money bill is more simple. "*La Reine remercie ses bons sujets, accepte leur benevolence et ainsi le veut.*" The three other endorsements, namely, "*Le Roy le vult,*" "*Le Roy se advisera,*" and "*Soit fait comme il est désiré,*" have undergone no change since they were read out in the House of Lords by Sir John Taylor in 1509. The first and last are the common forms respectively applicable to all public and private bills to which the sovereign assents. The remaining formula, meaning literally "the

King will think about it," is a gentle announcement of his refusal to ratify what has been agreed upon by Parliament. It was last used in 1707, when Queen Anne declined to allow a bill for settling the militia of Scotland to become law. Since then the system of constitutional government through responsible ministers has been developed to such a degree as to render the sovereign's prerogative of veto a mere historical curiosity. That it still exists and could be legally exercised there can be no doubt, but any attempt to make use of it would probably bring about its entire abolition. As these queer little bits of Norman-French are still from time to time spoken within the walls of Parliament, so also are the ceremonies described in the Journal of 1509 still observed on similar occasions. The Speaker before presenting the money bill still addresses the sovereign, the Clerk of the Crown still reads the titles of the bills which have been passed, and the Clerk of the Parliaments still pronounces the royal assent. In dissolving his Parliament, Henry VIII., though present, left all the speech-making to the Lord Chancellor; but even this practice has been lately revived, her Majesty, on the last two or three occasions when she has opened Parliament in person, having instructed the Lord Chancellor to deliver her speech. The Journal of 1509 thus describes the closing scene:—"When this had been properly performed the Lord Chancellor declared what had been done in the present Parliament for the welfare and advantage of the State, and in the King's name exhorted and admonished all Lords and others bearing office in different parts of England carefully to observe, and to cause others to observe, what had been ordained and appointed for the public good in this Parliament. Then the Lord Chancellor, on behalf of the Lord King, thanked the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and the Commons for their diligent and laborious perseverance in transacting the above business, and put an end to and dissolved the Parliament, granting to all the liberty of withdrawing to their own affairs. In the year of our Lord one thousand five hundred and nine, according to the computation of the English Church.

(Signed) JO. TAYLER,

Clerk of the Parliaments."

The results of the session as they appear in the Statute Book do not afford much matter of interest. Besides the acts which have already been described there is nothing to attract attention except a sumptuary law, which, as a curiosity, may prove amusing. It

is entitled "An Act agaynst wearing of costly Apparrell," and commences thus:—"Forasmuche as the greate and costly array and apparrell used wythin this Realme contrary to good Statutes thereof made hathe be the Occasion of grete impoverisshing of divers of the King's Sugieets and provoked meny of them to robbe and to doo extorcion and other unlawful Dedes to maynteyne thereby ther costeley arrey." It then goes on to enact that only the king and the royal family may use in their apparel "eny cloth of golde of Purpoure coloure or Sylke of Purpoure coloure;" that no man "under the astate of a Duke use in eny apparrell of his Body or uppon his Horses eny clothe of gold of tyssue; and that no manne under the degree of an Erle were in his Apparrell any Sables." So also a man must be at least a baron to wear cloth of gold or silver, or silk or cloth mixed or broidered with gold or silver; none of lower rank than a lord or knight of the garter may wear woollen cloth of foreign manufacture; and the privilege of wearing crimson or blue velvet is to stop at knights of the garter.

But it was not only as to the colours and materials of a man's clothes that regulations were made; the size of his garments was also required to correspond to the rank of the wearer. Thus, no one inferior to a knight, except ecclesiastics, serjeants-at-law, and graduates of universities, was to use "eny more clothe in eny longe Gowne then foure broyde yerdes, and in a Rydyng Gowne or Cotte above thre yerdes." Servants were limited to "too brode yerdes and an halfe in a shorte Gowne and thre brode yerdes in a longe Gowne." The Act also contains restrictions as to the price to be given by servants and labourers for the materials of which their clothes were made. But none of its provisions were to affect women, perhaps because the passion for dress prevailed only among the sterner sex. In that case, if the ladies in these days *are* a little fond of fine clothes, it is only another proof of how completely they have usurped the attributes of their former masters.

In almost every case of an infraction of the regulations established by the Act, the offending garment was to be forfeited, and in some cases a pecuniary penalty was also imposed; but any "servaunte of Husbondrye, Shepparde or Laborer, havng no goods of his owne above the value of X ponde," who was guilty of wearing "any clothe whereof the broode yerde passyth in pryce twoo shillyngs," or any hose above the price of tenpence, was to be imprisoned "in the Stokys by thre days."

Mr. Disraeli said at Glasgow that this is the age of equality.

In nothing is that more true than in the matter of male attire. How horrified would the members of King Henry's Parliament be, could they rise from their graves and see to what a shocking uniformity the apparel of all degrees of men has been reduced! A tailor now is often dressed as well as a duke. Nay more, it is generally considered to be the privilege of very great men to wear shabby clothes. What would the legislators of 1509 have done to miners who were guilty of such extravagance as drinking champagne, when they put a labourer's legs in the stocks if they were covered with anything more costly than tenpenny hose?

A. H.

CASUALS.

(*A Picture in the Royal Academy by Mr. Fildes.*)

HUDDLED together, and hated, and hiss'd,
 Hungry, and tired, and cold,
 Looming like "Sphinxes" through drizzle and mist,
 Children and people old;
 Shivering they stand, 'neath the wan gas-light,
 Praying for shelter and board,
 Waiting long hours through the chill damp night,
 For a bed in the casual ward.

Oh! was there nothing that they could have done?
 Or nothing that we can do?
 To save these souls from the fate they have won,
 And help them to work life through!
 Or will this riddle—this enigma of life—
 Not be solved till "THE GREAT OVERTHROW"?¹
 When, at last, we shall learn the true reason of strife,
 And as we are known, we shall know!

H. A. D.

¹ "Dumb, wet, silent horrors! Sphinxes set up against that dead wall, and no one likely to be at the pains of solving them until the GENERAL OVERTHROW." — Extract from letter of the late Charles Dickens. See Forster's *Life of Dickens*, vol. iii.

THE DAWN OF CREATION IN THE FAR EAST.

BY SYDNEY ROBJOHNS.

THE tide of civilization, flowing westward, has almost completed the circuit. A recent telegram, dated from Nagasaki, in Japan, informed us that the leaders of the insurrection against the Japanese Government were the Daimios of the district of Samurais. Previous to about two years ago the Daimios constituted the aristocracy of their country; and for three hundred years had arrogated to themselves the Government. Their deposition was only one indication of the great revolution then and still progressing in that eastern land; while other signs, that savour strongly of Western influence, indicate the source whence has sprung the condition of thought which has rendered that revolution not only possible, but inevitable. For instance, an Industrial Exhibition has been held in the imperial and exclusive city of Kioto, to which foreigners were admitted; Railroads have been constructed between Yokohama and Jeddo, and between Kioto and Tsuruga; two men-of-war have made the voyage of the world, passing through the Suez Canal to Europe, across the Atlantic to New York, and around Cape Horn to San Francisco; and, chiefest of all, the Japanese nobility have so far recognized the greatness of the West as to send forty of their youths to the United States to be educated, and a far larger number to this country.

Until very recently Japan was almost the perfection of exclusiveness. Many attempts had been made by foreigners to gain access to the country, but always without permanent success. A hundred years ago the ports were opened for the purpose of cultivating commercial relations; but the Jesuits, entering the country in the capacity of Christian missionaries, overstepped the lines of prudence, and, as is their wont, dabbled in politics, which resulted in the catastrophe to the merchants of a blockade being re-established. This exclusiveness pointed to a quality in the Japanese that has been designated as static, or, to speak less technically, ultra-conser-

vative. The greatest examples of exclusiveness in international relations are the Chinese, a people who possessed the requisite intellectual capacity, but for this exclusive tendency, to rise to a high place among the peoples of the world. This is evidenced by the perfection of Art among them; Art, albeit, that attained its meridian some two thousand years ago and has been stationary ever since, that is, if anything in this world that is not progressive can be said to be exempt from the law of retrogression. But the revolution in Japan proves that that people, in their intellectual development, are not solely static, but that that quality, so beneficial when considered in its relation to the great law of obedience, is counterbalanced by its antitheton, that which has been termed the dynamic. This progressive disposition has now resulted in the most complete radical measures, a recent edict going so far as to enforce European costume and a Western fashion in matters hirsutic in the civil service. Those acquainted with Oriental prejudice will appreciate the full weight of this latter enactment.

Mr. R. G. Watson (late *Chargé d'Affaires* in Japan) in a recent paper delivered at the Royal Geographical Society, referring to the recent change that had come over the attitude of the Japanese in relation to foreigners, said,—“A few years ago, every traveller, even in the Yedo streets, carried, as it were, his life in his hands, and officials were forbidden to stir out without an armed escort; at present any foreigner can traverse alone and unarmed, town or country, without the slightest risk.”

For a few short years the British and American traders had a profitable time immediately sequential on the resumption of commercial relations between the Japanese and foreigners; but it was of short duration, the German Jews entered into the race for wealth, and by their over-anxiety to outrun their Gentile competitors in the acquisition of gold from Sado and Matsumai, opened the eyes of the Orientals; and smartness, in its transatlantic significance, has now become a common characteristic among the Japanese, both commercially and politically.

The change that has been wrought in Japan in matters mercantile and social has been reflected, as would naturally be supposed, on questions theological. The government, which has hitherto been a most perfect combination of Church and State, is undergoing transformation; and in a short time the constitution will probably be assimilated to some Western model of a limited monarchical character, but with the Mikado divested of the priestly office and spiritual

functions: ecclesiasticism indeed, as at present existing, being relegated to the poets, as has been the case with Greek mythology. In many respects Japanese mythology is nearly related to that of Greece, and indeed to most of the more intellectual mythologies that have obtained popular favour in the world's history. It is likely that humanity starting, with its early, childish, and poetical forms of religious belief, from a district in Asia, to speak correctly, in the South-east, journeying North-westward, may have deviated, in one of its branches, in an Easterly direction; now again, after many thousands of years, to meet its collateral branches, that have meanwhile made the circuit of the world.¹

It is a matter of no small moment and interest to take a glance at a religious system that is present in the world now, but is fast giving way before modern civilization—a system too that reached a point of excellence a thousand years before the first Olympiad.

The theogony of the Japanese, as we have said, bears a strong and a family likeness to that of the Greeks. The Sintoo creed, or more correctly speaking the Kami-nomitsi creed, held that the world was originally Chaos; and thence sprang Earth and the Plain-of-High-Heaven, almost corresponding to Gæa and her son-husband Uranus, and a later god, the Architect-of-the-Heavenly-Vault, a sort of divine Ghiberti, and in attributes suggestive of Hyperion the luminous expanse, though not like Hyperion in being the immediate parent of the Dawn and of the Sun and Moon. From the Plain-of-High-Heaven sprang three self-created divinities; who, in conjunction with Earth and the Architect-of-the-Heavenly-Vault, constituted the first recognized divinities of Heaven. The deity Earth, or more properly the God-of-the-Beautiful-Reedbud, came into existence, as did also the Architect-of-the-Vault-of-Heaven, on the separation of the Earth from the firmament, the Japanese story of creation somewhat following the Bible narrative in this particular. The idea of the Earth too, even to a later period, was that of some-

¹ Since the above passage was written, a letter has appeared in the *Times* from the Rev. Isaac Taylor, on the derivation of Etruscan civilization. He says,—“The most important and most unexpected result of these studies (the reading of Cuneiform inscriptions) has been the disclosure of an advanced Turanian civilization in central Asia, which was the source from which the civilization of the neighbouring Aryan and Semitic nations was mainly derived.” And again,—“I find myself compelled to believe that the civilization of Italy was an imported culture, brought bodily by the Rasenna from the banks of the Oxus to those of the Arno and the Tiber.”

thing "without form and void," for from the Earth god came, by development, the God-of-the-Firm-Land, the eastern Iapetus; and this god had two children, also gods, the story so far following the Greek one as to point to the union of Iapetus, the child of Uranus and Gæa, with Clymene, the daughter of Oceanus and Tethys, the offspring of the God-of-the-Firm-Land answering to Atlas and Prometheus, the large mountain ranges. The God-of-the-Firm-Land reigned over the unfinished earth for millions of years, and was succeeded by his two sons, who each reigned for a similarly lengthy period; a myth that embraces geological facts which have been recognized by scientific men in the West during a few recent generations only. A host of gods followed these constituting the Seven dynasties of Heaven. To this stage of the mythology the great essential of poetry, to wit, Love, has been totally and conspicuously absent. There is no hint of love between the Plain-of-Heaven and Earth, or between the Architect-of-Heaven and Earth; but the virgin Earth, the immaculate Reed-bud, unloved and unloving, brings forth simply by development. But the warm loving nature, the capacity for sweet pain, and the tender wooing are all contained in the last representative of the Seven dynasties, in Iza-na-gino-mikoto, who, by his bride, became the father of Japan; the egotistical element appearing here, for Japan became the centre or nucleus of all other countries. Besides Japan, Iza-na-gino-mikoto had other children, millions of gods for the development of the countries, and the Sun and the Moon, and the elements of material things; these last, of course being subordinate to the greater gods, such as the Sun and the Moon. In course of time the soul of man was deemed the equal of the Kami, spirit or genius, of the elements of material things; and so the value of the soul being appreciated there arose the necessity for a spiritual ministry, a priesthood. The priests became the Kami-nusi, that is to say, the ministers of spirits; a beautiful idea which was fully and perfectly exemplified in the command, "Let him that is greatest among you be your minister," your servant. In Iza-na-gino-mikoto and his bride is discovered a striking resemblance to Jupiter and Juno; and in the millions of gods and the elements of material things can be discerned the numerous offspring of Jupiter in their intellectual or physical signification: such, for instance, as Hebe, health; Latona, proficiency; Minerva, practical wisdom; Irene, peace; Eunomia, good order; Urania, astronomy; Polyhymnia, harmony, &c.; Proserpine, the fruit-producing principle; and Mercury, commerce;

and from the union of Jupiter with different portions of the earth, heroes and judges.

The mythology is continued, not from Japan, as would have been supposed from the manifest egotism before noticed, but from the Moon and the Sun. The great spirit that lights the Heavens was the daughter of Iza-na-gino-mikoto, and succeeded her parents in the government of the earth. Co-regent with her was her brother, the god-like Moon that looks through the night. The transposition of sex will be noticed here; the couplet we learnt at school,—

“Sol, the sun that brightly shines,
Taurus, bull, are masculines,”

having only partial application in Japanese mythology. In this respect it is almost singular, most other mythologies representing the Sun as of the male sex. This is the case in the Inca faith of Peru, the great god, the fiery orb of Heaven, being regarded as a strong man that runneth a race, retiring at night only to arise with renewed vigour in the morning. These were succeeded by a royal line of earthly gods, five in number, the first of whom was the nephew of the Sun and Moon. The last of these was Zin-mu-tu-woo, the child of a mortal mother. From him sprang the Mikados, who, by divine right as they claim, divine in a far higher sense than that claimed by our own Charles, reign in Japan to this day, the present representative being Mutsuhito, who succeeded to the imperial throne at the beginning of 1867, and is, it is said, the 123rd of his line, a pedigree to make a Hapsburg or a Percy envious.

Like most of the religious systems whose origin can be traced to an Oriental source, and to a region where imagination was ever active, that of Japan abounds in symbols. We can scarcely say why they should have been perpetuated, for long ere the Egyptians had superseded the use of hieroglyphics or Greece had produced her Homer or Hesiod, Japan had a written history. One of the most beautiful symbols of the Kami faith is the mirror, signifying primarily purity, and probably also sincerity.

One of the articles of the creed is a belief in the reward or punishment of disembodied spirits: a belief that involved, in the first instance, the recognition of the existence of the soul apart from the material body, and pointed to a belief in the inherent immortality of the soul, or the Kami; reward in the next world following on well-doing in this, and in cases of great sanctity that reward

reaching even to deification or canonization ; and evil-doing being meted the punishment of sin.

In the course of time Japanese mythology has been clouded over by doctrines of foreign importation ; and thus the simple natural facts or spiritual truths that were personified have been obscured ; but the primal theogony can still be traced, and remains pure and beautiful, and as full of poetic suggestion as is that history of gods and creation which Hesiod wrote.

In a few words we have outlined the Japanese story of creation. There is yet another, besides that which we derive from the Greeks, written by one slave-born, but, like an earlier Theodoric the Ostrogoth, palace-reared. He unfolds to us no tale of self-created gods, or of self-evolving or self-developing matter, but of one great Eternal God, by Whose omnipotent word all things were, whether in "the heavens above or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth," and by whom all things subsist. This historian was also a law-giver ; but he pointed with prophetic accuracy to a greater than himself, who was to enunciate to the world another law, and in whom old things were to pass away and all things were to become new. The doctrine of this later law-giver has, like intellectual development and nervous energy, been travelling Westward. In its course it has not permeated *all* mankind, far from it, but in completing the circuit it may not be Utopian to hope that it will shed over Japan a greater and brighter light than that of its solar deity, the light of Him in Whom is no darkness.

IDLE NOTES ON SOME OF THE MUNICH ATELIERS.

WHAT Wagner is doing for the myths and legendary poems of his country musically, Moritz von Schwind is doing artistically, and his pencil brings before the world in new guise the charming fairy stories and folk-lore that are graven on the German mind from childhood. Old King Crokus, the Erl-King, Loreleys, Elfs, Spirits of fire, earth, and water, Volker the Fiddler, the story of the Seven Ravens and many others, gain fresh lustre from his fantastic setting forth of them, and fairy literature will descend to posterity with a fresh glamour cast around it through his prolific genius.

Herr von Kaulbach moved by the same poetic feeling developes it through another phase, and bursting into allegory leaves his hieroglyphics to be read by future ages.

An example of this is his picture of "Der deutsche Michel," upon which he was engaged a few months ago. In it we see the German Michel in semblance of the archangel appearing in clouds of flame. A sword is in his right hand, and beneath his feet lies the French Emperor, his tearful son in his arms and the crown fallen from his brow, whilst not far off is a prostrate Zouave. To the left of the angel a discrowned king is weeping, and the Pope is fleeing in dismay; on his right the Jesuits are put to confusion, and one of them in impotent rage clutches at a paper head "Das deutsche Reich."

"Der deutsche Michel," said Herr von Kaulbach "is similar to your John Bull or the American Brother Jonathan."

The German Michel we afterwards learnt had been a sort of sarcasm made upon themselves by the Germans. This Michel was a poor unresisting drudge who contentedly took the lowest place and bore all insults patiently, not being in a position to resist them. But the time had come for the German people to assert themselves, and the German Michel had taken his position among the nations with newly acquired dignity. And then the allegorizing spirit of the painter flashed forth and soared even to the raising of the poor despised Michel to the rank of an avenging angel.

One traces this feeling for the allegorical in many of Herr von Kaulbach's pictures to which the term allegorical will not altogether apply. In his great work, "The Destruction of Jerusalem" (in the New Pinakothek), it is strikingly visible. Not only are the events recorded, but we read as it were an allegory in each separate group. The prophets sit in glory amidst the clouds, the angels of the Revelation carry out the prophesied fate of the doomed city. One forgets that it is Titus who has taken Jerusalem, though he conspicuously appears at the head of his legions; but one is carried back in spirit to the denunciations of the Hebrew seers, to the thunder-peals of Isaiah, the wail of Jeremiah, and last and most touching of all, to our Lord's weeping over the beautiful city—until clear sounding in our ears rises His lamentation, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate."

All Herr von Kaulbach's surroundings produce a colossal impression. One feels that the word "large" but inadequately describes the *atelier* itself. Look upward to the far-off ceiling or into the distant recesses of the room and a sense of vastness is the result. Probably the impression is increased by the colossal statue of Apollo seen to the left as one enters, also by the massively proportioned Minerva to the right, and by the Roman soldier facing one. There is a gigantic look about everything; the uncompleted paintings are mostly of great size, the portrait of Liszt appears larger than life, the casts of limbs and busts shadow forth that we are in the vicinity of the gods and not of dwarfish mortals, whilst the chaos of material induces a species of awe, giving as it were an index to the wonderful power and patience of the man who sits calmly working away at the easel.

A man with iron-gray hair, quick dark eyes, well marked features and courtliness of demeanour—Wilhelm von Kaulbach—a man of world-wide fame, and yet who said that the artist's was but a short immortality, for pictures faded, whilst the word-painter was immortal since his words lived throughout all ages.

Not so Herr von Kaulbach, the artist's name is imperishable even though there were no traces of his works left in the world. We place Zeuxis and Apelles on as high a pinnacle as if their works were in every modern gallery.

One noticeable feature in German taste is the love of anything

green. Plants and flowers seem more of a necessity to them in their town-life than to ours in England. In the *ateliers* of most of the artists we noticed ivy trailed round the great windows, and in some, evergreen plants, which imparted a very picturesque appearance and carried one's thoughts involuntarily from art to nature. Of this the *atelier* of Herr Anton Seitz is a tasteful specimen, and is further enlivened by a robin-redbreast and a curly dog that carry on the additional element of animal life. Tapestry, a handsome suit of armour, vases, quaint-carved furniture, pictures in heavy gilded frames give an "Old Curiosity Shop" aspect to the apartment, turning it into an olden-romance chamber wherein magic spells might be woven; and truly Herr Seitz, from the mingled confusion of colour on his palette, contrives with his pencil-wand to work miracles upon the canvas. Such dainty pictures have something of magic skill in them, and the painting upon the easel found work enough for our eyes in the discovery of fresh beauties wherever we turned them. It represents a parish-priest drinking the health of an aged couple, who are sitting in an oak-panelled room: there is a "Madonna" over the mantelpiece, a finished work in itself; the table is laid with fruit and flasks of wine; the wine-glasses look as though we could lift them from the table, whilst the hand of the priest is so wonderfully painted that it appears as if one could unclasp the fingers from the glass he holds. The faces of the three are painted with exquisite delicacy, the finish of the whole picture is elaborate in the extreme, and yet there is no lack of force and masterly handling.

Herr Seitz may certainly be termed the "German Teniers," and his pictures are held in high estimation. France, England, and America are in possession of many of them, whilst a few are owned by the Queen of Saxony and the Empress of Austria.

Herr Seitz was born at Roth, near Nuremberg, and studied in the Art School of Nuremberg, which famous old town was well calculated to develop the quaint and almost Dutch taste evinced in his paintings, which, whilst possessing a more poetic feeling than most of the Dutch School, are equally careful in detail.

In 1850 Herr Seitz came to Munich, and studied under the celebrated *genre* painter, Gisbert Flüggen; but after three years he left him, in order to pursue art in his own way and follow out the especial line of painting in which he has been so eminently successful.

An artist friend once said, that to be a good artist one must be

a good man, that with a pure life the artist's pictures improved; with the reverse they deteriorated, the refinement was lost and a certain coarseness stepped in. We do not know whether the theory will hold good in all cases, yet it is one that we might well wish to be true; and, as we listened to Herr Seitz's pleasant words about his Christmas with his children, and the sunshine the season made throughout the world, and to his references to the shadows that fell to the share of artist-life, bringing, however, with them the highest lights and the most perfect beauty, we felt that, perhaps, here was an instance of the spirit of the refined man being wrought out manually in the delicacy and truth of his paintings.

Not far from the studio of Herr Seitz are the *ateliers* of Herr Friedrich Voltz, the great Bavarian animal-painter, and of his brother Louis—Herr Louis on the ground-floor, his brother in the story immediately above—and so the two work year after year in close proximity, their ivy-twined windows looking out on the same patch of garden-ground.

In the elder brother's studio we find models of cattle, studies of cattle, studies of sheep; in that of the younger, a stag's head, a raven suspended from the ceiling, studies of foxes and other animals of the chase, for Herr Louis Voltz's taste inclines after the wild rather than the tame creatures.

Herr Friedrich Voltz is an idyllic painter; one dreams of pastorals on looking round his *atelier*—Georgics, Bucolics, and the golden time of Arcadia. Here comes a sketch with shady trees dipping their branches into the river, the cows enjoying the cool waters and the shelter from the noonday heat; there a picture with a broader, flatter sweep of country and a larger group of cattle, with all the vivid hues of a brilliant sunshine upon them. The painting upon the easel, when last we visited Herr Voltz's *atelier*, evidences the poetic feeling evinced throughout his works—the feeling which gives a higher tone to his peasants without detracting from the truthfulness of their representation, which influences him to give all that he sees at its best and happiest moment, and which is involuntarily appreciated by the critic even though he should not divine its depths.

The painting to which we allude is of course a cattle-piece; the cows are sleek, superior animals, with an air of meditation about them; the setting sun flames through the trees and gilds the ripples till we can almost discern the golden sparkles dancing on the waters; and sky, and wood, and water, all softened by that

mellow tone observable in all Herr Voltz's works, and wrought up with that idyllic tenderness that makes him a master of pastoral paintings.

"The painters have an immortality on earth," he said; "one stands before a Wouvermans, a Raphael, or a Rubens, and feels as though one had conversed with the great masters; one seems to grasp their hands and receive, as it were, a revelation!"

Yes, and it tempts one to venture on a speculation, and that not irreverently, as to why so beautiful a gift should be only for this life—why should not the talents given to us here be carried to higher perfection and made subservient to some higher purpose hereafter? Why should not the after-man, in his perfected manhood, carry on in the new life the highest possible of the present? Surely St. Paul had some such thought in his mind when he spoke of the perfection of renewed humanity to which he looked forward. But this is all dreamy and theoretic. To return to our subject—the father of Herr Voltz, Johann Michael Voltz, was himself an excellent painter, living at Nördlingen, where Friedrich was born and where he was sent to school, the result of his studies being that he preferred history and geography to Latin, and painting to everything. For some time he was a pupil of his father, but a visit to Munich in 1833 awakened a new life in him that was more in accordance with his tastes than the routine prescribed by his father, whose ideal was historical painting. In 1834 he entered the Academy at Munich, but does not seem to have been altogether satisfied. In 1835 he studied the Bavarian Oberland, and a visit to the banks of the Würm, near Munich, through its tender pastoral characteristics produced a great influence upon him, whilst his art-feeling drew him towards the old masters.

At this time he associated much with the painters Heideck, Karl Rottmann, Christian Morgenstern, and Etzdorf. In 1841 and 1845 he visited Upper Italy; however, the character of the scenery had no charms for him, but a journey which he made to Belgium in 1846 was of the utmost importance to him, bringing him into connexion with the artists of Düsseldorf and Holland. In 1856 he was in North Germany, and in 1858 he studied with Koller and Steffan among the Swiss mountains.

The various schools of nature as they may be termed in reference to art-life, produced effects upon Friedrich Voltz easy to be traced in his works, of which a German critic thus speaks:—"Every accessory shows an appreciative and delicate sense of beauty the

more effectively carried out through the strength and master-strokes of the painter."

Whilst the elder brother works unrivalled among the tamer animals, the younger, Herr Louis Voltz, turns his attention towards the wilder ones. He is now at work upon (or perhaps has already finished) what promises to be one of the finest of his paintings. Two stags are fighting on the edge of a precipice; one is trying to butt the other into the abyss beneath, whilst his opponent strives to maintain his ground. The position of the animals is very spirited, the painting fine, and the deep grays of the setting storm-clouds behind the crags throw into more vivid brightness the colours in the foreground.

But whilst Herr Louis Voltz is pre-eminently successful in wild creatures, and though his talent is decidedly for animals of the chase, he has several pictures in progress which promise to be successful in tamer life—one especially, of a large drove of oxen and sheep on a flat outstretching plain, which gives token of a highly satisfactory issue.

Before we leave the animal-painters one other artist must be noticed, who brings animal life largely into his pictures. This is Herr Reinhold Braun (here again we have an instance of two brothers being alike painters), Herr Louis Braun, the younger, being celebrated for his battle-pieces.

The son of an invalided officer, settled at Altenstaig in the Black Forest, Herr Reinhold Braun's early associations led him at first to a military expression of his talent. Battle-scenes, reviews, portraits of officers, were produced by his youthful pencil and even at a later period; but though some of these found a place in royal collections (one was destroyed at the burning of the Tuileries), he, in riper years, renounced this style altogether and now devotes himself entirely to *genre* subjects with the frequent introduction of animals, especially horses—and more especially of the sturdy Suabian horses, which he treats with truth and skill, and with the love of a true Suabian for whatever belongs to the country of his birth. Indeed his loving treatment of such groups has earned for him the *soubriquet* of the "Suabian Wouvermans."

Herr Braun delights in timbered cottages with peaks and gable ends, in irregular stabling, or rambling farm outbuildings; and in his pictures one is sure to meet with pigeons on the roofs, or fowls and ducks of marvellously delicate painting, swimming, strutting, or waddling, as the case may be. Also he revels in the quaint

architecture and hilly streets of some of the old Suabian towns, in example of which we may remark his late contribution to the Vienna Exhibition, "Der Frachtwagen," in which the architectural peculiarities referred to are strikingly observable, though the interest of the painting centres in the six powerful and spirited horses tugging at their load.

Herr Braun's nationality has further been developed in a series of water-colour drawings illustrative of Suabian habits and costumes, which are in the possession of the Queen of Wurtemberg.

Herr Braun's works are noticeable for careful drawing and finished details; he is a true lover of his craft, and works with heart and soul as well as with hand and brain, and the result is a harmony grateful to the eye and to the senses of the critic.

From the painters of animal life we turn to the painters of human figures, and enter first the *atelier* of Herr Koerle, a well-known rococo painter. Again we notice the ivy clinging round the window, whilst the saffron-coloured damask hangings before the door, the embroidered satin screen in its gilt frame, the antique velvet-covered chairs, the pieces of tapestry and damask against the walls, together with an odd old *escritoire* and several pictures sufficiently denote the taste of the owner, even were it not further carried out by the wardrobe in the adjoining apartment, which contains a selection of bygone grandeur in the shape of brocade trains and dresses, silken tissues, embroidered coats, head-gear of various periods, together with pieces of lace, piquant hats of more modern date, artificial flowers, high-heeled satin slippers, and a variety of other art-properties.

Herr Koerle's pictures usually contain but one figure, and a peculiar feature is that they are seldom drawn facing the spectator; sometimes they are turned away completely, or with but a slight portion of the side face visible, or at any rate with only a side view. In looking at them a charming confusion of ideas rises in one's mind. One thinks of the love-songs of Herrick, Suckling, and Lovelace, of courtiers in the reign of the *Grand Monarque*, of Watteau, of the *Minuet de la Cour*, of tapestried chambers, of the gentle conceits of lovers of the eighteenth century and of Dolly Varden.

Perhaps the names of some of these exquisite cabinet pictures may account to the reader for the odd chaos of thought. "Im Corridor," a young gentleman of the olden time awaiting an audience, examines a picture upon the wall. "En passant," a lady throwing a flower over the banisters. "Das Bild der Geliebten,"

a courtier looking at the portrait of his ladylove. "Ein Ständchen," a page playing a serenade to a lady who is listening in an adjoining apartment; the heavy velvet curtain prevents the lady from seeing him. "Ein Korbchen," illustrative of an old custom marking the rejection of a lover. A girl daintily dressed in brocade is carrying a basket of flowers to present to a young man, who being lost in meditation does not at present perceive her. "Am Spiegel," a serving maiden, standing on a footstool before a mirror, surveys herself with much complacency. Her pretty feet in high-heeled shoes are seen to great advantage. "Im Blumen Regen," a girl in creamy brocaded silk is holding up a parasol to protect herself from a shower of roses with which some admirer is pelting her from an unseen upper window. "Karten Orakel," a girl trying her fortune with cards, the ace of hearts is in her hand.

Herr Koerle is now at work upon a pair of paintings, each consisting of two figures: the one represents a misunderstanding between two lovers, the other the more amicable interview of a probably betrothed pair.

Another rococo painter is Herr Joseph Watter, who studied under Kaulbach and Ramberg. His paintings are full of spirit and lively colouring, the sketching and carrying out of his designs being marked by force and finish. The study of a lady in brocade stood upon the easel; and resting against the wall was a "Garden Party," some of the faces being portraits. A copy of Herr Watter's "Postillion" pleased us exceedingly. In the front seat of the *Postwagen* is a young girl who leans forward to flirt with the postillion, who turns his head to talk to her, at the same time dexterously managing his horses, which are full of life. On the back seat sit two nuns, grave and severe, and moralizing doubtless on the worldliness and frivolity of their companion. The idea of contrast is admirably carried out and even extends to the two horses, one of whom is a quiet sober animal, whilst the other is fiery and restive. The whole composition is most spirited.

Next door to Herr Koerle is the *atelier* of Herr Jacob Geisser, a *genre* painter well known in artistic circles. We found him busy upon a large picture, "A family Concert," which will, we believe, make its appearance in London in the course of the present year. The antique room in which the concert is taking place is well conceived, and a rich shade of colour brightens from the deep-coloured oak-work of the apartment up to the higher lights, which are skilfully disposed, the highest of all being centred in the flowing

white satin dress of the lady singing to the party assembled whilst a young man accompanies her on the piano or harpsichord. The grouping of the figures is easy and natural, and the picture one of much interest and elaborate manipulation.

Not far from Gabelsberger Strasse we come to another group of *ateliers*, where we find the painters Peter Baumgarten and Adolph Eberle. Herr Eberle's father was a painter of high repute, and lost his life through a distressing accident when his son was a mere boy. The younger Eberle, however, inheriting his father's talent, from the *Gewerbeschule* at Munich passed to the Academy, where Herr von Kaulbach at the time presided, and after a study of the antique entered the school of the Royal Professor, Karl von Piloty, and has now attained an independent position as a painter of pictures of high merit. His *atelier* abounded with copies of completed works, and sketches of those yet to be painted. In most of these a dog is introduced, for Herr Eberle has a passion for dogs, and is intending to paint an exclusively dog-picture, which will not fail to be well done, since it will be worked at *con amore*. A very intelligent poodle was playing about the room and taking advantage of his master's predilection for the canine tribe.

One sees in Herr Eberle's pictures a boldness of design and execution that carry an impression of power with them; one feels that he paints rapidly and is at no loss for ideas. A very pretty painting was in progress illustrating a German custom at country festivities, where the girls cluster outside the door of the drawing-room, waiting for the young men to come out and choose partners to join the dance.

Herr Baumgarten's course of study very much resembled that of Herr Eberle, he also ending by being a pupil of Piloty. One may call him a nature-painter *par excellence*; so true a copyist is he of nature in all its phases, added to a Dutch love for interiors, with every detail carried out with such wonderful effect that one can all but reach the dishes from the shelves, the jugs and tankards from the tables. Studies of bits of scenery, of rocks, of caverns, of cottage-rooms with old fireplaces, &c., &c., adorn the walls of his *atelier*; and on the easel rests the painting in progress, "The return of the Flocks from the Alps"—a Swiss village scene; the cattle adorned with flowers and feathers, and the picture of their guardian saints upon their foreheads, are foremost in the procession, followed by sheep, goats, and herdsmen in holiday costume, whilst youths, maidens, and aged people are assembled to witness the

pastoral cavalcade. A maiden of a higher class looks down from the steps of the village hostelry, and the whole scene is radiant with life and simple happiness. The mountains in the near distance, and the grey sky (if Herr Baumgarten has not altered the latter) alone throw a graver shadow upon the general sunshine of the picture.

Quite on the outskirts of Munich, not far from the delightful English Garden, is the *atelier* of Herr Wagnmüller. Herr Wagnmüller is both painter and sculptor, and perhaps is almost better known as the latter, especially in England, which he frequently visits. The busts of some of our English nobility and celebrated men adorn his studio. Their excellence needs no criticism. Herr Wagnmüller being exceedingly happy in his likenesses, and his fame being well established both at home and abroad. His *atelier* is a large light airy building, built in the garden that surrounds his house. His own especial studio is a lofty pleasant room, adorned with casts from his different works, also pictures and photographs upon the walls. Among the photographs were those taken from the memorial fountain to be erected in memory of the Bavarian soldiers who lost their lives in the late war. This was exhibited last year in Vienna, and is of great beauty and interest. The painting with which Herr Wagnmüller was occupied—a girl swinging—was on the easel, and the artist seemed equally at home with the pencil and with the chisel. In the adjoining apartment two of his pupils were at work, one modelling the figure of an infant, the other painting from an old man with grey hair and beard, sitting in the uncomfortable and fatiguing rigidity required in a model.

A very pleasant life must these artists lead, painting out their thoughts as poets write their verses, and seeing them live for other eyes to comprehend and to admire. Then too, their *ateliers*, fitted up according to their especial tastes, their social life among themselves, with its interchange of art-thought, their kindly criticism of and interest in each others' works: each has its charm. Besides, they are living in the Art-City of the world, where the princely munificence of its kings has met with a due reward, and raised Munich to an enviable art-position among the capitals of Europe.

Bavaria may be proud of her painters; she can look back upon her Albrecht Dürer, her Holbeins (father and son), Burgkmair, Schaffner, Loth, and a list of others without blushing for their successors, and to an ever-increasing galaxy to add fresh lustre to the crown of stars already glittering around her brow.

But to conclude,—Carl von Piloty, born in Munich, living in Munich, painting in Munich, whose *atelier* was the last we visited in Munich, shall close these slight notes of some of the Munich painters.

Second to none of the painters of his native land, it required some courage to go without an introduction to see his *atelier*. But, like Herr von Kaulbach's, it is open at stated times for the admission of strangers, and, like Kaulbach's, it is a large dreamy place in the Academy buildings. Perhaps there is a greater glow of colour about it, a more brilliant effect of pictures and frames, aided, and possibly added to, by the lay-figure in white satin costume of the period of Henry the VIII., from which Herr von Piloty was painting the garments of that monarch in his new picture of the interview between Henry and Anne Boleyn, in which the unhappy Queen sees that her doom is sealed, and gives way to her despair.

Perhaps one may say that the characteristic feeling of Piloty in connexion with art is dramatic, or perhaps rather that he seizes upon the dramatic force of a situation in his paintings. One sees it in the yet unfinished one to which we have referred. And again in the superb bearing of Thusnelda, in his great work exhibited at Vienna. Or, again, in the pose of Columbus (in the gallery of Baron von Schack) as he stands in the moment of discovering the New World, with the quivering moon rays falling upon his forehead and on the deck of the vessel, and silvering the waters, whilst the glow from a lantern casts its redder light upon the lower part of his face. Perhaps even more strongly than in these is it manifested in his grand work "The Death of Wallenstein," in the New Pinakothek. The old astrologer Seni entering the chamber of the Duke, finds his master dead. One stands before this picture as the sunlight streams upon it, and scarce can leave it, or one leaves it but to return and take another and another look before quitting the gallery.

Herr von Piloty, like Herr von Kaulbach, is tall and dark, with a strongly marked, intelligent, pleasant face, such as one might expect from the character he bears among the artists, by whom he is greatly beloved. *Herzlich* is the word one thinks of in seeing him, for there is something so wonderfully genial and friendly in his manner.

One of his pupils was in the *atelier*, showing a painting for correction—a figure at the entrance of an archway. With a piece of chalk and a few rapid strokes, Herr von Piloty scored a few folds

in the drapery, showed where the light should fall, and the shadows be deeper; and lo! the picture assumed, as if by magic, quite a new character. His pupils are said to adore him, finding him, though great as an artist, and with a fame that might excuse him if he held himself above his fellow-workers, cordial and unassuming, taking a kindly interest in all, and with a spirit untainted by any jealousy.

Herr von Piloty's was the last *atelier* we visited at Munich, and the memory of it lingers as one of the pleasant memories of the Art City. We had entered with the fear upon us of intruding—we left it with a grateful feeling to its owner for having dispelled this fear, and having by his courteous bearing made us quite forget that he was a genius.

JULIA GODDARD.

[Since these Notes were written, the distinguished artist Herr von Kaulbach has been summoned to his rest, after a short attack of illness, an irreparable loss, not only to his country, but to the world in general.—ED. ST. JAMES' MAGAZINE.]

OBITUARY OF THE MONTH.

March 14th.—During the past week America has lost two of her foremost citizens—Millard Fillmore, once President of the United States,—and Charles Sumner, Senator from Massachusetts in Congress. Millard Fillmore was born in the State of New York on the 7th January, 1800. His family was originally settled in Massachusetts. Having studied law, he was admitted to practice in 1823. He entered the New York Legislature in 1828, and was elected to Congress in 1832. Here his talents brought him prominently forward as a political leader and worker of the “Whig” party. In 1848 he was elected to the office of Vice-President, under General Taylor as President, and within a year the death of the President advanced him to that high office. The conflict between the North and the South assumed definite aims during his term, and his signing the Fugitive Slave Law, which made operative the express stipulation of the Constitution, brought to him threats of assassination. The anti-slavery sentiment, together with the anti-South feeling, proved too much for the Whigs, and with President Fillmore’s retirement from the Chief Magistracy perished this once great party. Full honours were paid to the memory of ex-President Fillmore. His body lay in state at Buffalo, where he died, and President Grant issued a proclamation, ordering that the Executive Mansion and all the departments of State at Washington should be draped in black until after the funeral, Congress adjourning from day to day after passing resolutions of regret for his decease. His remains were interred in the Forest Lawn Cemetery, Buffalo.—Charles Sumner was a native of Boston. He graduated at Harvard in 1830, studied law at the Cambridge Law School and was admitted to the bar at Boston in 1834. Soon after he prepared his three well-known volumes of decisions known as “Sumner’s Reports.” In 1837 he came to England, and travelled in Europe for three years. A Fourth of July oration, delivered in

1845, first brought him forward as a politician. He denounced war as a means of settling disputes among nations. In early life he joined the Whigs, but soon advanced in the anti-slavery direction beyond that party, and in 1848 he supported Van Buren for the Presidency. In 1851 he was elected to the United States' Senate, to succeed Daniel Webster, after three months' balloting in the Massachusetts Legislature, and he held his position as Senator from that time until his death. In this position he devoted his life, his energies, and his immense accumulation of knowledge to the negro race—first to the abolition of slavery, and subsequently to secure for it equal political, civil, and social rights. Of course, after such a career, expressions of opinion as diverse as it is possible to conceive occupy the American press—some pronouncing him all that humanity could be, others denouncing all that he ever did or said. But his life of self-devotion to the great cause of the abolition of slavery must endear his memory to all free men; and all parties admit that in an age of venality Senator Sumner was incorruptibly honest. He died suddenly at Washington, of *angina pectoris*, and the announcement of his death produced a profound feeling of sorrow in America. Congress adjourned in respect to the melancholy event. The body was taken from the family residence and placed in the rotunda of the Capitol, where multitudes of admirers of both races attended and filed past to take a parting look. The remains were afterwards sent to Boston for interment, the negroes of Washington, headed by Douglass and Pinchbeck, forming an escort. Senator Sumner was in his 63rd year.

March 28th.—The death of Professor Mädler is announced, at Hanover, aged 80. He was for many years connected with the Royal Observatory at Berlin under the late Professor Encke, and in 1840 was appointed to succeed the celebrated Struve, as Professor of Astronomy at the University of Dorpat, and Director of the Observatory there, in which posts he remained until his decease. Here he directed his labours chiefly in continuity to Struve's researches respecting the motion of double stars, and propounded his well-known theory, the "Central Sun Hypothesis," by which he endeavoured to show, from the proper motion of a large number of fixed stars, and the mutual relations of these, that our Sun and solar system are moving round a point in or near the star in the Pleiades known as Aleyone, or η Tauri, which he regarded as the common centre of gravity of the whole system of fixed stars, extending to the Milky Way. Professor Mädler wrote a most interesting history of

the progress of descriptive astronomy, from the most ancient to the most recent times, which was published in two volumes last year at Brunswick.

March 28th.—The death of H. C. Lumbye is announced, at Copenhagen, aged 66. His name is known wherever Terpsichore is worshipped, as a composer of dance-music. He was a native of Copenhagen, his father being a trumpeter in the cavalry, and as a boy he showed early signs of great musical talent. He was placed under the tuition of the bandmaster, who soon was left long behind by his pupil. Lumbye, as a composer, stands near, if not equal, to Strauss or Gungl. His instrumentalism was extraordinary; and as a conductor of a band he was known and admired, not in Denmark alone, where by his genius and his personal amiability he had become a great popular favourite, but everywhere in Germany, Sweden, and Russia, where he had travelled with his band and given concerts. He was buried at Copenhagen, followed to the grave by hundreds of friends and admirers.

March 28th.—The Right Hon. Henry Cairns Westenra, 4th Baron Rossmore, of Rossmore, co. Monaghan, aged 23. He was a lieutenant in the 1st Life Guards, and, whilst riding a steeple-chase at Windsor, met with an accident, his horse falling and rolling over him, which ended fatally.

March 28th.—Recently, Mr. Albert Way, aged 69, well known as a most accomplished and indefatigable antiquary. In early life, soon after taking his degree at Trinity College, Cambridge, Mr. Way joined the Society of Antiquaries, and it was not long before he roused attention by his account of the discovery of the heart of Richard the First at Rouen. Henceforward he devoted himself earnestly to the study of antiquities, and laboured well for the reversion of the verdict passed by Dr. Arnold (perhaps with too much justice) upon the pursuits of antiquaries at the early part of this century. He was long connected with the "Archæological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland," and his contributions to the *Journal* of that Institute were very numerous and varied. He also arranged and edited Sir Samuel Meyrick's work upon Ancient Armour. In 1844 Mr. Way married his cousin, Emmeline, youngest daughter of the late Lord Stanley of Alderley, and having acquired the estate at Wonham, he there formed a considerable collection of objects of art and virtù, in which he took great delight. He was a kind, benevolent man, and his genial disposition and charming manners endeared him to all who knew him.

March 31st.—At East Hampstead Park, Berkshire, Arthur, 5th Marquis of Downshire, aged 30. His family was founded in Ireland by Sir Moyses Hill, who served under the great Earl of Essex in 1573, and became possessed of large estates in that kingdom.

April 4th.—The death of Sir William Bodkin is announced, aged 83. He had only recently retired from the office of Assistant Judge of the Middlesex Quarter Sessions, which he had held for many years. Sir William Bodkin came of an ancient family long connected with Galway. He was educated in England, and called to the bar by the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn in 1826, and soon after joined the Home Circuit, practising largely in criminal cases. For some years he held the Recordership of Dover. At the general election of 1841 he became a candidate for Rochester in the Conservative interest, and, after an exciting contest, was returned with Mr. J. Stoddart Douglas, defeating Lord Melgund, the present Earl of Minto, by the narrow majority of two votes; but he lost his seat at the election of 1847. Sir William Bodkin was a Bencher of Gray's Inn, and a Deputy Lieutenant of Middlesex. He received the honour of knighthood in 1867.

April 7th.—The celebrated painter Wilhelm von Kaulbach, Director of the Royal Academy at Munich, died in that capital from a severe attack of cholera, aged 70. He was one of the most original artists of our day. In early life he studied under Cornelius, but made little progress, and determined to abandon painting, and make a living as a drawing-master, but it is said that a visit to a mad-house, for the chapel of which he had painted some figures of angels, changed his idea, the countenances of the inmates rousing his latent genius. His principal works are the "Battle of the Huns," painted in 1837; "The Destruction of Jerusalem by Titus," 1846; and the "Tower of Babel," 1847, which was exhibited at the Paris Exhibition, 1855.

April 10th.—Recently, at Dunstable, Mr. George Derbyshire, aged 82. He was the author of the "History of Dunstable," and was also a poet of no mean order, producing amongst other pieces "Native Scenes," "Graves of the Poor," "The Invasion of Britain by Julius Cæsar," &c. A contemporary states that "since the days of John Bunyan, Bedfordshire has produced no poet equal to Mr. Derbyshire."

EDITH DEWAR;

OR,

GLIMPSES OF SCOTTISH LIFE AND MANNERS IN
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY COLIN RAE-BROWN,

AUTHOR OF "THE DAWN OF LOVE," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

AT CHAMOUNI.

THE history of Switzerland can never fail to deeply interest the more intelligent natives of North Britain. Like their own mountain-land, the Alpine regions are prominently associated with those Wars of Independence which have rendered the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries for ever famous: if the one country had its Wallace, the other had its Tell. Again, in the later time of the Reformation, Switzerland had its Zwingli and its Calvin, while Scotland could boast a Wishart and a Knox; two martyrs to the faith they had espoused, and two indomitable social leaders and fervid preachers who have each had their acts and words indelibly recorded in the annals of their own times, and whose labours of love have been exhibited in the subsequent characteristics of their respective countries. How far those great exemplars extended their circles of influence history can never infallibly determine; but there can be little doubt that to their indomitable perseverance, unflinching courage, and unshaken integrity, the civilized world now owes a debt of gratitude which defies all computation.

Alexanders and Napoleons may rise and fall with the vast empires which their insatiable and cruel ambition have reared, but Wallace and Tell, and Knox and Calvin, built up for themselves reputations which shall not only be perpetuated for all time, but which

shall shine throughout eternity as priceless jewels in the crown of God !

It is generally believed that the earliest human inhabitants of Switzerland were, like the Scots, of Celtic origin. They were sheer pagans, having their wood-gods, river-gods, and other local deities ; while, not altogether without reason, they worshipped the sun, moon, and stars, as the most exalted and wonderful of *visible* things. Beatus is said to have introduced Christianity to Helvetia so far back as the first century ; but it is more than interesting to Scottish travellers to learn that the Christian religion, in a purer and more exalted form, entered Switzerland through one of the pupils of St. Columba, hailing from the far shores of Iona.

Gall—meaning, no doubt, the Gael—afterwards a saint himself, and the founder of the famous monastery of St. Gall, was, however, a native of Ireland. If Professor Huxley is in the right, all Scotland was originally peopled by the Celts, who had previously settled in Ireland.

And who were the Celts ?

Future research will, no doubt, incontestibly prove them to have been the descendants of early Phœnician emigrants who—foreshadowing the exodus of our able and skilled artisans and others of the present day—forsook an overpeopled for a less populous quarter of the globe. Be that as it may, the Celts have made no unfavourable mark for themselves on the progress of civilization within and far beyond Helvetia and Britain.

The monastery of St. Gall was a religious town in miniature. Almost every known trade and profession was carried on in the buildings which surrounded the church, and the worn and weary wayfarer was sure of food and shelter within its roomy hospice. Would that our jesuitical friends of this generation would simply follow out—nothing more—the example so set by these Christian “monks of old.”

The tea-party at Mrs. Roberts’ homely residence, on the evening of the day which brought the ladies’ pleasant journey to a close, proved a source of great enjoyment to all those who partook of the worthy lady’s hospitality on that occasion. Mabel Allan positively declared that it was a thorough Scottish repast ; Edith quite coincided with her friend’s opinion ; and both gentlemen, out of actual conviction, and not mere courtesy, endorsed the feminine verdict.

Under all the surrounding circumstances of the gathering at Mrs. Roberts, etiquette was not supposed to be violated by such

frank remarks, the most cordial and open relations having already been established between the entertainers and the entertained.

"You see," said Mrs. Roberts, "I have profited in more ways than one by my long residence in what was, for such a lengthened period, the land of my adoption. And I can assure you that, much as you Scottish people flatter yourselves, in the matter of substantial breakfasts and comfortable teas, Lancashire folks tread very closely on your heels."

"You are perfectly right, madam," said Mr. Melville; "friend Lade and I sailed from the Clyde to the Mersey *en route* for Chamouni, and, on our arrival at Liverpool, partook of such a breakfast as neither I nor he ever supposed could be provided south of the Tweed. It only lacked the Barns o' Clyde butter in order to have achieved perfection. There is a vast amount of substantial solidity and excellence about the people and the "good things of this life" which one meets with in Lancashire, while there is much less reserve exhibited at the outset of an acquaintanceship than is usual with my unco' cannie countrymen and countrywomen. With all this, however, allow me to call your attention to the fact that you have one positively Scottish element introduced on this very table, to wit, that universally popular Dundee marmalade with which Master Charlie is now making himself most particularly at home. And," he added, turning towards Mabel, who sat on his left, "I hope Miss Allan will see that her dear coz does not become too patriotic in his attentions to Keiller."

"Upon my word, Melville, you are making me out quite a fly in amber, and Mabel is eyeing me as seriously as if I were a naughty boy caught in a cupboard. I shall make up for my devotion to the marmalade, Mrs. Roberts, if you will only promise to accompany us to the Jardin. I have brought with me a northern product, which will regale our appetites, after the climbing, in a way and with a gusto which even the very choicest Lancashire fare cannot equal. You need not look quite so astonished, Melville, I have brought with me more than one good thing of which you know nothing. I have not been on sketching excursions in the Highlands without learning something about camping out. Hery McCulloch is the man to teach artist-recruits how to fill their forage-bags, and I was two years his pupil, studying my rustic foregrounds."

"I had quite succeeded in persuading mamma to accompany us to the Jardin before you came in, Mr. Lade, and I can see that

your tempting bait will ensure the fulfilment of her promise. Am I not right," continued Miss Roberts, addressing herself to her mother, "in saying so?"

"Quite right, dear, and I shall be full of anticipation."

"So shall we all," was Miss Allan's remark, "if I may be allowed to speak for those of the 'all' who have not yet spoken on the subject. What say you, madame?"

"*Oui, oui, certainement*, mademoiselle. I, for one, am all on the *qui-vive*. I shall be dreaming all night of Scottish truffles—if there are such—or a similar *recherché entrée*, or garnish, redolent with the odour of your mountain-heath or your peat-smoke."

To the pleasantries of the tea-table succeeded some admirable part and solo singing, accompanied by the exquisite touch of the Misses Roberts on the pianoforte. Thereafter, Mrs. Roberts and Madame Dessenon took to their knitting, Miss Allan, the Misses Roberts, and Lade, made up a whist-party—honest long whist—no points, and no money-scores; the result of these arrangements to Edith and Melville being a tête-à-tête at a window commanding a fine view of "Le Géant."

"May I ask, Miss Dewar, what were the impressions made on you by the first sight of this marvellous mountain?"

"Wonder, amazement, and admiration," replied Edith, "so completely took possession of me, that madame thought I had become absolutely petrified. But no sooner had I recalled my inner consciousness than I felt a soul-subduing awe the predominant result. That feeling has held possession of me ever since. Have you been here before?"

"I never have, but from reading and pictorial sources I had become so familiar with the mountain of light as to suppose there could be nothing in the actual sight of Mont Blanc to impress me more deeply with its vast magnificence. I little knew what was in store for my pragmatistical self, and, like you, was absolutely stunned with the immensity of the glory which seemed to radiate from its mighty peaks and shoulders. You have chosen a term for yourself which identically represents the feeling which immediately afterwards possessed me, placing wonder and admiration in a subordinate rank: I mean that self-same soul-subduing awe which you have experienced. If inconceivable vastitude, sublime majesty, and spotless purity be typical of heaven, then of a truth we are here vouchsafed a glimpse or foretaste of the eternal. Are you familiar with the works of Sheridan Knowles?"

"I am sorry to say," rejoined Edith, "that my knowledge of general literature is extremely limited. I was never allowed to enter papa's study, and my mother's library was entirely confined to religious publications. I may say that it is only within the last few months that I have made any acquaintance whatever with what I believe is termed the *Belles Lettres*. I have never even heard the name of that author."

"If you will permit me, I shall bring a volume of his works over here to morrow. It contains his drama of "William Tell," and exhibits quite a Shakspearian vein of genius, while there is an utter absence of profane or loose language throughout the entire volume. Such blots are conspicuous by their absence from all Knowles' works. As a dramatic author who can preach and teach as well as amuse and startle, he is destined yet to occupy a far higher position in the world of letters than is now accorded him. Tell, you know, was quite a Wallace in his way, and, like our Scottish hero, is considered to have been the possessor of a noble and refined intellectuality, though he never, in all probability, had the advantage of that early and careful mental culture which fell to the young hope of Ellerslie. I will go over a few lines from the play I spoke of, and they will give you some idea of what Knowles considered his hero capable of uttering on a return to his early haunts,—

"Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free!

Methinks I hear

Some spirit in your echoes answer me
And bid your tenant welcome to his home again!
O sacred forms, how proud ye look!
How high ye lift your heads into the sky!
How huge ye are! how mighty! and how free!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine; whose smile
Makes glad! whose frown is terrible! whose forms,
Robed, or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine! Ye guards of liberty,
I'm with you once again! I call to you
With all my voice—I rush to you as though
I could embrace you!'

"I consider these lines a perfect epitome of the grandeur of

patriotic eloquence—glowing with the fire of freedom and the love of country. May I ask what is your opinion?”

“They are very noble, very grand,” answered Edith, whose thoughts nevertheless sadly wandered from Tell to some one less remote. “I shall live on the expectation of a great treat till you are kind enough to let me have the volume. You see how very ignorant I am when all knowledge of such a brilliant author has hitherto entirely escaped my notice.”

“You are far from singular in that respect, Miss Dewar. My friend Lade never heard of Knowles till I repeated these same lines to him the other day. Knowles will not write up—or rather down—to the sensational appetite of the age; hence the organs of the public press—that marvellous power of notoriety, good or bad—have not been so occupied with his productions as they ought. His time will come. Refined and robust literature, when morally sound and intellectually great, must, sooner or later, assert and maintain a high and honourable position and exert a powerful influence.”

“Whatever are you two so occupied with? You have never once deigned to honour us with even a look.”

Mabel could not help envying Edith what seemed a most welcome companionship, and she had been yearning to disturb it for the previous half-hour.

“I must beg pardon, Miss Allan—for Miss Dewar and myself—if we have allowed ourselves to be so engrossed by this magnificent view as to forget there was such a thing as a whist-party hard at work behind us. At the same time, as there is no playing whist to advantage if the attention of the players are distracted, I think our utter abstention was your gain.”

Mabel was not at all pleased that Melville should have taken the trouble to reply for Edith as well as for himself: she wished she had held her tongue.

Before the gentlemen left that evening, it had been arranged to meet the ladies just before dawn, in order to witness the world-renowned spectacle of sunrise at Chamouni.

After their departure, Edith was subjected to not a few leading questions as to her impressions of the Glasgow student—questions very artfully framed by Mabel the inquisitive. Our heroine, however, had become too much of the woman to be as easily led into open avowals of all her feelings as formerly. She was friendly and polite as ever, but could not make up her mind to yield forth to

Mabel all the pleasantly-jumbled ratiocinations which had tenanted her mind that evening. Indeed, had she been inclined to display the utmost frankness, she could at that time only have said, "I really do not know how to answer you." As it was, she led Mabel to infer that she had formed no positive estimate of either of the gentlemen beyond being very much pleased with both.

Mabel was not quite sure but that Edith had answered her to the best of her ability. The Glasgow heiress did not give her companion credit for that inherent strength of mind and power of discrimination which were then being developed, and which were destined, ere long, to exhibit outward signs of vitality and strength.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE "DAWN" AT CHAMOUNI.

THE moon had all but entirely disappeared when the party assembled next morning—shortly after three o'clock—but the sky was still studded with innumerable stars. A quarter of an hour later, and not a star was perceptible in the western horizon, now blazing with vast fires supplied by the sun, who was then gloriously uprising in all his pomp and magnificence from behind the mountains. As the monarch of the sky pursued his upward career out of the fabled east, every one held breath, awe-stricken, and lost in silent yet rapturous admiration. Still spell-bound, they saw the mighty artist touch peak after peak with the hues of the blush-rose, and pick out every crevice with living light. When the whole of the grand panorama commanded from the Vale had been thoroughly clothed in an array of inconceivable and yet more indescribable magnificence, Melville was the first to break silence, as he gently disengaged himself from the two ladies—Mrs. Roberts and Edith—who had availed themselves of his support during the previous half-hour.

"Let us," he said, "join in a short prayer to the great Architect of the universe. It is scarcely possible that we shall ever all meet again on earth under circumstances so marvellously calculated to touch and soften our hearts."

The ladies reverentially bent their heads as Lade and Melville uncovered theirs, and the latter fervently, and without one trace of affectation, addressed the Deity in a few simply-eloquent sentences,

expressive of the utter dependence of the creature, and the duty of obedience to the commands of a Creator who had so demonstrated the incomprehensible marvels of His glory and omnipotence.

Mabel Allan was the least impressible of the group, and her soul had not been so thoroughly interpenetrated with the marvellous splendours which had so recently enthralled her companions, nor was she generally susceptible of religious influences arising out of any external or internal experiences, but the briefly eloquent and sincerely fervid utterances of the speaker on this occasion went nearer to the door of her heart than any appeal she had ever listened to.

“He will make his mark,” she said to herself, “he will be none of your common hum-drum preachers; and then he is so handsome!”

Edith had also certain communings with herself which had been called into existence by this first experience of Melville’s fitness for his sacred vocation.

“His delivery so resembles my papa’s, and yet is so much more like that of one who thoroughly believes every word he utters. I am certain—I would stake my life—he is as good, and gentle, and kind, as he his eloquent. How happy his mother and aunt must be in the constant society of such a man!”

These were a few of our heroine’s confidential remarks, while she mentally photographed Melville seated in a study substantially, almost elegantly, furnished in oak, mounted with crimson velvet; while, behind the writing-chair on which he was seated, there rose up a stately bookcase filled with quite a wealth of solid volumes, many of them richly bound. On the under-panels were emblazoned a coat of arms which, though not very familiar to her eyes, she nevertheless recognized as that of the Dewar family. This mental traject led her into yet another inward rendering of a home-picture, and the study view gave place to her mother’s boudoir, and when it had flitted away, to the parting scene at the hall-door, and then—then she burst into tears and sobbed audibly.

Worthy Mrs. Roberts and Madame Dessenon were at her side in an instant; the rest of the party were in conversation, a little way off, with a clerical-looking gentleman who, unobserved by any of the party, had been a fellow-spectator, and likewise a fellow-listener to Melville’s brief prayer.

Edith explained very frankly that certain associations of the morning had called up recollection of home and of her dear mother

with unusual distinctness and force—she did not detail all the steps of the process—and added, that she had been “greatly relieved by a good hearty cry.”

When they rejoined the rest of the party, Melville introduced them to the strange gentleman already alluded to, and found, greatly to their delight, that he was no less a person than the famous founder of the “Ragged Schools,” to wit, the Rev. Dr. Guthrie of Edinburgh.

The rev. gentleman gave hearty expression to the sincere pleasure he derived from this unexpected meeting with Mr. Lade—an intimate acquaintance—and his friends; and, before taking leave, informed them that he had consented to deliver a short discourse the next forenoon in one of the Protestant meeting-houses; “where,” he jocularly added, as he cast one of his kind fatherly looks on Melville, “we can forget a’ about Disruptions, and Moderates, and Frees.” Melville belonged to the Moderate, or Established party, while Guthrie was a notable leader of the Free Church adherents.

Over two hundred persons, principally tourists, attended the service that Sunday morning, and the eloquent preacher chose for his text the following words:—“And now abideth faith” (1 Cor. xiii. 13).

The familiarly conversational manner in which the rev. gentleman opened up his subject commanded the entire attention of his audience from the very outset. When he became conscious that every eye and ear were thoroughly arrested, his style of speaking gradually warmed, and he then soared into the highest regions of pulpit eloquence—that eloquence of conviction which he possessed to such an extraordinary degree. His power lay in touching the emotions with tellingly simple illustrations that found an immediate entrance to the hearts of his hearers; striking the finest chords of our common human sympathy.

Edith felt that showers of priceless treasures were literally falling over and around her, and she made many copious notes, but when Melville afterwards extended the shorthand abstract he had felt constrained to take down, she was put in permanent possession of several of the finest passages in the discourse.

They were as follows:—

“Hope presided at our births; and in yonder mother whose busy fancy is weaving a bright future for her child, she rocks the infant’s cradle. Other pleasures, like streams which summer dries or winter

freezes, fail us—hers never—like the waters of the smitten rock, they follow us to the close of life. Constant as the emblem of God's presence to the wandering host, the pillar that was a cloud by day and a fire by night, she accompanies us to the end of our pilgrimage. Hovering like an angel over the bed of death, she often stays when physicians leave ; and lingering in the bosom of beloved ones while there is breath to move a feather, only departs with the sigh which, as if unwilling to part, yields up the soul into the hands of God. God be thanked for Hope !”

“ She throws her bow on the stormiest cloud, and kindles her star in the darkest sky ; for the deadliest malady she has a medicine, and for the deepest wound a balm. It is under her flag the exile sails, and beneath her banner that the soldier fights. By her lamp the pale student pursues his midnight toils. Hers is the brightest beam that shines into the captive's dungeon ; and hers the hand that smoothes life's thorniest pillow. The world's Good Samaritan, Hope, pours her wine and oil into the lips and wounds of suffering humanity ; and approaching the miserable in the mercy and might of Him who came to Jericho, she casts a healing virtue into misfortune's bitterest springs. The world without hope would be a world without a sun.”

So thought Edith. She *had* tasted the bitter waters, and was now, even now, experiencing their healing virtues. How valuable are words in season ! Edith could have gone on her knees and wept forth her gratitude to God and His servant for the dew from heaven which had that day moistened and revived her heart. This had been her predominant feeling towards the close of the sermon, when the then impassioned, but fervent preacher said,—

“ Enjoying this hope, the believer may walk in perpetual sunlight, and go singing on his way to heaven. Under her eye how do all things change—sick-beds, losses, disappointments, bereavements. They throw their furnace light on the face of Jesus, as, sitting by the fire, a refiner, He purifies, not destroys, the gold ; and the death-struggle itself, with its tossings, and groans, and pains, appears as the effort of a bird to break the wires of his cage, and so enter on a new and free existence. Looking on the grave as a bed for the weary, and as one from whose sleep we shall rise, not as we do now, with the infirmities and weaknesses with which we lay down, but in the beauty of perfect holiness and the bloom of everlasting youth, there are times when Christian Hope can say, ‘ Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into

the heart of man to conceive, what things God hath prepared for them that love Him.' ”

Edith felt truly grateful; and carefully folded and put away her manuscript treasures. They were doubly prized by her, and re-read again and yet again, until both the matter and manner of the valued writings had become thoroughly familiar.

Edith was as conscious of the spiritual influence of her mother being around, about, and ever present with her, as she was confident and unwavering in the hope of an eternal reunion with that best and dearest of parents, and the sublime words uttered by the preacher of the previous day were fresh in the mind of our heroine when she awoke on the following Monday.

“It cannot be,” she thought and ejaculated, “that this wonderful world in which we live, and this still more wonderful combination of soul and body by means of which we are enabled to communicate one with another, were formed for the transient gratifications that earth-life affords. Oh, no, no! there is indeed a Saviour to plead for us, a Father to forgive us, and a Heaven where all the weary and contrite of the world shall meet to part no more!”

The daily life which our heroine led under the tender guidance of her devoted mother had been thoroughly imbued with “a dim religious light,” but never assumed harsh or severe aspects. Mrs. Dewar was a submissive sufferer, and however hard her own inward discipline of sorrow might prove, she always strove to impress upon her daughter the cheerful side of the Christian life and religion. Now and then, nevertheless, Edith would wonder why it was that her papa so eloquently inculcated habits of thought and practical modes of life to which he had so often given the lie in his domestic sphere, and the serpent of Unbelief had frequently tried to whisper strong reason for Doubt, at least, into her half-open ear. True, she discouraged its subtle and unwelcome utterings, but they had left a lingering, slimy something behind, which every now and again would assert its right to a tenancy in her mind.

The marvellous Alps of Savoy, the speechless wonders exhibited by the glacier formations, the low-breathed and child-like, yet passionately fervent, utterances of Melville at that long-to-be-remembered “Dawn,” and the never-to-be-forgotten sermon by Dr. Guthrie, had given birth to renewed convictions which moulded themselves into the thoughts which had just found vent in her ejaculation. The last scale had fallen from her eyes, and in the full

consciousness of new strength, arising out of settled belief, she joyously set about preparations for the excursion to the Jardin.

They were to start immediately after breakfast, Dr. Guthrie having promised to join the party, and Charlie having whetted everybody's expectations with regard to the before-mentioned mysterious good things which he had in store for lunch on the occasion.

Pen and pencil must ever alike fail in conveying an adequate portraiture or faithful impression of the peerless beauties and more than majestic grandeur which surround the monarch of mountains. Not the least remarkable of these are presented by the Mer de Glace, under Mont Blanc's mighty shadow. The vast frozen waves of the icy marvel, its enormous gaps and huge channels, cradled at the base of those snowy domes and shining pinnacles, together with the all-pervading sense of solitude and silence, always tending to etherialize, heighten surprise and delight into worship and veneration.

Neither Mrs. Roberts nor any of her daughters had ever got so far as the Jardin before, so that, to each one of the party, the day proved quite an epoch in his or her existence.

Everything about this new Alpine world was so free, so pure, and so beautiful, that they wondered not when Melville again quoted—this time for the benefit of all present—the passages from "Tell" previously repeated to Edith, with the following additional extract:—

"Scaling yonder peak,
I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow—
O'er the abyss.

His broad, expanded wings
Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
As if he floated there without their aid—
By the sole act of his unlorded will
That buoy'd him proudly up.

Instinctively
I bent my bow, yet kept he rounding still
His aery circle!

As if in the delight
Of measuring the ample range beneath,
And round about absorb'd, he heeded not
The death which threaten'd him—I could not shoot,

'Twas Liberty ! I turn'd my bow aside
And let him soar away !

O Heaven !

With what a pride I used to walk these hills,
And look up to my God, and bless Him that
It was so ! It was free—free as the winds—
From end to end, from cliff to lake 'twas free !
Free as our torrents are that leap our rocks,
And plough our valleys, without asking leave ;
Or as our peaks that wear their caps of snow
In very presence of the regal sun himself ! ”

One and all were enraptured beyond measure, and, like the great Swiss patriot, they also looked up reverentially to their God, and “blessed Him that it was so ! ”

Our travellers and their friends camped for lunch on a small rocky plateau near the centre of those seven acres of beautiful herbage which constitute the Jardin, set like a mighty emerald in the sea of opal represented by that wondrous lake of ice the Mer de Glace. Charlie Lade had made some more use of his time in London than merely seeing sights and visiting the studios of brother artists. He had made some unique additions to his “camping-out” plant, having purchased sundry almost magical cooking appliances, in miniature, at a celebrated shop in Oxford Street, where many of our readers have, no doubt, been amused and surprised by the quaint announcements and still more quaint utensils which have appeared, year after year, inside and outside that emporium of marvels. But—even Dr. Guthrie’s curiosity had been largely excited—it was mainly on a square tin box of moderate dimensions that all eyes were fixed, for in it, they had been told, dwelt the coming delectabilities of the mid-day meal. At last it was opened, but nothing was perceptible save the wrapper of brown paper which enveloped the *recherché* something. Calling Melville to his assistance, Lade persisted in lighting his wood fire before he brought forth the contents, but no sooner had the splinters begun to crackle than he proceeded to the work of unwrapping. Fold after fold of paper was taken off, and as quickly consigned to the greedy flames, till at length there were displayed some half-dozen of noble “Finnan Haddies,” as plump and rich in colour as the day they had been packed in the far north.

Mrs. and the Misses Roberts had to plead guilty of utter igno-

rance in the matter of "Finnan Haddies;" but every one else, the Rev. Doctor not excepted, beheld the artist's treasures with unmingled and irrepressible satisfaction. It has even been said that ultimately Lade fished out of his inexhaustible wallet a flask of real Glenlivet, and that he brewed "a wee drappie o't"—hot and sweet—to drink the health of "Auld Scotland," and continued success to the curers of "Finnan Haddies." It has further been asserted that the ladies *did* taste of the national beverage on that particular occasion.

It was a day—and a lunch—long to be remembered; and certain it is that more genuine enjoyment has never been experienced during a visit to the Jardin by any former or subsequent party of travellers. Even Mabel was happy, as Dr. Guthrie, feeling particularly interested in Edith, had monopolized a good deal of the latter's company, leaving Melville an easy prey for the acquisitive little lady from the city of Sanct Mungo. Mabel did not undervalue this opportunity of letting the minister-to-be know whose daughter she was. She also informed him that her father was very fond of the society of clergymen. Miss Allan had an idea that all unmarried clergymen were equally desirous of becoming acquainted with reputed millionaires who had marriageable daughters, and that, in all probability, her rich father's only daughter would be an unusually desirable match for any minister. At this time she did not know that Melville was the possessor of a very handsome fortune, and the sure inheritor—if he lived—of a splendid addition thereto. That Mabel liked the Glasgow student amazingly is no longer a secret. And she liked him for the "position" which her sharp wits told her such a man was sure to attain to, altogether irrespective of his wealth or poverty, though the former was never associated in her mind with the designation of "Divinity Student." So far, therefore, she was quite unselfish.

Though Edith had now developed into womanhood, and, despite traces of recent grief, presented rare attractions in form and features, the Glasgow heiress, up to this period, could not be said to have actually felt the pangs of jealousy. She had an impression that Edith's mind was very weak when put to the test, and that Melville's polite attention was due to the pleasure he felt in meeting with the daughter of a notable clergyman who had been recently created a D.D., and who was spoken of as a coming Moderator of the General Assembly. She had pooh-poohed her friend's studies in the pension library, and formed no conception of the vigour supplied by that strong, yet welcome food which Edith's mind had

been literally devouring for many months before they left Paris. Devoid of literary taste herself, she simply looked upon "reading people," especially females, as "silly bookworms," and, as the reader already knows, did not hesitate to let Edith know her mind on the subject.

With all her shrewdness, Mabel only knew Edith from an emotional point of view; the higher workings of our heroine's mind she never attempted to sound, being wholly unconscious of their existence.

If Edith had, in her mind's eye, pictured the Glasgow student as the occupant of a certain chair in a certain Manse in the West Highlands, Mabel had in like manner portrayed him as the oracle of the "Barony," Glasgow's chief clerical prize in position and stipend.

Edith knew quite enough of her mother's sad experience not to be completely on her guard in respect to "first impressions," but, though she probed her heart to its very inmost core, she could not find one trace of any defined or undefined "something" arising out of her as yet brief acquaintance with Melville which caused her the slightest uneasiness. His manners were manly and high-toned, but simple as those of a child. He exhibited no reticence, let the subject be what it might, and was frank to a fault. Of his means or prospects she knew nothing, but every hour that she passed out of his society was gradually seeming longer and longer. His step had already music in it to her watchful ear, and the tones of his voice were more welcome and more familiar than any she had ever before listened to.

Still, when she had conjured up that representation of the study at Kildonald, with Melville as its occupant, the process was not knowingly associated with her own wishes. Her thoughts had merely reverted to the disastrous past, and dwelt on what *might* have been her dear mother's lot, had such a man been the minister of Kildonald. But as day after day fled by so pleasantly—but so briefly—she insensibly began to identify Melville with her anticipations of the next day's enjoyment.

Love was dawning visibly at Chamouni, but not in the eyes of the persons more immediately interested.

Mrs. Roberts, watchful Madame Dessenon, and the two truly amiable and unenvious ladies of somewhat uncertain age, plainly perceived that those numerous, yet seemingly accidental confabs—said to be on purely literary subjects—between Edith and Melville, would come to something some day. Charlie Lade was too busy

hunting up choice bits of foreground and snatching sketch-studies of picturesque peasants to pay much attention to other matters. He was the least inquisitive fellow that ever held a palette, and was so much wedded to his art—as he thought Melville was to theology—that such a thing as serious flirtation at Chamouni never entered into his head. If Mabel Allan, as she once hinted, thought she had no more to do than encourage Charlie Lade in order to win him, she made one of the greatest mistakes that ever was perpetrated by a conceited woman. He was as yet invulnerable as a stoic.

“If,” said Mrs. Roberts, addressing Madame Dessenon on one occasion, “those young people ever come together as man and wife—and it would not at all surprise me—I think I can safely prognosticate one of the happiest marriages that ever took place. My heart never warmed so quickly to any one as it did to Miss Dewar. She seemed to bring with her a surrounding of calm sunshine which diffused itself over the household like an angelic influence. And as for Mr. Melville—though I do not wish to flatter one who was to me so near and so very dear—he reminded me so much of what my husband was when we were first married, that my whole soul went forth to meet him as he stood at our threshold on the occasion of his first visit.”

“Ah!” was Madame’s quiet reply, “there is much between the cup and the lip, and, *Mon Dieu!* after what that poor child’s mother has suffered—I know it all now—she may have sore trouble yet to taste of; but we will hope for the best, and I can assure you I shall not be inattentive to what passes.”

CHAPTER XVII.

GUTHRIE, HAMILTON, AND CHEEVER.

DR. GUTHRIE joined one of the tea-parties at Mrs. Roberts’s before proceeding farther on his way through Switzerland, and contributed not a little towards what proved a most enjoyable evening.

There was so much earnestness in his every remark—even in his humorous anecdotes—and so much kindness and Catholicity in all his expressed opinions of men and measures, that he never failed in commanding the attention of those who were privileged to listen on such occasions.

Always thoroughly practical, his private conversations were as replete with useful homilies and pregnant truths as the more

elevated essays which he delivered from the reading-desk or the pulpit.

Guthrie never wasted time. During the evening he frequently quoted from a little work, written by his esteemed friend the Rev. Dr. James Hamilton, of Regent Square Presbyterian Church, London, and entitled, "Life in Earnest." One or two of the quotations struck Edith so forcibly that she begged Melville to ask the Rev. Doctor for the book, so that they might be taken down. The worthy man instantly complied, while Fabian rapidly transferred the extracts to his somewhat bulky note-book. They ran as follows :—

"Make the most of Time. Most of the men who have died enormously rich acquired their wealth not in huge windfalls, but by minute and careful accumulations. It was not one vast sum bequeathed to them after another, which overwhelmed them with inevitable opulence; but it was the loose money which most men would lavish away, the little sums which many would not deem it worth while looking after, the pennies and halfcrowns of which you would keep no reckoning; these are the items which, year by year piled up, have reared their pyramids of fortune."

"From these money-makers let us learn the nobler 'avarice of time.' One of the longest and most elaborate poems of recent times was composed in the streets of London by a physician in busy practice during the brief snatches of time, when passing from one patient's door to another. And in order to achieve some good work which you have much at heart, you may not be able to secure an entire week, or even an uninterrupted day. But try what you can make of the broken fragments of time. Glean up its golden dust; those raspings and parings of precious duration, those leavings of days and remnants of hours which so many sweep out into the waste of existence. Perhaps, if you be a miser of moments, if you be frugal and hoard up odd minutes and half-hours and unexpected holidays, your careful gleanings may eke out a long and useful life, and you may die at last richer in existence than multitudes whose time is all their own."

"We this instant imagined a man retaining all his consciousness transformed into a zoophyte. Let us imagine another similar transformation; fancy that instead of a polypus you were changed into a swallow. There you have a creature abundantly busy, up in the early morning, ever on the wing, as graceful and sprightly in his flight, as tasteful in the haunts he selects. Look at him,

zigzagging over the clover-field, skimming the limpid lake, whisking round the steeple, or dancing gaily in the sky. Behold him in high spirits shrieking out his ecstasy as he has bolted a dragon-fly, or darted through the arrow-slits of the old turret, or performed some other feat of hirudine agility. And notice how he pays his morning visits, alighting elegantly on some house-top, and twittering politely by turns to the swallow on either side of him, and after five minutes' conversation, off and away to call for his friend at the castle. And now he is gone upon his travels, gone to spend the winter at Rome or Naples, to visit Egypt or the Holy Land, or perform some more *recherché* pilgrimage to Spain or the east coast of Barbary. And when he comes home next April, sure enough he has been abroad—charming climate—highly delighted with the cicadas in Italy, and the bees on Hymettus; locusts in Africa rather scarce this season; but, upon the whole, much pleased with his trip, and returned in high health and spirits. Now, dear friends, this is a very proper life for a swallow, but is it a life for you? To flit about from house to house: to pay futile visits, where, if the talk were written down, it would amount to little more than the chattering of a swallow; to bestow all your thoughts on graceful attitudes and nimble movements and polished attire; to roam from land to land with so little information in your head, or so little taste for the sublime and beautiful in your soul, that could a swallow publish his travels, and did you publish yours, we should probably find the one a counterpart of the other; the winged traveller enlarging on the discomforts of his nest, and the wingless one, on the miseries of his hotel or chateau!"

When Melville had completed the pleasant duty imposed by Edith, Dr. Guthrie said he was determined to get to the top of the Righi, and see the sunrise over the lake of the four cantons. He had heard from Dr. Cheever's own lips the impressions made on that eloquent divine by the sublimity of the spectacle at that altitude, and this it was that had determined him to visit Switzerland. "Dr. Cheever," said he, "described his sensations in such glowing language that I not only quite made up my mind to see and judge for myself, but I actually made a note of certain things he uttered, so as to make comparisons on the very spot itself. 'See my book'—as King Jamie had it—and here it is, Mr. Melville, and nearly as big as yer ain."

"The object," said Dr. Cheever, "most conspicuous as the dawn broke, and, indeed, the most sublimely beautiful, was the vast enor-

mous range of the snowy mountains of the Oberland, without spot or veil of cloud or mist to dim them; the Finster Aarhorn at the left, and the Jungfrau and Silberhorn at the right, peak after peak, and mass after mass, glittering with a cold wintry whiteness in the grey dawn.

“Almost the exact half of the circumference of the horizon commanded by our view was filled with these peaks and masses of snow and ice; then, lower down, the mountains of bare rock; and, lower still, the earth with its mounds of verdure. It was on the vast surrounding ranges of these Oberland Alps that the rising rays first struck, and this was the scene for which we so intently watched, a scene which, it seems to me, can never be equalled elsewhere. It was as if an angel had flown round the horizon of mountain ranges, and lighted up each of their white pyramidal points in succession, like a row of gigantic lamps burning with roseate fires. Descending lower on the body of the mountains, it seemed as if an invisible Omnipotent Hand had taken them and dipped the whole range in a glowing pink; the hue between the cold snow untouched by the sunlight, and the warm rosy tint above, remaining perfectly distinct, continuing for some time, and becoming more and intensely beautiful! Each person gazed in silence, or spoke in whispers. It was as if we witnessed some vast supernatural revelation, where mighty spirits were the agents between earth and heaven. If a phalanx of the first sons of God had been passing at the moment, they could not have helped stopping and shouting for joy as on the morning of creation!’

“There, ladies,” said the rev. gentleman, slapping his book together again, “that is the grand deliverance of my great American confrère which caused me to bend my steps to this part of the globe, and, much as I was charmed with the sunrise here the other morning, I cannot go home without being on the top of the Righi at three a.m. I mean also to visit the scene of Zwingli’s death, and if you are here on my return, I may help you to while away another evening with some mutual profit.”

Cordial good-byes to and from every one followed,—as Melville, Lade, and Dr. Guthrie rose to depart—and when the tall figure of the eminent Scottish divine stalked out of the doorway, clad with a shepherd’s plaid, he looked like one of those great covenanting heroes who once found shelter in the glens and caves of his native northern land.

ON CORAL, CORAL-POLYPES, & CORAL-REEFS.

PART I.

To the naturalist and *savant*, no less than to the non-scientific individual, the coral-polypes and their curious secretion, have long formed objects of study and interest. Yet even in these days of technical education, and when knowledge of all kinds is so broadly diffused over the length and breadth of our land, it is strange to find that many erroneous ideas and misconceptions are entertained and exist with regard to the exact nature of the substance we familiarly term "coral," and of the being from which it takes origin, and by which it is produced.

The subject of the present dissertation may be very appropriately introduced to notice, by a brief recital of biographical kind. If we attend for a little to the historical aspect of the "coral," and also note the various opinions which from time to time have been held regarding its nature and origin, we may gain therefrom some useful information concerning the substance with which the progress of dentition in our early life is generally associated. Scientific history will thus teach us, that "coral" has formed subject-matter for speculation from a very remote period. Dioscorides, Theophrastus, and Pliny, representing in themselves the scientific wisdom of the early ages of knowledge, were quite decided upon the veritable "plant" nature of red-coral—the species with which they were best acquainted, and which doubtless represented to them, what the innumerable kinds of coral represent to us in the present day.

Then passing over a long period of years, we find our next halting-place, in comparatively modern times, when Tournefort, the botanist, in 1700, casually declared his belief that "coral"—meaning in this particular instance the same "red-coral" of commerce that had attracted the attention of the ancients—was a true plant-organism. Tournefort's declaration was but an authoritative verification of the popular ideas of his day, and in part of the ancient ideas also ;

for we find it gravely asserted, that the red-coral was a true seaweed, which in its native depths of sea was perfectly flaccid and soft as a seaweed should be, but when drawn out of the water it assumed a hard consistence; a result believed to be due to exposure to the air.

Reaumur, with that desire for originality of thought and expression so characteristic of his whole life, somewhat modified the previous opinion, and declared that the coral substance was merely the natural product or secretion of a seaweed, and that no change in its structure resulted from its removal from the sea depths, as had been supposed by his predecessors or contemporaries.

About the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Count de Marsigli, a naturalist of no mean repute, in his researches into the nature of the red coral, gave what was considered strong testimony in favour of the plant nature of that organism. The assertion of the vegetable nature of the coral had, as we have seen, long been received and entertained; but Marsigli's discovery and description of what he conceived to be the actual "flowers" of the coral plant, afforded an apparent confirmation and proof of the previously unsupported belief. These coral "flowers" were figured by Marsigli, in his work entitled "*La Physique de Mer*," and the observations therein recorded, whilst admirably descriptive of the red-coral in its living state, and as we know it in the present time, only served to strengthen and verify the idea of its plant-nature which had become so firmly rooted not only in the popular but also in the scientific mind. Thus a branching tree-like organism, with a living bark, in the substance of which the "flowers" were imbedded, was to be regarded as no light or trivial verification of a vegetable nature. And to watch the sensitive "flowers" of this "red-coral" plant, opening and closing their eight fringed "petals," was only to impress the idea of its plant-like organization the more firmly on the mind.

But this apparently satisfactory settlement of the question, was destined to receive a rude shock, disturbance, and overthrow from a connexion of Marsigli's own, in the work and person of Jean Andre de Peysonnel, a pupil of Count Marsigli, a native of Marseilles, and a student of medicine at Paris. Full of ambition to distinguish himself in scientific pursuits, and no doubt impressed by the researches of his master, Peysonnel intimated his strong desire to study and examine the coral-organisms for himself. And we accordingly find him, about the year 1726, despatched at the

instance of the French Academy of Sciences, on his mission of research into the nature of the so-called "coral-plant."

Beginning his studies on the coast of North Africa, Peyssonnel soon perceived that the notions previously formed regarding the red-coral were altogether erroneous. He satisfied himself, in short, that the plant-like structure was a true animal, and that Marsigli's "flowers" were simply the "insects" of the animal, and resembled little "sea-nettles" or "polypes." Removing what he calls the "claws or feet of the creature," Peyssonnel had the pleasure of seeing the "insects" expand. "The polype extended his feet," says Peyssonnel, "and formed what M. de Marsigli and I had taken for the petals of the flower. The calyx of this pretended flower is the actual body of the animal, advanced and protruded out of its cell."

Peyssonnel thus demonstrated the affinity of the coral "insects," as he somewhat curiously terms the little organisms, to the "sea-nettle" or sea-anemone; a creature with which every seaside visitor is well acquainted, and with which, as we shall presently observe, the coral-polype possesses a very close relationship.

With Peyssonnel's discovery therefore, rests the first verification of the true animal nature of coral of all kinds. Space forbids us to follow out the interesting though melancholy after-fate of the enthusiastic student; affording, as does his subsequent history, an apt illustration of the oft-repeated fact, that it is not always to the truly deserving that "fickle fortune" assigns her favours. His researches were refused acknowledgment by the Academy of Sciences; his views were subjected to ridicule; and disgusted with this rude treatment, he buried himself in the Antilles, and renounced the world of science for ever.

More than a dozen years after Peyssonnel's researches, the study of sea-anemones and allied forms, by such men as Jussieu and Guettard, gave ample verification of the correctness of Peyssonnel's observations; and amongst others who before had helped to discourage the young naturalist's views, and to banish him from his loved sphere of labour, we find Reaumur casually, and only in part acknowledging the value of Peyssonnel's labours, and thus aiding to reinstate his name and memory in the estimation from which they had so rudely and unjustly been displaced.

Succeeding years, and the quick march of scientific progress, have fully justified Peyssonnel's remarks and views. We thus become aware, firstly, of the truly animal nature of the coral-polypes; and secondly, of their relationship to those familiar denizens of our

shores, the "sea-anemones." And, by the way, let us here enforce the remark, that the term "*coral-insects*" is to be viewed as a grave misnomer. It is somewhat painful to notice in works, intended for the instruction and edification of the young especially, that the coral-animals should habitually be termed "*insects*;" and that in this way, the idea of a relationship to such animals as flies, butterflies, and beetles, should be expressed and encouraged. The coral-"*polype*"—this latter being the name most in accordance with scientific demands,—bears no likeness, and possesses no kinship whatever, with the forms we correctly designate as "*insects*;" and in popular science, as well as in the more technical aspects of knowledge, it is but right and fair that the mere semblance of error or misconception should be carefully guarded against.

Starting then with the idea of relationship to the sea-anemone, we may readily gather a very correct and general idea of the organisation of the coral-polypes. And to most of our readers the form of the sea-anemone will be sufficiently familiar; a short cylindrical, fleshy body, of various colours, attached by its base to the rock or stone, and exhibiting at its free or unattached extremity a mouth, surrounded by numerous hollow tentacles or feelers—such are the features which a cursory inspection of a sea-anemone presents; and if we examine the internal economy of the animal, we may discover an equally simple organisation. We find the mouth to lead into a stomach-sac, which, however, is like a pocket with the bottom cut out, in that it is open at its lower extremity, and is thus in communication with the cavity or inside of the body; the tentacles we should find to be hollow, perforated at their tips, and also to communicate with the interior of the creature. Thus we find the general idea of the structure of the sea-anemone to be included in that of an outer tube enclosing an inner tube—the stomach-sac,—and that the tube opens superiorly, or on its upper surface, in a distinct mouth.

Bearing this idea in mind, let us now observe how the coral-polype conforms to this type of structure. Let us suppose our anemone to be endowed with the power of secreting lime from the water of the sea in which it lives, and of building this lime up within the tissues of its body, to form in some cases an inside, and in other cases an outside skeleton. Let us next suppose that the lime-secreting anemone begins to bud like a plant, and that these buds will grow like unto the parent-anemone in every respect, and remain attached to form a tree-like organism; and further, that this process may go

on without cessation or limit, and we shall have in this way obtained a rough and ready, but sufficiently clear and correct notion of the nature and relations of a coral-colony.

For the coral-polypes are with few exceptions "compound" animals. Like the tree or plant, with its leaves and flowers, they produce new parts and polypes by budding, and thus remain a strangely connected society, bound together by the closest of ties to form one complete organisation. A piece of red-coral in its living state is thus a colony or society of animal forms. The organism consists of an inner solid axis of lime, coloured in this case of a pink red, and covered externally by a living bark, in the substance of which the little "polypes" or "flowers" of Marsigli are situated. Each little polype is essentially a sea-anemone, with eight little fringed tentacles surrounding its mouth; and each possesses, like its familiar prototype, an imperfect stomach-sac, into which, each individual member of the colony receives nutrient matter for the support at once of itself and of the other members of the colony.

The many varieties and kinds of coral are all formed by animals, which, in essential structure, exactly correspond to the type of the sea-anemone and of the red-coral. We are undoubtedly presented with variations and differences in form and composition; but these latter do not affect our idea of the primary type, upon which the bodies and structures of all the coral-polypes are built up.

Two chief varieties of coral-structure are met with, in the consideration of these polypes and of their secretion. The first variety exhibits an outside layer or skeleton of coral-material, enclosing the body of the polype; in this variety, the coral-secretion is external, whilst the living polype is internal. To this first group belong the chief forms concerned in the production of the coral-reefs,—such as the Madrepores—and a mass of coral of this variety, frequently used in the construction of ferneries, &c., shows us a coarse mass of white or greyish limy material, composed of innumerable little cells, each of which was formed by the polype that inhabited it, and which was produced by a process of budding from a previously-formed cell.

The second variety of coral-structure is exemplified by the Red-coral, the *Isis* or "Mare's-tail coral," with its alternate joints of horn and lime, and by other and allied forms. It is in this group that the tree or plant-like form is so typically seen, and—as we have already remarked in the red-coral—the living portion is outside in this variety, whilst the hard coral structure is inside. Comparing

this variety of coral to a tree, the bark with its polypes is the living part, whilst the inorganic coral-structure occupies the interior, and forms the central portion or core of the tree.

Such are the essential features in the organisation of the coral-polypes. These considerations will be found of service in enabling us to understand the conditions of life in these forms, and the mode of formation of coral-reefs, to which topics attention will now be directed.

PART II.

THE conditions under which the life of the coral-polypes is normally sustained, may be considered in the two aspects of physical and physiological conditions. The physical conditions have reference to the degree of temperature necessary for the maintenance of the existence of coral-polypes, and to the consequent distribution in space of these forms. We accordingly find, under this first head, that a temperature of at least 66° Fahrenheit is necessary for the active growth of these animals; and we therefore observe their limitation to such zones or areas of the ocean as possess a temperature not lower than the degree of warmth above mentioned. The coasts of Australia, of the West Indian Islands, and of Florida exemplify the most noted and populous of the areas included within the "coral zone" of distribution. Or, speaking more generally, a district extending for about 1800 miles on each side of the equator, may be regarded as representing the great zone of coral life.

The physiological conditions of coral-life are of as important a nature as the purely physical condition of temperature. It is an ascertained fact, that the coral-polypes can exist in only a limited *depth* of sea. In other words, that as their distribution over the *surface* of the ocean is limited, so also is their distribution in its *depths*. And hence we find that a depth of about thirty fathoms, or 180 feet, forms the utmost limit in depth at which the life of the coral-polypes can be maintained. This depth is, in short, the "zero" point of coral life, and from below this depth we can obtain dead coral only.

If we now give a little thought to this latter condition of life in the coral-polypes, namely, a limitation in depth, we will readily

arrive at an estimate of the curious and significant problem which its consideration brings before us. If the reef-building corals can exist only at a depth not exceeding 180 feet, how, in consistency with this fact, can we explain the formation of reefs and islands rising from unfathomable depths of sea? We have thus presented an exceedingly difficult question for solution. Let us endeavour to see how the patient industry of science has satisfactorily solved the problem.

A few preliminary points will serve to introduce us to this important subject. The first of these latter points lies in the consideration of the kinds or species of coral which figure most prominently as reef-builders. Whilst different species of corals are found to inhabit different parts of a reef, the chief coral-architects are those varieties in which the coral secretion exists on the outside of the polypes. The more delicate and branched organisms play a comparatively unimportant part in the work of erection, and appear to be limited thus, both in their habitat and growth. The red coral of commerce is, for example, practically confined to the Mediterranean Sea, from the depths of which it is dredged by the Sicilian and Neapolitan coral-fishers, aided by a primitive apparatus, consisting of a heavily-weighted wooden cross and a net, to break off and entangle the branches of coral. Hence the popular idea that the red coral forms reefs or coral structures is entirely erroneous. The large, hard, and coarse white corals and madrepores are those which in chief build reefs and islands; these latter, from their large size and stronger fabric, being best suited to wage a successful war with the raging sea.

A second preliminary consideration consists in the various forms which coral-reefs may assume. It is important to notice these latter, because the form and disposition of reefs bear an intimate relation to their mode of erection. We thus, according to Mr. Darwin, notice three distinct forms of reef. There is, firstly, the "fringing reef," so called because it exists in the form of a "fringe" to the land. Then, secondly, we distinguish what are termed "barrier reefs," these latter presenting the form of a barrier or band of coral structure, standing out at some distance from the shore, and separated from the land by a channel or strip of water known as the "inner channel" or "passage." And lastly, we find a third variety of reef, the "Atoll" or "Lagoon reef," which presents the appearance of a more or less circular ring of coral varying in breadth, and enclosing a sheet of still water termed a "lagoon,"

which usually communicates with the outer sea by one or more openings in the coral ring.

If we compare the soundings or depths which exist around these various coral-reefs, we shall find wide variations, which are not without their due significance in considering the mode of formation of these structures. Thus if we sound immediately outside the fringing reef, we find that we touch bottom at a very moderate depth, and one not exceeding, in the generality of cases, fifteen to twenty-five fathoms. In the case of the Barrier reef, however, soundings on its seaward aspect give us enormous depths, whilst if we sound within the "inner passage," or that which separates the "barrier reef" from the adjoining land, we find the depth to be comparatively limited. And, lastly, the depth of water outside the ring of coral of the "atoll" may exceed two or three hundred fathoms, whilst that of the "lagoon" averages about twenty fathoms.

Let us now return to the contemplation of our problem, and let us recapitulate its terms and conditions. We are offered the absolute and fixed condition of a limited depth, not exceeding 180 feet; and, bearing that fact in mind, we are next asked to explain the erection and formation of coral-reefs from enormous depths of sea.

When these facts and their concomitant problem were placed before the scientific mind, their interpretation was not long delayed. But it is one thing to construct a theory, and quite another thing to assert that the hypothesis will bear the cross-examination and investigation which is brought to bear upon it. And this remark was very aptly illustrated by the construction of a very obvious hypothesis to explain the erection of coral-islands in consistency with the limited area of coral-life, and by its rejection when carefully submitted to facts as they stood. The theory, briefly stated, was this: it was held that the coral polypes at a suitable depth for themselves—that is from 150 to 180 feet—might select the top ridges of submarine hills and mountains, and that, using these points as beginnings, they might thence extend their operations to form reefs of various sizes and shapes. And in this way the "fringing reef" might be conceived to be built up upon a chain of submarine mountains skirting the coasts of a land or continent, and the "atoll" might similarly be conceived to be constructed around the circular crater of some submarine volcano.

Now that this hypothesis is untenable, may be satisfactorily proved by a very superficial investigation of the truths and facts

of physical geography, as well as by a reference to the facts as they stand. Thus, if the theory were true, the existence of submarine mountain chains of enormous length and extent would be implied; and furthermore, the uniform height of such mountain-chains would require similarly to be assumed and proved, whilst the peculiar distribution of the various kinds of coral-reefs would demand the corresponding presence and unusual distribution of the sub-aqueous hills and volcanoes. It is needless to remark that none of the above conditions are at all fulfilled in the actual details of the case. Physical geography and oceanic survey refute the idea of submarine mountain chains and volcanoes; and another theory has been found, which in every way successfully meets the puzzling conditions of the problem.

This latter theory is that of Mr. Darwin, who in 1840 gave forth the results of many years' actual labour and active observation among the coral-reefs of various portions of the world. And the entire hypothesis depends on the recognition of a well-known series of geological phenomena, those of the elevation and subsidence—the rising and sinking of land. From obvious reasons it would be impossible, in this present article, to state in detail the proofs and conditions under which the elevation and subsidence of portions of this earth's surface is effected. We may, however, merely state the occurrence of such phenomena as an ascertained geological fact, and proceed very briefly to note the bearings of this fact upon the solution of the problem of coral-life and existence.

Mr. Darwin therefore maintains that a “fringing reef” is indicative of a stationary condition of the land. So long as the land is neither elevated nor depressed, the coral structure will remain *in statu quo*, increasing, perhaps, in length, but not in depth, and rarely in breadth. The fringing reef, in short, marks the beginning of the operations of the little architects, and commencing at their own and suitable depth, they have built up on the sides of the land a fringing ridge of coral.

Let us now suppose that the sea-bed or land on which or to which the fringing reef is attached, begins slowly to subside, in accordance with the geologist's evidence. The lowermost coral-polypes of the reef will die, being carried below their normal limit of depth, but those at the upper portion will tend to build upwards and increase the growth of the reef, at a rate corresponding to, and keeping pace with the depression. And if the subsidence continue to a sufficient extent, the fringing-reef will increase upwards, to

form in due time a "barrier reef," which encloses a sheet of water between itself and the depressed shore.

Then, lastly, in the case of land of limited extent, or of islands, the movement of depression may continue to such an extent, that the original land may disappear beneath the surface of the ocean. And the growth of coral around the island keeping pace with the movement of subsidence, we gradually find the primitive land to be invested by a great cup of coral, which has grown upwards, as the land sank downwards into the bosom of the deep. And at length the ridge or edge of this great coral cup appears as the ring of coral structure or "atoll"—the last stage in the formation of the new land.

To sum up in Mr. Darwin's own and succinct words: "As mountain after mountain, and island after island sank slowly beneath the water, fresh bases would be successively afforded for the growth of the corals. I defy," he continues, "any one to explain in any other manner, how it is possible that numerous islands should be distributed throughout vast areas, all the islands being low, all built of coral absolutely requiring a foundation within a limited depth below the surface."

The relative alterations in the depths of the fringing and barrier reefs, as already shown, bear an intimate relation to the progress of subsidence. The fringing reef exhibits on its seaward side the normal depth and limit of coral life; whilst as the sea-bed sinks lower and lower, we find the deeper soundings of the barrier reef and "atoll."

Mr. Darwin's ingenious hypothesis is susceptible of proof and counterproof in many ways. The atolls and barrier reefs, as evidence of subsidence of land, are important landmarks in the geological empire; but it has also been shown that the presence of atolls, which are thus indicative of subsidence, will also be evidence against the presence and operation of the opposite force, that of elevation. Where *elevation* of the earth's crust is going on, the atolls will be absent, since it is purely from the phenomena of subsidence that they take origin and assume their characteristic form. And hence we find that in those areas in which elevation—as in volcanic regions—is most active, atolls and barrier reefs are absent; whilst in the stationary areas, the fringing reef gives evidence that neither elevation nor subsidence are at work.

A word in conclusion as to the rate of growth of coral, and of the extent of coral-reefs in various parts of the world. The best

authorities inform us that to fix the average rate at half an inch of upward growth per annum, is stating the rate of increase at much too high a figure ; and that, making allowance on the one hand for certain cases of very rapid growth, and for those cases, on the other hand, in which the growth is remarkably slow, we may accept the mean average of a quarter of an inch, as the actual amount of coral-growth and increase through the mass, and specially in an upward direction. The process of growth is thus essentially slow and gradual ; and when we become aware of the enormous extent of coral reefs, we may then form some estimate of the period of time necessary for the production of structures of so great magnitude. Thus on the north-eastern coast of Australia we find a barrier reef extending without interruption for over a thousand miles, showing a breadth of from ten to ninety miles, and evincing a thickness or depth of at least two thousand feet ; and around the Fiji islands the reefs are considerably upwards of two thousand feet in thickness. Then in the Indian and Pacific Oceans, reefs and islands of very large size abound ; some of these latter formations extending for upwards of five hundred miles, and varying from fifty to sixty miles in width ; whilst their thickness or depth is proportionally great. If, therefore, we calculate the period of time required for the production of such immense masses of coral-structure at the slow and ascertained rate of growth, we shall find that period to extend over many thousands of years ; and the whole calculation, based upon undeniable and stable conditions, constitutes a most important link in the chain of evidence in favour of the great antiquity of our globe, and also tends to prove the uniformity and persistent character of natural operations and laws.

Thus whether we regard the coral-polypes and their history as affording evidence of physical alteration and geological change, or merely as constituting a curious page in the chronicle of life-science, we cannot fail to remark, throughout the subject, an obvious adaptation to arranged conditions, and a perfect harmony between life, and the laws to which, like every other item in this wondrous universe, it is subject.

ANDREW WILSON.

A PICNIC AT THE FALKLANDS,

TEN YEARS AGO.

THE whole settlement was in a commotion. The excitement in Stanley mounted to almost as great a pitch as that in London when the gas-strike was on, or in New York when the tidings of the "Virginus" arrived. And why not? Was not an ensign flying from the lofty flagstaff overlooking the settlement? And did not a flag mean a ship in the offing; and *might* not a ship mean the mail-schooner with the latest news—only two months old—from England, or one of the Company's vessels bringing fresh supplies of flour, sugar, and coffee to replenish the somewhat failing stores of the colony; or (almost better still for us ladies) a man-of-war to enliven the whole place, bring out antiquated stores of finery, and give each and all an opportunity of proving that English hospitality had grown none the colder or more scanty for being planted 7000 miles away from home on the barren rocks of the Falkland Islands and among the stormy waves of an Antarctic Ocean.

But, after all, a flag only meant a ship—*some* ship, nature unknown. By-and-by we should know more; by-and-by certain little black balls would run up the ropes and marshal themselves into an alphabet more interesting than any printed one to the folks below; and at last the wished-for balls appeared, and we, watching from our garden below, saw first one little black dot skim aloft, and then another, and then—up went a shout.

"A man-of-war! English! Hurrah! It's the flagship!" For, you see, we knew the flagship was expected, and were looking forward to it with every day of the summer's advance. Summer in tropical climates generally brings with it cholera and yellow fever, and, to escape the danger of these, the admiral in command of the fleet on the east coast of South America usually tears himself and his officers away from the glories of Rio de Janeiro and the

gaeties of Monte Video, to refresh their jaded nerves with a puff of bleak south-easters and a fortnight's shooting in that smallest, dreariest, and most distant of her Majesty's colonies—the Falkland Islands, or “Las Malvinas,” as the Argentines called them when *they* set claim to those sterile rocks, and before Lord Falkland negotiated an exchange of owners and rebaptized the disputed territory.

What good is the Falklands to the British Government? is a question that has been asked before, and by wise men. The answer given is, that it is the key to the passage round Cape Horn, and of great service as a coaling and refitting station for all whalers and weather-beaten vessels going to or returning from that most dangerous portion of the Pacific road. At any rate, we have taken and mean to keep it; and we maintain there a governor (generally a retired officer from either service), a chaplain, surgeon, stipendiary magistrate, and surveyor-general; also a detachment of military—pensioners when I was there, marines later—and an officer in charge of them. This forms the Government staff; but a gentleman of almost greater importance, in a civil capacity, to the islands is the resident manager of the Falkland Islands Company, a body to whom belong the larger part of the land, with the wild cattle and horses thereon, the schooners which supply the islands with stores and clothing, the principal butcher's shop, the principal store (there are only two of either in the settlement), and various rights and privileges, such as those appertaining to the Hudson's Bay and other companies of a similar order. This gentleman is always a magistrate, sometimes a member of the “Executive Council,” and maintains a large staff of employés of all grades, English and Spanish, in connexion with their town and country establishments.

But we were looking for a man-of-war, and so were the crowd—a crowd momentarily increasing till I do not think I exaggerate when I say that there must have been quite *half a dozen* people collected round the flagstaff on the hill, while straggling groups of twos and threes kept flocking up to recruit their forces from the furthest ends of the settlement. Our house being in the centre, we could see either end, so I am quite accurate on *that* point. Down in the harbour, from which our front garden was separated by the high road and beach, great preparations were going on aboard of the Government cutter and one of the Company's schooners, where ropes were creaking and anchors being weighed

in readiness to sally forth and meet the distinguished guest, and guide her through the narrows to her anchorage in Stanley harbour.

We were rather proud of our harbour, you must know; and justly. Seas more stormy, or coasts more dangerous than those of the Falklands are not easy to be found. The proportion of wrecked goods with which the islanders feed and clothe themselves, is far larger than that which enters the port by the legitimate road; and the number of vessels which deposit themselves, or are deposited on the shoals and rocks which fence the islands round, are as five to one compared with those which steer up the outer harbour of Port William, and enter the "Narrows" in safety and decorum. I said "*are* deposited," because, where salvage is high and wrecked goods find a good market, the winds and waves are not *always* in fault. The Falklands had (I hope they have not now) an unenviable name for a certain sort of contraband business called "wreckings," carried on between a loafing, ne'er-do-weel class, who styled themselves sealers; and the captains or crews of certain merchant-vessels previously acquainted with the "locale," and who really managed to beach the unlucky crafts with a skill which, if not misplaced, would deserve commendation. Lloyds have heard of such accidents before now; and Lloyds have an agent at Stanley. Very wrong, not to say criminal, this sort of thing, of course, and without any moral excuse; but what will you? In the days I am telling of, scarce ten years ago, there was not even a Government mail-packet. The Company brought over the mails in their small sailing schooners from Monte Video, and handed them over to the Government officials, who dispensed them to the eager inhabitants. Besides the stores imported by the Company in their vessels, and an occasional ship chartered by an individual who kept the only other shop (wholesale and retail) in the colony, there were positively no means for supplying the settlement with the necessaries of life; no other links between us and the civilized world; and when gales blew hard, when tardy agents in London delayed over loading a vessel; or when the ship, though fairly started, sprung a leak, and was obliged to put in to refit at some port *en route*, times grew hard and bitter in that little, far-away colony in the South Atlantic; and we, shut up in our ocean-girdled prison would—but for abundance of native beef and mutton, fish and game—have even come nigh to starvation, but for the visit of a chance vessel or—a *wreck*.

I have been there when, for weeks and weeks in the winter—and think what a winter! how long, how dark and dreary!—there has

not been a single candle to be bought for love or money (needless to say gas is unknown), and where our only light for kitchens and bedrooms were little wooden lamps filled with oil so rank and bad it made but "darkness visible," and distilled a villainous smell around. Then, thank God! a man-of-war came in, and the first thing sent to us was a packet of composite candles. Have you at home any idea of how *lovely* those candles looked, how pure and white; and what a wonderful light they shed? Laugh if you will, *I* stood before one in a delighted admiration, greater than many a statue has given me since, and proposed to adorn it with a wreath of green leaves, because it looked "so beautiful!" Sugar and coffee, too, have given out; and once, while I was there, flour ran so short that no one dared complain over the mouldiest and mustiest bread, when all knew that damaged sacks, as well as sound, had to be used. I am not sure—it *might* have been a chance Yankee vessel—but I think it was a wreck then which brought us a fresh supply, and was received with a welcome proportionate to the previous depression of our spirits. Ah! indeed, I fear it was only too true that, so long as lives were not lost, wrecks were rather a subject of congratulation than sorrow, even with the small and sacred "upper ten" of Stanley society; and, after all, was it not natural when things were so hard to get, and could only be purchased at such high prices when they were got? A wreck has sometimes clothed the entire female population in damaged print dresses at twopence a yard. A wreck has set us all feasting on almonds and raisins and French fruits (rather salt-watery) at below cost prices; and why, therefore—oh! English gentlemen, who stay at home at ease—should we not look on, and speak of such events as merciful dispensations of Providence in our behalf? Still Providence does not need assistance in such matters, and I am afraid certain of our community thought it did.

All this while where is the flagship?

Safely anchored in port of course, having been piloted through the narrow opening between Navy Point and Engineer Point into her present secure and almost landlocked cradle. Stanley harbour is long and narrow, sheltered on three sides by hills, clustering more thickly and towering higher to the north and west, and dwindling at the eastern extremity to a strip of land known as "the peninsula," and serving to keep out the severity of the wind from that quarter, and divide the harbour from the outer roads beyond. The range of hills to the north wear a very picturesque look, being crowned with castellated clumps of rock which some of

the junior officers took for veritable ruined towers; and having their grey, brown sides streaked with broad white streams—not of water but stone—which give them a seamed and ancient appearance. Mount William, at the western point, is the most lofty, and generally wears a cap of snow on its venerable head; but Saddleback is one of the most picturesque, having its summit cut into two peaks, which give it exactly the appearance of a Spanish saddle. On the south the hills are simply a long, steep range of rising ground, crowned with a table-land of peat bog and marsh, and serving as a shield from the fierce winds to the town, which stretches along the line of beach below.

Can it be called a *town* indeed? I am afraid the supercilious middies looking on the scene before them from the deck of her Majesty's good ship "Insurmountable" thought otherwise; and would hardly have counted Stanley as other than a straggling, ill-built village. It consists of a single row of houses facing the sea, and containing all the principal worthies of the place, with the church (originally built for a town-hall, having a tower in the middle, a chapel at one side, and schoolroom at the other) in the centre, Government House, an ugly square stone building, which has superseded a long white cottage built of wood, and brought from England, at the western end: and the Company's stores, jetties, and business premises at the eastern; beyond the Government House and outside the limit of "the town," the residence comfortable, if straggling and lonely, of a retired officer in the army to whom a large portion of the islands belongs, and who is now one of its oldest inhabitants: beyond the Company's stores, and in the middle of peat bog, rock, and desolation, the grave-yard with its little grey wooden chapel and rough paling, green with moss, dropping into decay, and half hidden by long grass and weeds, the saddest, loneliest little "God's acre" in all this busy world. At the back of the high road smaller tenements, chiefly of wood, and all built very low on account of the perpetually blustering wind, straggle untidily up the hill-side, a double row of tiny white cottages or huts, looking very like children's toy houses, and divided in the middle by a bigger toy house standing to the right, and rather higher than the rest. Here live the detachment of soldiers and their officer. If new arrivals, looking at them on board ship, and knowing they are *not* toys, take them for bathing machines pulled up on the hill during the cold season they are wrong; but the supposition is not extraordinary. When I was at Hastings

last winter, and saw the bathing machines drawn up in a sequestered field, my heart went out to them. They were *wonderfully* like the pensioners' cottages at Stanley. Below these, and between Government House and the church, is the dockyard, a patch of grass enclosed by a railing on one side, and containing a wooden store-house or two, a wooden cottage or two (one of them called the prison), a short wooden jetty, a coal-shed, and a sentry and sentry-box to take care of the above valuable property.

This is Stanley ; this, and nothing more, is the only town, town-let, or village in the Falkland Islands. There is a cattle-station belonging to the Company on the south side ; there is the mission station on Keppel Island ; and (lately) a few settlers have gone over to the West Falklands and made their home there ; but there is only one Stanley. There is a favourite proverb of the Italians, " See Naples and die." Don't wait to die till you have seen Stanley ; it will not repay you the trouble.

" But the picnic ? "

" Well, we gave the picnic. Everybody wants to give something, or do something for the new-comers. The doctor's wife hurries to her kitchen the instant the black balls say " Man-of-war," dons a huge apron and begins to make plum-cake. From that moment till the vessel leaves, at whatever hour hungry youngsters (and people are always terribly, wolfishly hungry at the Falklands) may choose to call, whether in early morning or late evening, unlimited rich plum-cake and good port wine is spread for their delectation. The Governor sends out invitations for a dinner-party ; the chaplain gives an evening ditto ; the surveyor-general a shooting-party, followed by a bachelor's dinner. Wild festivity is the order of the day. It is Carnival time at Stanley. Captain Musters, the Patagonia explorer, describing his visit to the islands, says, " I have heard of a ball, but as there was only one fair lady to dance with all the men, it could not be considered a success." In my day, which was two or three years before his, we did give balls, *grand* balls, we considered them, and wonderful successes ; but then there were *two* unmarried ladies in the island (Captain Musters evidently does not count the matrons) which makes a difference. Society has fallen off since then. We were there seven years, and during that time the population steadily decreased. As for ladies, they could be counted even then upon my ten fingers. Indeed I cannot remember there being ever over eight at a time ; six married and two single. To these add a dozen gentlemen, and you

have before you the adult "upper ten" of Stanley society; an elastic "upper ten," seeing that it admits the storekeeper with his wife and daughter. Of children, however, there is no lack. The emptiest quivers possess five or six, and such sturdy, strapping, podgy-cheeked youngsters as do the heart good to look on. Languid London patricians sighing for an heir should go to the Falklands and be made happy, for never have I seen a place where the "kinderling" swarmed more luxuriantly.

The first impression that must strike a stranger—*after* the unspeakable dreariness of the place—is the almost rude health of the people. The women's cheeks are not only rosy, but scarlet, with almost a "scarified" appearance, which extends too often to the nose; and is owing as much to the incessant wind ever blowing over these desolate shores as to the salubrity of the climate. Still the place is wonderfully healthy; and especially so with regard to children; for no measles, no whooping-cough, no chicken-pox, or scarlet fever, none, in fact, of the ailments most fatal to childhood, and no infectious disorders whatsoever visit these islands. This is certainly a blessing while you remain there. The drawback is that on going to another country you are apt to take all these disorders; and, as is common with adults, to suffer more severely from them than you would have done in infancy. This was our experience, at least, and it was not an agreeable one. I was wrong, however, when I said that no infectious disorder had ever visited Stanley. *One* did come once while we were there, and may again—diphtheria. No one knew what it was then, and it carried off two-thirds of the younger inhabitants. In all probability the colonial surgeon, not being acquainted with the peculiarities of the disease, had no idea of the right steps for treating it. At any rate it came and passed—a scourge whose terrible results will not be soon forgotten. Lumbago, rheumatism, and gout, people have there as in other cold countries. Consumption I do not *remember* meeting there; nor do I believe it is indigenous to the climate as in England; but as the additional severity of the former would, and must *kill* any one coming there with that disorder, or the seeds of it in their constitution, it is not well to be deluded into the belief that because a place is exceptionally healthy and free from local disease in itself, it is a cure for the diseases you may bring with you. A more fatal error for those suffering from phthisis, or any pulmonary disorder, could not exist. Consider that, as I said before, the bitter, blustering wind never ceases to

blow, that the rain rains continually, and with such vigour as often to penetrate roofs and windows alike, that the winter lasts for nine long months, and the summer (such as it is) for a brief three; and you will see for yourself that it could not well be otherwise.

For hardy people, however, even this long period of cold need not be as much dreaded as if the summer were hotter. Experience teaches that in this life we feel everything, not as it is, but by contrast to something else. Thus, such of us as go to the United States suffer from the severity of the winter, even in latitudes considerably south of our own, with an intensity only proportionate to the intense heat of summer. I, myself, while living in the sub-tropical region of Uruguay, have suffered from the nominal winter there almost as much as from the Falkland one, and from the same cause. You see there are no contrasts in the latter place, no blacks and whites; but all one dull, monotonous, uniform grey; the winter never very far or long below freezing-point; the summer never much above warmth. Even the ice never gets thick enough for skating. The wind breaks it up almost at once; and though the snow falls heavily it does not lie very long, and sleighing is unknown. One winter, I remember a skim of ice extending out as far as the kelp beds in the harbour, but no further; and it soon broke up and disappeared.

This kelp is, by the way, a characteristic, and occasionally a dangerous one of the Falkland coast-line. It grows to an immense size, the stalks tough and stout, often the thickness of a child's arm, crossing and re-crossing each other; and throwing out broad, brown leaves, of the some tough, fleshy consistency, so as to form an impenetrable net-work under the surface of the waves, and looking from boat or shore like a wide, discoloured stripe of water about two or three yards from the beach. Where the kelp is thick, boats cannot pass through it; and many a man falling overboard, or stranger incautiously attempting to swim or bathe in places where it abounds, has been caught in its octopus-like meshes; and knotted round and round in slippery, twisting, unbreakable folds, till no writhing exertion, or any human power could avail to extricate them. Fortunately for the danger of such horrible and lingering death the water in these climates is too intensely cold for any one but a stranger to dream of bathing in it. Men-of-war's men, or foreign sailors have lost their lives from ignorance on this point, cramp or numbness coming on almost at once and

preventing them from regaining *terra firma* till washed up stiff and dead; and often so matted round with kelp that messmates searching for the body may pass it on the beach, and never tell it from any other long wreath of the same sea-weed which lies heaped upon the sand and shingle all along the coast.

When I was a child I was very chary of sitting down to rest on one of these wreaths, even when so dried by sun and wind as to make a soft and comfortable seat. Somehow I always thought that there *might* be a body inside. Mussels, large and small, abound along the beach, and so do limpets and small crabs; but the latter are not eatable, for the simple reason that there is nothing inside them to be eaten, and—

But, all this while the picnic—?

Exactly! but the fact is while rambling on about other matters, and lingering to gossip over the town and beach, I have left myself no room in this paper to descant on the incidents of a Falkland picnic, on the birds and beasts, the flowers and shrubs encountered during a ride into the country. We will keep these things for the next number. *Quantum suff.* is a saying that applies to the Falklands, as to things better known.

THEO. GIFT.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS IN 1511.

No. III.

HENRY VIII.'s Second Parliament met on Thursday, February 4th, 1511, in the third year of his reign, and was opened by the King with the usual formalities. Warham, who was still Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Chancellor, preached from the text "Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other." The following abstract of the sermon is given in the Journal:—

"He divided the exposition of this text into two parts. In the first part he pointed out that it is no less necessary than it is advantageous and useful that the subjects of kingdoms and powerful empires, when impelled by some pressing and grave cause, should meet together in parliaments or public councils; and he showed on the authority of Valerius Maximus that such was the frequent practice of the Romans. Moreover, from the advice of Solomon (who says, 'Love the light of wisdom, all ye who are set over the people, from which wisdom spring Justice and Peace, virtues in the highest degree necessary to a state'), he showed that Divine Wisdom ought to be valued and striven after by kings and princes much more than earthly wisdom. He then proceeded to remark on the fruitful, mutual and lovely advantages of these virtues, Justice and Peace, by which men ought to be the more easily induced to cherish them. Lastly, he discussed with much eloquence by what class of men the complete execution of justice is impeded; namely, by those who strive in various ways, by means lawful and unlawful, to reach worldly position or honours; by the unpunished negligence of ministers of justice, who are blinded by carnal love, avarice, hatred and fear; by the impious perjury of juries, and by the threats and violence of those in authority; all which he urged with wholesome exhortation ought to be thoroughly reformed.

"In the second part of his discourse he declared the many advantages of that blessed Peace which Christ left to His disciples, in the text "My Peace I give unto you," and he showed on the authority of the Old Testament that God sometimes permits wars

to break out because of the sins of princes and people, citing the cases of Joshua fighting against Amalek, and David fighting against the Philistines, by God's command. Next he showed what things ought to be considered and thought over before war is commenced against any one; namely, the authority of him who declares war, the fault of him who is attacked, and the end and object of waging war. He treated further of what is necessarily required of those who carry on war and hope for victory; namely, that they walk in God's ways; that they place their firm hope in God alone, not in their own strength, and maintain strict order in the field; and that, content with their wages, they should cheerfully bear the burdens of military service without going about after unlawful plunder. Finally, he declared the present Council or Parliament to be collected, assembled and commenced, in order that whatever had been done contrary to the rules of law and justice might be amended and reformed."

Stow, in his "Chronicles of England," pronounces this discourse to have been "a famous and clearkly proposition . . . whereupon he (the Archbishop) stoode well a large houre and an halfe . . . to his great commendation and singular comfort of the hearers." The accuracy of this last fact may be doubted, especially when we remember that the Commons were standing at the Bar all the time.

The tone of the sermon must have prepared those to whom it was delivered for the further declaration which was made by the Lord Chancellor a few days later, but in the meantime the business incident to the commencement of a new Parliament was gone through in the ordinary way. The Receivers and Triers of Petitions were appointed, and the Commons were directed to choose a Speaker. Their choice fell on Sir Robert Sheffield, who was presented to the king and duly approved on the 6th of February. The next few days were spent by the Lords in the consideration of various bills, and there is nothing to arrest our attention until on Tuesday the 12th of February we come to the following entry in the Journal, which is remarkable on account of its being written in English instead of Latin, perhaps for the sake of being intelligible to those whom it concerned:—

"Memorandum.—It is agreed, by the Lords, that stock-fish-mongers and fishmongers be warned to be here, upon Thursday next, by nine of the clock."

We may presume that this summons was obeyed, for two days

later we find the House considering a Bill for the revocation of the Letters Patent of the Stock-fishmongers, and appointing a Committee to inquire into the disputes between them and the fishmongers. The Committee was ordered to make its Report on that day week, but no further mention is made of the matter until the thirty-ninth day of the Parliament, when a Bill for dissolving the Corporation of Stock-fishmongers was read and sent to the Commons; but though the stock-fishmongers seem thus to have been defeated in the Lords, the fishmongers appear to have got the worst of it in the Commons, for the bill was never returned, nor does it appear as an Act in the Statute Book.

On the fifteenth day of the Session the Lord Chancellor, by the king's command, acquainted the House with the secret causes of holding the Parliament. They were three in number, and related first, "to the King of Scotland and the many injuries inflicted by him upon subjects of the kingdom of England;" secondly, "to the war between the King of Castile and his relative the Duke of Guelderland;" and thirdly, "to the Lord Pope and the dissensions between him and Louis King of the French. And the Master of the Rolls read an Apostolic Brief translated into the vulgar tongue, setting forth the insults, wrongs and injuries inflicted on the holy Apostolic See and the Roman Pontiff by Louis King of the French." Then the Lord Chancellor, accompanied by the Lord Treasurer and other Lords, went down to the Lower House, and made the same statement to the Commons. The meaning of all this was that Henry was anxious to try his hand at making war, for it is difficult to imagine why, had he desired otherwise, he should have allowed himself to be drawn into the complicated quarrels which were agitating the Continental Courts. It is true that he was probably influenced by the hope of obtaining from Julius the title of "Most Christian King," which had hitherto belonged to the wearer of the French crown, and he may also have allowed himself to be dazzled by the prospect, however faint, of reconquering those French provinces which had once been under the dominion of his ancestors; but it does not seem likely that these considerations would have induced him to take so grave a step as declaring war against Louis, had he not been burning with the desire of earning a martial reputation. However, Parliament seems to have been satisfied with the Chancellor's statement, for the bill granting the king the subsidy which he required only repeats the reasons for the war which had already been given by

Henry through the Archbishop, except that nothing is said about the Pope. The French king, who is described as the "auncient enemye to thys your Realme of Englund," is accused of a "high and insaciable appetite and mynde not contented with Region and Dominions of Fraunce," because he gave his assistance to the Duke of Guelder against the Prince of Castile. The sins of the "Kyng of Scottis" are also declared with much vigour, how "nother fering God nor weying his honour in the same, contrary to his promyse," he had taken the king's subjects with their ships and merchandize on the sea; how "by his subtil, untrue, and crafty ymaginacion" he had attempted to take the town of Berwick, "and many other cruell and haynous provocacions of werre hath moeved, attempted, and stered ayenst your Highnesse, and daily doeth not regarding the kyndenesse and nigh aliaunce of your Grace." Let us hope that these irate legislators were induced to think a little more kindly of James after he had fallen so bravely on the field of Flodden.

At the present time a bill cannot be advanced more than one stage in a day; but this was by no means the case at the period which we are considering. For instance, it is recorded in a single paragraph how a Bill relating to Escheators and Commissaries was read the second and third times and agreed to. The objection to such a mode of proceeding was that it allowed no time for the due consideration of the proposed measure by the members of the House, or for the preparation and presentation of petitions by those whose representations would be likely to influence the Legislature. This objection naturally grew stronger as time advanced, and the proceedings of Parliament became of more importance and attracted wider interest, until, on June 28th, 1715, the Lords ordered that the following should be added to the Roll of their Standing Orders:—

"Ordered and declared, That for the future no Bill shall be read twice the same day; that no Committee of the whole House proceed on any Bill the same day the Bill is committed; that no Report be received from any Committee of the whole House the same day such Committee goes through the Bill, when any Amendments are made to such Bill; and that no Bill be read the third time the same day reported from the Committee."

This order was very indifferently observed. Less than a month after it was made, namely, on July 23, 1715, a Bill for suspending the Habeas Corpus Act was brought from the House of Commons and read the first time; but it was considered to be of such impor-

tance that the bill should become law at once that the Lords resolved:—"That, for the safety of his Majesty's person and government, this House will proceed further this day on the said Bill." And the House did proceed a good deal further, for the bill was then and there read the second and third times and passed; and the same day the king went to the House and gave his royal assent to it. In succeeding sessions the same sort of thing was not unfrequently done. Sometimes a Special Order was made, as in the case just mentioned, and sometimes the journal takes no notice of the violation of the Standing Order; but no formal objection to the proceeding appears to have been made in the House until 1729, when four peers protested against the irregularity of reading twice in the same day a Bill relating to the Warden of the Fleet, for doing which there was not, as they said, "the least necessity or occasion." This protest did not make much impression, for year after year the Standing Order of 1715 was ignored whenever it was thought desirable to hurry on a bill. In 1794, in the course of a debate on a Bill for suspending the Habeas Corpus Act, much stress was laid on the Order by those who opposed the bill; but they were in a very small minority, and the argument did not attract much attention. At length, in 1801, the House took the matter up in earnest, and resolved, "That it is the duty of the Speaker of this House in no case to put a question contrary to the Orders of this House," thus throwing the responsibility on the Lord Chancellor, who then became answerable for any infraction of the Order of 1715, since a bill could not be read at all without his putting the question. This Resolution was made a new Standing Order, and, as such, is in force at the present time. But there is still a means by which the progress of a bill may be very much hastened, and it is one which is often resorted to. Any Standing Order may be dispensed with, provided that notice of the motion to dispense with it is given at least the day before the motion is made. Accordingly, it is no uncommon occurrence, in the case of a bill of pressing importance, for the peer who has charge of it to give notice after the first reading that he will follow up the motion for the second reading by a further motion for the suspension of the Standing Orders of 1715 and 1801. In this way a bill can be carried through the House in two days.

At the beginning of the 16th century the rules of parliamentary procedure, now so elaborate and exact, were probably few and vague. It seems to have been necessary that a bill should be read

three times at least, but apparently there was no objection to its being read as much oftener as was thought requisite. In the Journal of 1511, one relating to Tonnage and Poundage is expressly stated to have been read a fourth time before it was agreed to. Another for restoring the heirs of Dudley, who had been attainted in the last Parliament, is constantly appearing in the Journal of this session. First it is read a first time; next it is read a second time, together with a provision on behalf of the Bishop of London, executor of Edmund Dudley. Then, by order of the Lord Chancellor, another provision on behalf of William Fitzwilliam is brought in for the purpose of being annexed to the bill. The next entry on the subject notices the receipt of a petition of Elizabeth Martyn, sealed by the king, which was read and likewise ordered to be annexed to the bill; after which the bill itself, together with Elizabeth Martyn's petition and the Bishop of London's provision, was read the third time. Here we should naturally expect to find that this troublesome bill was sent to the Commons, but the next mention of it affords very little information as to its progress. "The Bill for Dudley's Restitution was read." And again the same day—"The Bill concerning Dudley's Heirs, together with certain provisions and a petition of Elizabeth Martyn, was read." Elizabeth Martyn (or, in more familiar language, Betty Martin) must have been hard to satisfy, for it seems to have been her petition that caused the bill so far to be read five times instead of three. After that she appears to have executed a deed, and then the bill had to be read a sixth time with the deed. Further delay was caused by the receipt of a provision on behalf of the Earl of Derby. This seems to have been read three times apart from the bill, after which it was annexed to it, and then at last the bill was sent down to the House of Commons.

Sometimes the Journal tells us the grounds on which a bill was rejected by the Lords. Thus, in one place we read that a Bill concerning Recoveries in cancelling Discharges was read and referred to a certain Sir John (whose surname is not given), "because whoever is aggrieved in this matter can obtain his remedy at the common law; and therefore the aforesaid bill was rejected and thrown out." In another place we are told that, as to a certain bill, "it appeared to the Lords here present that it would operate to the king's prejudice, and therefore it is not to be proceeded with." More frequently a rejected bill simply ceases to appear among those occupying the attention of the House; but it does not follow

that every bill which so drops into obscurity was thrown out. The truth is that the Journal was kept with the utmost irregularity. Indeed, it seems probable that in these early times *no* regular journal, properly so called, was kept at all. It is more likely that the Clerk of the Parliaments merely made notes of what passed in the House, and that these notes were afterwards collected and put into the shape of a regular diary; otherwise, how are we to account for such an entry as this, which stands at the head of one day's proceedings in the session of 1511?—"Memorandum. This day Henry Earl of Wiltes, without being asked or questioned, freely, voluntarily, and of his own accord granted to John Tayler, Clerk of the Parliament, the next presentation to the church of Skyrby, in the County of Lincoln." Surely the Clerk of the Parliaments would not have presumed, or been permitted, thus to mix up his own private affairs with the solemn official record of the proceedings of Parliament.

The session lasted forty-nine days, and on the 30th of March Parliament was prorogued. The prorogation appears to have been effected without any ceremony, judging from the only record of it that appears in the Journal:—"To-day the present Parliament was prorogued, by command of the Lord King, to the fourth day of the month of November next." After which is the following note:—"The prorogations of this Parliament are to be found in another book of the fourth year of King Henry the Eighth." This book has been lost, and we are dependent on the Statute Book and the Rolls of Parliament for our information as to what took place in succeeding sessions.

Among the Acts passed in 1511 are two which have direct relation to the war on which the king had just embarked. They are respectively entitled "An Act of pryvilege for such persons as are in the King's Warrs" and "An Act agaynst such Captaynes as abridg their Soldyers of theire paye." Two others "concerning Shooting in Longe Bowes" and "agaynst Shooting in Crosbowes" were also the offspring, in all probability, of the martial spirit which prevailed. The use of the cross-bow seems to have been superseding that of the long-bow for some time. In the nineteenth year of Henry VII.'s reign an Act had been passed for restoring to the latter weapon that supremacy to which its superior merits entitled it. That Henry VII. was actuated by other motives besides purely patriotic ones in procuring that Act to be passed may be guessed from the wording of the preamble:—"For asmoche

as nowe of late the King's Subjects gretly delyte them selfe and take pleasour in usyng of Crosebowes, wherby grett distruccion of the King's Deer aswell in Forrests Chases as in Parkes dayly is hadde and doone, and shotyng in Longe Bowes lytyll or nothyng used and lykelye in shorte space to be loste and utterly decayed, to the great hurte and enfebelyng of this Realme and to the cumforth of oure owtewarde enemyes yf remedie be nott therefore in dewe tyme purveyd." But at the same time it cannot be doubted that, as a military weapon, the long-bow was decidedly superior. The victory gained by the English at Crécy is attributed in some degree to their use of long-bows, on which the rain had no effect, while the strings of the enemy's cross-bows became slack and weak. But this one reason, good as it was, does not seem to have been thought sufficient by those who framed the laws on this subject. Henry VII., as we have seen, had an eye to his deer when he forbade the use of cross-bows. Henry VIII. was actuated by no such selfish motive; or at any rate, if he was, the Act of 1511 does not let out the secret. Next to the defence of the kingdom, regard for the morals of the people and for religion appears to have been the chief consideration that influenced the Legislature. The Act informs us that "by meanes and occasion of custumable usaige of Teynes Play Bowles Classhe, and other unlawfull games, prohibett by many good and beneficiall estatutes by auctorite of Parliament in that behalf provided and made," with which games people used to amuse themselves when they ought to have been practising archery, "grete impoverisschement hath ensued; and many heynous Murdurs, Robberies, and Felonnes be committed and done; and also the devyne by suche missedoers on holy and festivall dayes not herd or solempnised to the high displeasure of Almyghty God." Accordingly very stringent provisions for ensuring the universal practice of the long-bow throughout the country were enacted. Every subject under sixty years of age, except the clergy and judges, were to "use and exercyse shotyng in longbowes, and also to have a bowe and arrowes redy contynually in his house." Parents and others having charge of children were to "teche and bring upp theym in the knowledge of the same shotyng; and every man havyng a man child or men children in his house" was to "provide, ordeyne, and have in his house for every man childe beyng of the aige of vii yeres and above, tyll he shall come to the age of xvii yeres, a bowe and ii shafts to enduse and lern theym and bryng them upp in shotyng." A penalty of one shilling per month was imposed on

those who neglected to comply with these requirements. Further provision was made for putting down unlawful games, and butts were ordered to be made in every city, town, and place, where the inhabitants might exercise themselves with long-bows on holidays and at other convenient times. The "Acte agaynst Shooting in Crosbowes" rendered it unlawful for any man to shoot with a cross-bow (except for the defence of his house) unless he was a lord, or had lands or tenements of the yearly value of 300 marks. This statute, if fully enforced, must have been effectual in preventing the general use of the cross-bow; but it may be doubted whether the Act previously described did much towards increasing the popularity of the rival weapon.

"An Act concerning Phesicians and Surgeons," was directed against the practice of physic and surgery by ignorant quacks, who, we are told in the preamble, were in the habit of using sorcery in cases of difficulty. For the protection of the public, especially of those who could not "descerne the uncunningg from the cunningg," the Act provided that in future none should "take upon hym to exercise and occupie as a Phisicion or Surgion" in London, without being previously examined and admitted by "the Bishopp of London, or by the Dean of Poules for the tyme beyng callyng to hym or them iiij Doctours of Phisyk and for Surgerie other expert persones in that facultie." In the provinces the examination was to be held by the Bishop of the diocese, or, in his absence, by the Vicar-General, assisted in the same way.

"An Act concerning Hatts and Capps," for the protection of the home trade, forbade the importation of foreign hats and caps, and at the same time regulated the prices to be demanded for those made in England. The charge for a "cappe made of the fynest Leemynster woll" was not to exceed 3*s.* 4*d.* The Cotswold wool was not valued so highly. A cap of the finest wool of that description was not to cost more than 2*s.*

The other statutes of this session have been already referred to, or else are uninteresting. It may be mentioned that from the Act for restoring Dudley's son (a child under eight years of age), it appears that the widow of the former Baron of the Exchequer had already consoled herself with a second husband. Let us hope that he came to a more peaceful end than his predecessor.

A. H.

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER IX.

CYRUS IS HERE—PENCROFT'S ATTEMPTS—RUBBING WOOD—ISLAND OR CONTINENT—THE ENGINEER'S PROJECTS—IN WHAT PART OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN—IN THE MIDST OF THE FORESTS—THE STONE PINE—CHASING A CAPYBARA—AN AUSPICIOUS SMOKE.

IN a few words, Gideón Spilett, Herbert, and Neb were made acquainted with what had happened. This accident, which might have had very serious consequences, at least, Pencroft so considered it, produced different effects on the companions of the honest sailor.

Neb, in his delight at having found his master, did not listen, or rather, did not care to trouble himself with what Pencroft was saying.

Herbert shared in some degree the sailor's apprehensions.

As to the reporter, he simply replied,—

"Upon my word, Pencroft, it's perfectly indifferent to me!"

"But, I repeat, that we haven't any fire!"

"Pooh!"

"Nor any means of relighting it!"

"Nonsense!"

"However, Mr. Spilett."

"Isn't Cyrus here?" replied the reporter.

"Is not our engineer living? He will soon find some way of making fire for us!"

"With what?"

"With nothing."

What had Pencroft to say? He could say nothing, for, in the bottom of his heart he shared the confidence which his companions

had in Cyrus Harding. The engineer was to them a microcosm, a compound of every science, a possessor of all human knowledge. It was better to be with Cyrus in a desert island, than without him in the most flourishing town in the United States. With him they could want nothing; with him they would never despair. If these brave men had been told that a volcanic eruption would destroy the land, that this land would be engulfed in the depths of the Pacific, they would have imperturbably replied,—

“Cyrus is here!”

While in the palanquin, however, the engineer had again relapsed into unconsciousness, which the jolting to which he had been subjected during his journey had brought on, so that they could not now appeal to his ingenuity. The supper must necessarily be very meagre. In fact, all the tetras' flesh had been consumed, and there no longer existed any means of cooking more game. Besides, the couroucous which had been reserved had disappeared. They must consider what was to be done.

First of all, Cyrus Harding was carried into the central passage. There they managed to arrange for him a couch of seaweed which still remained almost dry. The deep sleep which had overpowered him would no doubt be more beneficial to him than any nourishment.

Night had closed in, and the temperature, which had modified when the wind shifted to the north-west, again became extremely cold. Also, the sea having destroyed the partitions which Pencroft had put up in certain places in the passages, the Chimneys, on account of the draughts, had become scarcely habitable. The engineer's condition would, therefore, have been bad enough, if his companions had not carefully covered him with their coats and waistcoats.

Supper, this evening, was of course composed of the inevitable lithodomes, of which Herbert and Neb picked up a plentiful supply on the beach. However, to the molluscs, the lad added some edible seaweed, which he gathered on high rocks, whose sides were only washed by the sea at the time of high tides. This seaweed, which belongs to the order of *Sucacæ*, of the genus *Sargussum*, when dry, produces a gelatinous matter, rich and nutritious. The reporter and his companions after having eaten a quantity of lithodomes, sucked the sargussum, of which the taste was very tolerable. It is used in parts of the East very considerably by the natives. “Never mind!” said the sailor, “it is time

that the captain came to our help." Meanwhile the cold became very severe, and unhappily they had no means of defending themselves from it.

The sailor, extremely vexed, tried in all sorts of ways to procure fire. Neb helped him in this work. He found some dry moss, and by striking together two pebbles he obtained some sparks, but the moss, not being inflammable enough, did not take fire, for the sparks were really only incandescent, and not at all of the same consistency as those which are emitted from flint when struck in the same manner. The experiment, therefore, did not succeed.

Pencroft, although he had not confidence in the proceeding, then tried rubbing two pieces of dry wood together, as savages do. Certainly, the movement which he and Neb gave themselves, if they had been transformed into heat, following the new theory, would have been enough to heat the boiler of a steamer! It came to nothing. The bits of wood became hot, that was all, and that much less than the operators themselves.

After working an hour, Pencroft, who was in a complete state of perspiration, threw down the pieces of wood in disgust.

"When I can be made to believe that savages light their fires in this way," said he, "it will be warm, even in winter! I could sooner light my arms by rubbing them against each other!"

The sailor was wrong to despise the proceeding. Savages often kindle wood by means of rapid rubbing. But every sort of wood does not answer for the purpose, and besides, there is "the knack," following the usual expression, and it is probable that Pencroft had not "the knack."

Pencroft's ill humour did not last long. Herbert had taken the bits of wood which he had thrown down, and was exerting himself to rub them. The hardy sailor could not restrain a burst of laughter on seeing the efforts of the lad to succeed where he had failed.

"Rub, my boy, rub!" said he.

"I am rubbing," replied Herbert, laughing, "but I don't pretend to do anything else but warm myself in my turn instead of shivering, and soon I shall be as hot as you are, Pencroft!"

This soon happened. However, they were obliged to give up, for this night at least, the attempt to procure fire. Gideon Spilett repeated, for the twentieth time, that Cyrus Harding would not have been troubled for so little. And, in the meantime, he stretched himself in one of the passages on his bed of sand.

Herbert, Neb, and Pencroft did the same, whilst Top slept at his master's feet.

Next day, the 28th of March, when the engineer awoke, about eight in the morning, he saw his companions around him watching his sleep, and, as on the day before, his first words were :—

“Island or continent?”

This was his fixed idea.

“Well!” replied Pencroft, “we don't know anything about it, captain!”

“You don't know yet?”

“But we shall know,” rejoined Pencroft, “when you have guided us into the country.”

“I think I am able to try it,” replied the engineer, who, without much effort, rose and stood upright.

“That's capital!” cried the sailor.

“I feel dreadfully weak,” replied Harding. “Give me something to eat, my friends, and it will soon go off. You have fire, have'nt you?”

This question was not immediately replied to. But, in a few seconds—

“Alas! we have no fire,” said Pencroft, “or rather, captain, we have it no longer!”

And the sailor recounted all that had passed the day before. He amused the engineer by the history of the single match, then his abortive attempt to procure fire in the savages' way.

“We shall consider,” replied the engineer, “and if we do not find some substance similar to tinder—”

“Well?” asked the sailor.

“Well, we will make matches.”

“Chemicals?”

“Chemicals!”

“It is not more difficult than that,” cried the reporter, striking the sailor on the shoulder.

The latter did not think it so simple, but he did not protest. All went out. The weather had become very fine. The sun was rising from the sea's horizon, and touched with golden spangles the prismatic rugosities of the huge precipice.

Having thrown a rapid glance around him, the engineer seated himself on a block of stone. Herbert offered him a few handfuls of shell-fish and sargassum, saying,—

“It is all that we have, Captain Harding.”

"Thanks, my boy," replied Harding; "it will do—for this morning at least."

He ate the wretched food with appetite, and washed it down with a little fresh water, drawn from the river in an immense shell.

His companions looked at him without speaking. Then, after being refreshed more or less, Cyrus Harding, crossing his arms, said,—

"So, my friends, you do not know yet whether fate has thrown us on an island, or on a continent?"

"No, captain," replied the boy.

"We shall know to-morrow," said the engineer; "till then, there is nothing to be done."

"Yes," replied Pencroft.

"What?"

"Fire," said the sailor, who, too, had a fixed idea.

"We will make it, Pencroft," replied Harding.

"Whilst you were carrying me yesterday, did I not see in the west a mountain which commands the country?"

"Yes," replied Spilett, "a mountain which must be rather high—"

"Well," replied the engineer, "we will climb to the summit to-morrow, and then we shall see if this land is an island or a continent. Till then, I repeat, there is nothing to be done."

"Yes, fire!" said the obstinate sailor again.

"But he will make us a fire!" replied Gideon Spilett, "only have a little patience, Pencroft!"

The seaman looked at Spilett in a way which seemed to say, "If it depended upon you to do it, we wouldn't taste roast meat very soon;" but he was silent.

Meanwhile Captain Harding had made no reply. He appeared to be very little troubled by the question of fire. For a few minutes he remained absorbed in thought; then again speaking,—

"My friends," said he, "our situation is, perhaps, deplorable; but, at any rate, it is very plain. Either we are on a continent, and then, at the expense of greater or less fatigue, we shall reach some inhabited place, or we are on an island. In the latter case, if the island is inhabited, we will try to get out of the scrape with the help of its inhabitants; if it is desert, we will try to get out of the scrape by ourselves."

"Certainly, nothing could be plainer," replied Pencroft.

"But, whether it is an island or a continent," asked Gideon Spilett, "where do you think, Cyrus, this storm has thrown us?"

"I cannot say exactly," replied the engineer, "but I presume it is some land in the Pacific. In fact, when we left Richmond, the wind was blowing from the north-east, and its violence itself proves that it could not have varied. If the direction has been maintained from the north-east to the south-west, we have traversed the States of North Carolina, of South Carolina, of Georgia, the Gulf of Mexico, Mexico itself, in its narrow part, then a part of the Pacific Ocean. I cannot estimate the distance traversed by the balloon at less than six to seven thousand miles, and, even supposing that the wind had varied half a quarter, it must have brought us either to the archipelago of Mendava, either on the Pomotous, or, even if it had a greater strength than I suppose, to the land of New Zealand. If the last hypothesis is realized, it will be easy enough to get home again. English or Maoris, we shall always find some one to whom we can speak. If, on the contrary, this is the coast of a desert island in some microscopic archipelago, perhaps we shall be able to reconnoitre it from the summit of that peak which overlooks the country, and then we shall see how to establish ourselves here as if we are never to go away."

"Never!" cried the reporter. "You say 'never,' my dear Cyrus!"

"Better to put things at the worst at first," replied the engineer, "and reserve the best for a surprise."

"Well said," remarked Pencroft. "It is to be hoped, too, that this island, if it is one, is not situated just out of the course of ships, that would be really unlucky!"

"We shall not know what we have to rely on until we have first made the ascent of the mountain," replied the engineer.

"But to-morrow, captain," asked Herbert, "shall you be in a state to bear the fatigue of the ascent?"

"I hope so," replied the engineer, "provided you and Pencroft, my boy, show yourselves quick and clever hunters."

"Captain," said the sailor, "since you are speaking of game, if, on my return, I was as certain of being able to roast it as I am of bringing it back—"

"Bring it back all the same, Pencroft," replied Harding.

It was then agreed that the engineer and the reporter were to pass the day at the Chimneys, so as to examine the shore and the upper plateau. Neb Herbert, and the sailor, were to return to the



TOP ENGAGED IN A STRUGGLE WITH THE CAPYBARA.

forest, renew their store of wood, and lay violent hands on every creature, feathered or hairy, which might come within their reach.

They set out then, about ten o'clock in the morning, Herbert confident, Neb joyous, Pencroft murmuring aside,—

“If, on my return, I find a fire at the house, I shall believe that the thunder itself came to light it.” All three climbed the bank, and arrived at the angle made by the river, the sailor, stopping, said to his two companions,—

“Shall we begin by being hunters or wood-men?”

“Hunters,” replied Herbert. “There is Top already in quest.”

“We will hunt, then,” said the sailor, “and afterwards we can come back and collect our wood.”

This agreed to, Herbert, Neb, and Pencroft, after having torn three sticks from the trunk of a young fir, followed Top, who was bounding about amongst the long grass.

This time, the hunters, instead of following the course of the river, plunged straight into the heart of the forest. There were still the same trees, belonging, for the most part, to the pine family. In certain places, less crowded, growing in clumps, these pines exhibited considerable dimensions, and appeared to indicate, by their development, that the country was situated in a higher latitude than the engineer had supposed. Glades, bristling with stumps worn away by time, were covered with dry wood, which formed an inexhaustible store of fuel. Then, the glade passed, the underwood thickened again, and became almost impenetrable.

It was difficult enough to find the way amongst the groups of trees, without any beaten track. So the sailor from time to time broke off branches which might be easily recognized. But, perhaps, he was wrong not to follow the water-course, as he and Herbert had done on their first excursion, for after walking an hour not a creature had shown itself. Top, running under the branches, only roused birds which could not be approached. Even the couroucous were invisible, and it was probable that the sailor would be obliged to return to the marshy part of the forest, in which he had so happily performed his tetra fishing.

“Well, Pencroft,” said Neb, in a slightly sarcastic tone, “if this is all the game which you promised to bring back to my master, it won’t need a large fire to roast it!”

“Have patience,” replied the sailor, “it isn’t the game which will be wanting on our return.”

"Have you not confidence in Captain Harding?"

"Yes."

"But you don't believe that he will make fire?"

"I shall believe it when the wood is blazing in the fireplace."

"It will blaze, since my master has said so."

"We shall see!"

Meanwhile, the sun had not yet reached the highest point in its course above the horizon. The exploration, therefore, continued, and was usefully marked by a discovery which Herbert made of a tree whose fruit was edible. This was the stone-pine, which produces an excellent almond, very much esteemed in the temperate regions of America and Europe. These almonds were in a perfect state of maturity, and Herbert described them to his companions, who feasted on them.

"Come," said Pencroft, "sea-weed by way of bread, raw mussels for meat, and almonds for dessert, that's certainly a good dinner for those who have not a single match in their pocket!"

"We mustn't complain," said Herbert.

"I am not complaining, my boy," replied Pencroft, "only I repeat, that meat is a little too much economized in this sort of meal."

"Top has seen something!" cried Neb, who ran towards a thicket, in the midst of which the dog had disappeared, barking. With Top's barking were mingled curious gruntings.

The sailor and Herbert had followed Neb. If there was game there this was not the time to discuss how it was to be cooked, but rather, how they were to get hold of it.

The hunters had scarcely entered the bushes when they saw Top engaged in a struggle with an animal which he was holding by the ear. This quadruped was a sort of pig nearly two feet and a half long, of a blackish brown, less deep at the stomach, having a hard scanty hair, its toes, then strongly fixed in the ground, seemed to be united by a membrane. Herbert recognized in this animal the capybara, that is to say, one of the largest members of the rodent order.

Meanwhile, the capybara did not struggle against the dog. It stupidly rolled its eyes, deeply buried in a thick bed of fat. Perhaps it saw men for the first time.

However, Neb having tightened his grasp on his stick, was just going to fell the pig, when the latter, tearing itself from Top's teeth, by which it was only held by the tip of its ear, uttered a



A WELCOME SIGHT.

vigorous grunt, rushed upon Herbert, almost overthrew him, and disappeared in the wood.

"The rascal!" cried Pencroft.

All three directly darted after Top, but at the moment when they joined him the animal had disappeared under the waters of a large pond shaded by venerable pines.

Neb, Herbert, and Pencroft stopped, motionless. Top plunged into the water, but the capybara, hidden at the bottom of the pond, did not appear.

"Let us wait," said the boy, "for he will soon come to the surface to breathe."

"Won't he drown?" asked Neb.

"No," replied Herbert, "since he has webbed feet, and is almost an amphibious animal. But watch him."

Top remained in the water. Pencroft and his two companions went to different parts of the bank, so as to cut off the retreat of the capybara, which the dog was looking for beneath the water.

Herbert was not mistaken. In a few minutes the animal appeared on the surface of the water. Top was upon it in a bound, and kept it from plunging again. An instant later the capybara, dragged to the bank, was killed by a blow from Neb's stick.

"Hurrah!" cried Pencroft, who was always ready with this cry of triumph.

"Nothing but a good fire, and this pig shall be gnawed to the bones!"

Pencroft hoisted the capybara on his shoulders, and judging by the height of the sun that it was about two o'clock, he gave the signal to return.

Top's instinct was useful to the hunters, who, thanks to the intelligent animal, were enabled to discover the road by which they had come. Half an hour later they arrived at the river.

Pencroft soon made a raft of wood, as he had done the first time, though if there was no fire it would be a useless task, and the raft following the current, they returned towards the Chimneys.

But the sailor had not gone fifty paces when he stopped, and again uttering a tremendous hurrah, pointed towards the angle of the cliff,—

"Herbert! Neb! Look!" he shouted.

Smoke was escaping and curling up amongst the rocks.

CHAPTER X.

THE ENGINEER'S INVENTION—THE QUESTION WHICH ENGROSSES THE THOUGHTS OF CYRUS HARDING—DEPARTURE FOR THE MOUNTAIN—VOLCANIC SOIL—TRAGOPANS—SHEEP—THE FIRST PLATEAU—ENCAMPMENT FOR THE NIGHT—THE SUMMIT OF THE CONE.

IN a few minutes the three hunters were before a crackling fire. The captain and the reporter were there. Pencroft looked from one to the other, his capybara in his hand, without saying a word.

"Well, yes, my brave fellow," cried the reporter.

"Fire, real fire, which will roast that splendid game perfectly, and we will have a feast presently!"

"But who lighted it?" asked Pencroft.

"The sun!"

Gideon Spilett was quite right in his reply. It was the sun which had furnished the heat which so astonished Pencroft. The sailor could scarcely believe his eyes, and he was so amazed that he did not think of questioning the engineer.

"Had you a burning-glass, sir?" asked Herbert of Harding.

"No, my boy," replied he, "but I made one."

And he showed the apparatus which served for a burning-glass. It was simply two glasses which he had taken from his own and the reporter's watches. Having filled them with water and rendered their edges adhesive by means of a little clay, he thus fabricated a regular burning-glass, which, concentrating the solar rays on some very dry moss, soon caused it to blaze.

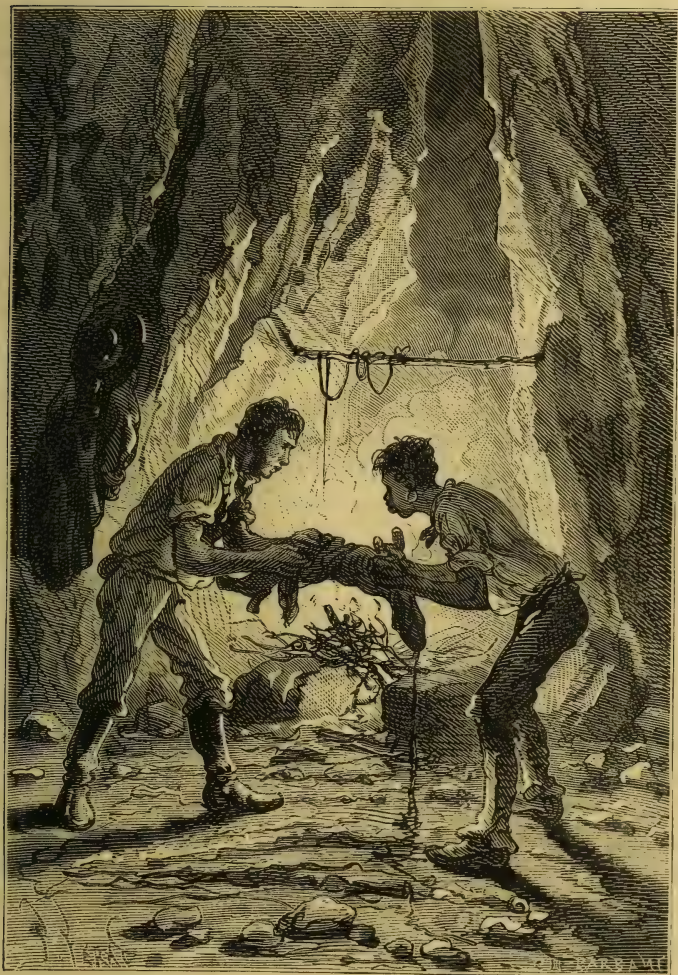
The sailor considered the apparatus; then he gazed at the engineer without saying a word, only his look plainly expressed his opinion that if Cyrus Harding was not a magician, he was certainly no ordinary man. At last speech returned to him, and he cried,—

"Note that, Mr. Spilett, note that down on your paper!"

"It is noted," replied the reporter.

Then, Neb helping him, the seaman arranged the spit, and the capybara, properly cleaned, was soon roasting like a sucking-pig before a clear, crackling fire.

The Chimneys had again become more habitable, not only because the passages were warmed by the fire, but because the partitions of wood and mud had been re-established.



PREPARING THE SUPPER.

It was evident that the engineer and his companions had employed their day well. Cyrus Harding had almost entirely recovered his strength, and had proved it by climbing to the upper plateau. From this point his eye, accustomed to estimate heights and distances, was fixed for a long time on the cone, the summit of which he wished to reach the next day. The mountain, situated about six miles to the north-west, appeared to him to measure 3500 feet above the level of the sea. Consequently the gaze of an observer posted on its summit would extend over a radius of at least fifty miles. Therefore it was probable that Harding could easily solve the question of "island or continent," to which he gave, not without reason, the first place.

They supped capitally. The flesh of the capybara was declared excellent. The sargussum and the almonds of the stone-pine completed the repast, during which the engineer spoke little. He was preoccupied with projects for the next day.

Once or twice Pencroft gave forth some ideas upon what it would be best to do; but Cyrus Harding, who was evidently of a methodical mind, contented himself with shaking his head.

"To-morrow," he repeated, "we shall know what we have to depend upon, and we will act accordingly."

The meal ended, fresh armfuls of wood were thrown on the fire, and the inhabitants of the Chimneys, including the faithful Top, were soon buried in a deep sleep. No incident disturbed this peaceful night, and the next day, the 29th of March, fresh and active they awoke, ready to undertake the excursion which must determine their fate.

All was ready for the start. The remains of the capybara would be enough to sustain Harding and his companions for at least twenty-four hours. Besides, they hoped to find more food on the way. As the glasses had been returned to the watches of the engineer and reporter, Pencroft burned a little linen to serve as tinder. As to flint, that would not be wanting in these regions of Plutonic origin. It was half-past seven in the morning when the explorers, armed with sticks, left the Chimneys. Following Pencroft's advice, it appeared best to take the road already traversed through the forest, and to return by another route. It was also the most direct way to reach the mountain. They turned the south angle and followed the left bank of the river, which was abandoned at the point where it formed an elbow towards the south-west. The path, already trodden under the evergreen trees,

was found, and at nine o'clock Cyrus Harding and his companions had reached the western border of the forest. The ground, till then, very little undulated, boggy at first, dry and sandy afterwards, had a gentle slope, which ascended from the shore towards the interior of the country. A few very timid animals were seen under the forest-trees. Top quickly started them, but his master soon called him back, for the time had not come to commence hunting, that would be attended to later. The engineer was not a man who would allow himself to be diverted from his fixed idea. One would not even be mistaken in asserting that he did not observe the country, either in its configuration or in its natural productions, his great aim being to climb the mountain before him, and therefore straight towards it he went. At ten o'clock a halt of a few minutes was made. On leaving the forest, the mountain system of the country appeared before the explorers. The mountain was composed of two cones; the first, truncated at a height of about two thousand five hundred feet, was sustained by buttresses, which appeared to branch out like the talons of an immense claw set on the ground. Between these were narrow valleys, bristling with trees, the last clumps of which rose to the top of the lowest cone. There appeared to be less vegetation on that side of the mountain which was exposed to the north-east, and deep fissures could be seen which, no doubt, were water-courses.

On the first cone rested a second, slightly rounded, and placed a little on one side, like a great round hat cocked over the ear. A Scotchman would have said, "his bonnet was a thocht ajee." It appeared formed of bare earth, here and there pierced by reddish rocks.

They wished to reach the second cone, and proceeding along the ridge of the spurs seemed to be the best way by which to gain it.

"We are on volcanic ground," Cyrus Harding had said, and his companions following him began to ascend by degrees on the back of a spur, which, by a winding path and consequently more accessible, joined the first plateau.

The ground had evidently been convulsed by subterranean force. Here and there stray blocks, numerous *débris* of basalt and pumice-stone, were met with. In isolated groups rose fir-trees, which, some hundred feet lower, at the bottom of the narrow gorges, formed massive shades almost impenetrable to the sun's rays.

During this first part of the ascent, Herbert remarked on the footprints which indicated the recent passage of large animals.

"Perhaps these beasts will not let us pass by willingly," said Pencroft.

"Well," replied the reporter, who had already hunted the tiger in India, and the lion in Africa, "we shall soon learn how successfully to encounter them. But in the meantime we must be upon our guard!"

Meanwhile they ascended but slowly.

The way, increased by *détours* and obstacles which could not be surmounted directly, was long. Sometimes, too, the ground suddenly fell, and they found themselves on the edge of a deep chasm which they had to go round. Thus, in retracing their steps so as to find some practicable path, much time was employed and fatigue undergone for nothing. At twelve o'clock, when the small band of adventurers halted for breakfast at the foot of a large group of firs, near a little stream which fell in cascades, they found themselves still half way from the first plateau, which most probably they would not reach till nightfall. From this point the view of the sea was much extended, but on the right the high promontory prevented their seeing whether there was land beyond it. On the left, the sight extended several miles to the north; but, on the north-west, at the point occupied by the explorers, it was cut short by the ridge of a fantastically-shaped spur, which formed a powerful support of the central cone.

At one o'clock the ascent was continued. They slanted more towards the south-west and again entered amongst thick bushes. There under the shade of the trees fluttered several couple of gallinaceæ belonging to the pheasant species. They were tragopans, ornamented by a pendant skin which hangs over their throats, and by two small, round horns planted behind the eyes. Amongst these couples, about the size of a fowl, the female was uniformly brown, whilst the male was gorgeous in his red plumage, decorated with white spots. Gideon Spilett, with a stone cleverly and vigorously thrown, killed one of these tragopans, at which Pencroft, made hungry by the fresh air, had looked with greedy eyes.

After leaving the region of bushes, the party mounting, helped by resting on each other's shoulders, climbed for about a hundred feet up a very steep acclivity and reached a level place, with very few trees, where the soil appeared volcanic. The thing was, to ascend by zigzags to make the slope more easy, for it was very

steep, and each had to choose with care the place to put his foot. Neb and Herbert took the lead, Pencroft the rear, the captain and the reporter between them. The animals which frequented these heights—and there were plenty of traces of them—must necessarily belong to those races of sure foot and supple spine, chamois or goat. Several were seen, but this was not the name Pencroft gave them, for all of a sudden—

“Sheep!” he shouted.

All stopped about fifty feet from half-a-dozen animals of a large size, with strong horns bent back and flattened towards the point, with a woolly fleece, hidden under long silky hair of a tawny colour.

They were not ordinary sheep, but a species usually found in the mountainous regions of the temperate zone, to which Herbert gave the name of the musmon.

“Have they legs and chops?” asked the sailor.

“Yes,” replied Herbert.

“Well, then, they are sheep!” said Pencroft.

The animals, motionless among the blocks of basalt, gazed with an astonished eye, as if they saw human bipeds for the first time. Then, their fears suddenly aroused, they disappeared, bounding over the rocks.

“Good-bye, till we meet again!” cried Pencroft, as he watched them, in such a comical tone that Cyrus Harding, Gideon Spilett, Herbert, and Neb could not help laughing.

The ascent was continued. Here and there were traces of lava. Sulphur springs sometimes stopped their way, and they had to go round them. In some places the sulphur had formed crystals among other substances, such as whitish cinders made of an infinity of little felspar crystals.

On approaching the first plateau formed by the truncating of the lower cone, the difficulties of the ascent were very great. Towards four o'clock the extreme zone of the trees had been passed. There only remained here and there a few twisted, stunted pines, which must have had a hard life in resisting at this altitude the high winds from the open sea. Happily for the engineer and his companions the weather was beautiful, the atmosphere tranquil; for a high breeze at an elevation of three thousand feet would have hindered their proceedings. The purity of the sky at the zenith was felt through the transparent air. Perfect calm reigned around them. They could not see the sun, then hid by the vast screen of

the upper cone, which masked the half-horizon of the west, and whose enormous shadow stretching to the shore increased as the radiant luminary sank in its diurnal course. Vapours—mist rather than clouds—began to appear in the east and assume all the prismatic colours under the influence of the solar rays.

Five hundred feet only separated the explorers from the plateau which they wished to reach so as to establish there an encampment for the night, but these five hundred feet were increased to more than two miles by the zigzags which they had to describe. The soil, as it were, slid under their feet. The slope often presented such an angle that they slipped when the stones worn by the air did not give a sufficient support. Evening came on by degrees, and it was almost night when Cyrus Harding and his companions, much fatigued by an ascent of seven hours, arrived at the plateau of the first cone. It was then necessary to prepare an encampment, and to restore their strength by eating first and sleeping afterwards. This second stage of the mountain rose on a base of rocks among which it would be easy to find a retreat. Fuel was not abundant. However, a fire could be made by means of the moss and dry brushwood, which covered certain parts of the plateau. Whilst the sailor was preparing his hearth with stones which he put to this use, Neb and Herbert occupied themselves with getting a supply of fuel. They soon returned with a load of brushwood. The steel was struck, the burnt linen caught the sparks of flint, and under Neb's breath a crackling fire showed itself in a few minutes under the shelter of the rocks. Their object in lighting a fire was only to enable them to withstand the cold temperature of the night, as it was not employed in cooking the bird, which Neb kept for the next day. The remains of the capybara and some dozens of the stone-pine almonds formed their supper. It was not half-past six when all was finished.

Cyrus Harding then thought of exploring in the half-light the large circular layer which supported the upper cone of the mountain. Before taking any rest, he wished to know if it was possible to get round the base of the cone in the case of its sides being too steep and its summit being inaccessible. This question preoccupied him, for it was possible that from the way the hat inclined, that is to say, towards the north, the plateau was not practicable. Also, if the summit of the mountain could not be reached on one side, and if, on the other, they could not get round the base of the cone, it would be impossible to survey the western part of the country, and

their object in making the ascent would in part be altogether unattained.

The engineer, accordingly, without regarding his fatigues, leaving Pencroft and Neb to arrange the beds, and Gideon Spilett to note the incidents of the day, began to follow the edge of the plateau, going towards the north. Herbert accompanied him.

The night was beautiful and still, the darkness was not yet deep. Cyrus Harding and the boy walked near each other, without speaking. In some places the plateau opened before them, and they passed without hindrance. In others, obstructed by rocks, there was only a narrow path, in which two persons could not walk abreast. After a walk of twenty minutes, Cyrus Harding and Herbert were obliged to stop. From this point the slope of the two cones became one. No shoulder here separated the two parts of the mountain. The slope, being inclined almost seventy degrees, the path became impracticable.

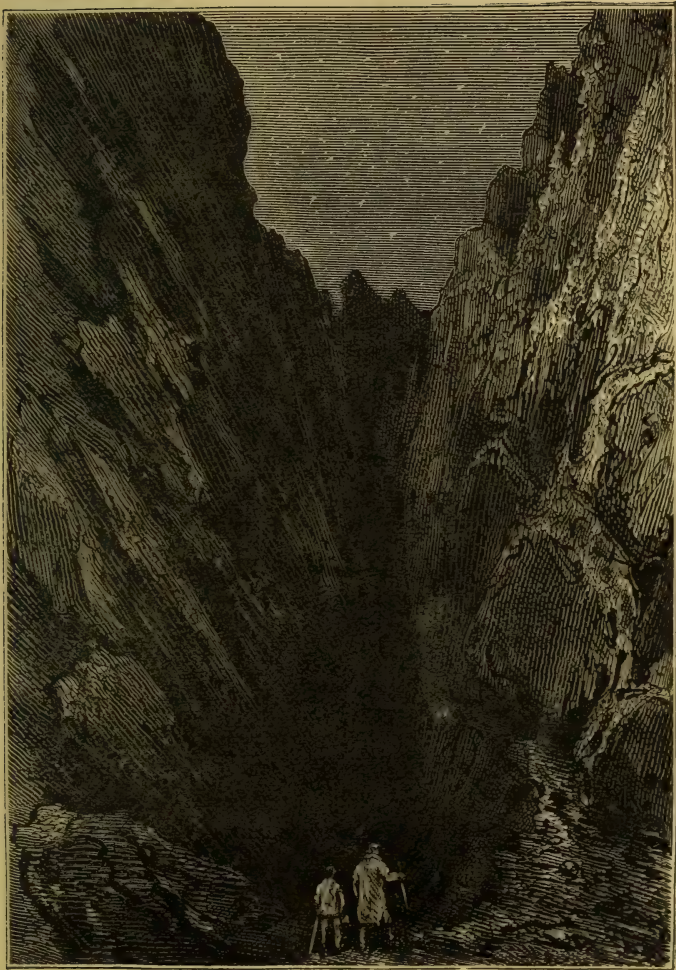
But if the engineer and the boy were obliged to give up thoughts of following a circular direction, in return an opportunity was given for ascending the cone.

In fact, before them opened a deep hollow. It was the rugged mouth of the crater, by which the eruptive liquid matter escaped at the periods when the volcano was still in activity. Hardened lava and crusted scoria formed a sort of natural staircase of large steps, which would greatly facilitate the ascent to the summit of the mountain.

Harding took all this in at a glance, and without hesitating, followed by the lad, he entered the enormous chasm in the midst of an increasing obscurity.

There was still a height of a thousand feet to overcome. Would the interior acclivities of the crater be practicable? It would soon be seen. The persevering engineer resolved to continue his ascent until he was stopped. Happily these acclivities wound up the interior of the volcano and favoured their ascent.

As to the volcano itself, it could not be doubted that it was completely extinct. No smoke escaped from its sides; not a flame could be seen in the dark hollows; not a roar, not a mutter, no trembling even issued from this black well, which perhaps reached far into the bowels of the earth. The atmosphere inside the crater was filled with no sulphurous vapour. It was more than the sleep of a volcano, it was its complete extinction. Cyrus Harding's attempt would succeed.



IT WAS THE MOUTH OF THE CRATER.

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Little by little, Herbert and he, climbing up the sides of the interior, saw the crater widen above their heads. The radius of this circular portion of the sky, framed by the edge of the cone, increased obviously. At each step, as it were, that the explorers made, fresh stars entered the field of their vision. The magnificent constellations of the southern sky shone resplendent. At the zenith, glittered the splendid Antares in the Scorpion, and not far the β in the Centaur, which is believed to be the nearest star to the terrestrial globe. Then, as the crater widened, appeared Fomalhaut of the Fish, the Southern Triangle, and lastly, nearly at the Antarctic Pole, the glittering Southern Cross, which replaces the Polar Star of the Northern Hemisphere.

It was nearly eight o'clock when Cyrus Harding and Herbert put their foot on the highest ridge of the mountain at the summit of the cone.

It was then perfectly dark, and the gaze could not extend over a radius of two miles. Did the sea surround this unknown land, or was this land connected in the west by some continent of the Pacific? It could not yet be made out. Towards the west, a cloudy belt, clearly visible at the horizon, increased the gloom, and the eye could not discover if the sky and water were blended together in the same circular line.

But at one point of the horizon a vague light suddenly appeared, which descended slowly in proportion as the cloud mounted to the zenith.

It was the slender crescent moon, already almost disappearing. But its light was sufficient to show clearly the horizontal line, then detached from the cloud, and the engineer could see its reflection trembling for an instant on a liquid surface. Cyrus Harding seized the lad's hand, and in a grave voice,—

"An island!" said he, at the moment when the lunar crescent disappeared beneath the waves.

PET CORNS.

THERE are hosts of individuals going about the world, who, whenever they are brought in contact with sufferers from some dire complaint or illness, boast that *they* never have been subject to the like evils, that they consider it is a person's own fault whenever he or she is overtaken by any particular infirmity, and, that with proper precautions, such and such a fleshly ill can be easily avoided; as if this were the kindest response they could make consistent with their covertly-implied superiority!

Now there are few more favourable opportunities for exercising this truly Christian, humane, and sympathetic propensity than when an unlucky wight happens to complain that his corns ache.

"Corns! have you got corns?" is the immediate response. "Well! if you are so proud of your feet, and will wear such tight boots, you must expect them! *I* never had corns in my life; look at my boots,—good broad soles, sir! lots of room to tread!" And then a hideous, beetle-crushing implement is thrust ostentatiously out for inspection.

Tooth-ache, again, is another of those so-called minor ills of the flesh which is sure to provoke the censure of the superior classes.

"Have it out!" is the comforting advice of a certainty, proffered by them to any miserable being who, in an unguarded moment of terrible agony, is weak enough to betray his suffering.

"In these days, sir, of advanced anæsthesia, with chloroform and laughing gas laid on at command, and when dental surgery has reached its present state of perfection, there is no excuse for tooth-ache. *I* don't know what it is myself, but then, to be sure, *I* was very careful about my teeth; from a child *I* never ate sweets! Sweets play the deuce with the teeth, and are the cause of more than half the mischief; but have it out! have it out!" is the never-failing burthen of this Paul-Pry-like kind of Samaritan.

A cold in the head or a sore throat will likewise expose your insignificance and inferiority in another way.

"Wear a beard. *I* have never had a sore throat since *I* gave up

the razor!" or, "Take camphor directly you begin to sneeze, nip it in the bud, you know,—never have a cold in the head if you take camphor!"

On the other hand, if, whilst wearing a beard you chance to be getting bald, and you come in contact with one who objects to hirsute appendages to the chin, he is pretty certain to be down upon your thinly-thatched but offending head, and will attribute the loss of your Hyperion locks to your lazy, not to say uncleanly neglect of the razor.

"If you will wear that great ugly beard," says he, "why of course you will lose your hair; can't have it both ways!—nasty, dirty habit. My hair is as thick now as ever it was, but then I have shaved, sometimes twice a day, for thirty years! Nothing like a clean chin for comfort and health!"

This exalted creature, however, utterly ignores the fact that he most probably has not fifty hairs in all sprouting upon his face, and could not grow a beard if his life depended on his doing so. Headaches, once more, we may be told, arise entirely from not using a shower-bath every morning, whilst your indigestion is attributed solely to your seven o'clock dinners, and your failing to walk twenty miles a day. If you catch a fever, it is because you don't have the drainage of your house seen to; if you sprain your ankle, it is because you are so careless and hasty in the way you rush and twist about; and, if you cut your finger, it is because you don't put up the guard of the carving-fork, or, because you will persist in using the bread-knife with the edge towards you instead of *from* you. By these, and a hundred other emphatic remarks to the like effect, will you be made to feel that to your own disgraceful neglect of the commonest precautions your present misery is due, and, in short, that it serves you right.

Nothing, however, after all, evokes such an amount of anger on the part of these amiable beings as corns! Yet I venture to believe that there is hardly one in a hundred of the rabid railers against the sufferers from corns who has a perfectly undisfigured set of toes, or who can show a foot thoroughly insensible to undue or sudden pressure applied to particular parts. Everybody has corns, more or less; most of us have "pet" ones, which we would be very loth to part with, and which we seem to find a martyr-like delight in putting forward to be pinched or trodden on: we stick out our feet sometimes for the express purpose of entrapping a harmless fellow-creature into kicking against them, for the sole

object of having a fling at him. It is hardly necessary to say I am not referring to such corns as are dealt with by the physiological pedicures; I do not mean to assert that everybody needs the help of these great philanthropists; but I do assert, broadly speaking, we could all of us preserve ourselves and our friends from a vast deal of suffering if we had recourse to the skill of some moral, some psychological chiropodist, who would cut out and eradicate our prejudices, circumvent our dislikes, plaster up our thin-skinned scratches, and enable us to walk amongst our fellow-men without fear of always getting our toes trodden on, or perversely offering our pet corns to be pinched. He might effectually break us of the pernicious habit in which we are so prone to indulge, not only of ostentatiously setting down our feet on such occasions, and in such places that we know it to be impossible to avoid having our own corns crushed, but also of trying perpetually to tread ruthlessly on those of our neighbours.

It behoves these aforesaid superior classes therefore, whilst condemning others for suffering unnecessary torture through not wearing hideously capacious boots and shoes, to remember that they also have a corn or two, hard or soft, which, if trodden on, is sure to make them squeal.

How some people halloo for instance, if you chance to speak disparagingly of their favourite singer, or actor, poet, painter, or musician; nay, how will the disparaged one occasionally wince and scream out for himself if you put forward your objections to him, with anything like publicity! What writhing and dancing will ensue if a critic dares to question the excellence of Baldwin Blathersett's new play! B. B., the manager, and the actors begin to howl out their sufferings in the newspapers and on the play-bills. The critic has gone down plump on to the pet corns of each, and he is threatened if he does not apologize all round. 'Surely it would be for the benefit of the drama if they sought the aid of the moral pedicure we have hinted at. The managerial foot, unencumbered with corns, would be made to tread with more dignity. Surely it would be more becoming and wise not to send up such a howl when the critic chanced to come and kick against or tread upon the soft corn, even if it did hurt a little.

Gainsborough Salava, the eminent critic himself, might also come out sometimes in a better light if he did not persistently display a desire to have the blood of Baldwin Blathersett, because that far-famed author objected strongly to the writer's remarks

upon the play. Residing in a glass house, and having a tendency on his own part to corns, he (Gainsborough Salava), nevertheless, cannot always restrain his hand, or his foot. He likewise suffered from the kicks levelled at that pet corn—his three-volumed novel—by many of his friends on the press when he first essayed the art of fiction. But the *pinching*—I do not say the *press-ing*—has taught him nothing, it has merely goaded him to retaliation, and wrought him up to a sort of stamping gait, which must make everybody jump who is unlucky enough to let one of their pet corns peep out within the reach of his reckless strides. Equally too, he suffered, before he relinquished the brush for the pen, and when he conceived it to be his special mission on earth to elevate the art of England to a level with the best days of the Italian school. Pet corn after pet corn in the shape of scriptural and historical pieces were squeezed out of the Royal Academy by those inhuman heavy-footed magnates who sway the destinies of that institution. Very hard, doubtless, was the pressure. Very hard to bear, poor fellow! but it would have been better for Salava simply to have gone on grinning the while than write inflammatory letters to the *Times*, denouncing the Royal Academicians as a set of jobbers and incompetents, and calling upon all his brother artists who were suffering from the hobnails of the Forty, to rise *en masse*, and establish an academy of their own! What good came of it? He merely put forth another soft corn, for which act he got roundly laughed at, and down upon which came a troop of ready heels, which their owners would never have thought of using so cruelly had they not caught sight of that pet corn, his indignant epistle! for, it must never be forgotten, that the amiable habit of retaliation obtains largely in respect of the corn question.

Having lots of corns of our own, from which we are constantly suffering, we never forget the Rochefoucauld maxim, and never find the pangs of our best friends altogether disagreeable to us. Professional people seem to be afflicted with these sensitive excrescences more than any other class, and seeing how polite and complimentary they always are to each other's faces, and how very much the reverse behind each other's backs, it is quite wonderful that blood does not oftener flow between them. The stabs and wounds inflicted directly a tender spot is discovered, suffices to show the animus. Let but Buskin Stockman, the rising young actor, rise from the dead level of his *confrères*, and they assume at once that therein lies his soft corn, and bring their feet down

accordingly the instant his back is turned, sometimes before, and then, up he sends a shout so that all the world may know where he has been pinched. The reading of such and such a line, the wearing of such and such a dress, the evidence of such and such a peculiarity, are circumstances at once deduced to prove his incompetence, and he, not being able to control his resentful tongue, shows the exact spot where the shoe pinches. The author whose lines he renders comes to his assistance, proclaiming that Stockman has interpreted the character to his complete satisfaction, and that if he (the author) be satisfied, it is not for critics, or rival actors, or the public to complain.

Now I do not say that all this hullabaloo may not be good for the sufferers from unfriendly heels; it relieves their feelings, and, of course it is an excellent advertisement; but is it dignified? Is it an evidence of a healthy self-control, always to be drawing people's attention to the extreme thinness of your outer cuticle, or to the deformed condition of your ten toes? I shall be told that it is merely human and natural to call out when one is hurt, but is not this a sufficient reason for our striving more than we do to avoid the infliction of pain? Nay, to give up the trouble of going out of our way as we so constantly do, on purpose to tread upon our neighbours' pet corns! Is there any necessity for our sidling up to them with the fell purpose of giving a scrunch the instant our eager eyes discern a toe sticking out; need we nudge and wink with so much satisfaction when we see it, and cry out to our nearest accomplice, "See, there is Pedler's soft corn, let's go and tread upon it!" Pedler is a fool of course to expose it, even accidentally, and a still greater fool, if intentionally; but are we not something worse than fools for taking advantage of his weakness? Talk about the benefit of being able to "see ourselves as others see us"—to my thinking it's a great mercy that we can't! for others so often show themselves to me in such an unfavourable light that I am sure it is but common charity, and for the sake of their lifelong peace of mind, to hope, that when *they* look into the glass they present to themselves a more pleasing picture. No! I am inclined to think with Thackeray, that it is a very fortunate circumstance for us that we have *backs*, and that we have no eyes in them, or ears in them, and that, consequently, we are mainly ignorant of what goes on behind them. Indeed, it would be a more miserable world than it is if we were not able to turn our backs upon it occasionally, and treat with indifference reports

which reach us about the efforts Jones has been making to tread on our pet corn while our back was turned, for we know that if our exposure of it be simply unintentional, he will prefer bringing his heel down without being seen, if he can, only doing so openly when there's no chance of doing it in secret. He will prefer making us wince, and leaving us to guess merely whence the pressure comes: but rather than not make us wince at all, he will raise his foot right under our very noses, and in total disregard of our retaliative powers.

So, I repeat, may not most of us seek with advantage for that moral corn-cutter to whom I have alluded, and have our tender toes attended to, getting him to disperse those jealous humours which so distort our bearing, and let him try to cleanse our *souls* (as well as our toes) "from that perilous stuff that weighs upon the heart!" and which makes us so often crawl and limp through the world like mean, wriggling creatures, instead of brave, upright, firm-footed men.

This is no place in which to diagnose the cause of our corns, our pedicure must do that; but I suppose the larger number of them arise from that harsh unpliant leather of jealousy in which so many of us encase ourselves. Self-conceit, testiness, and argumentativeness, those narrow lasts upon which we frame our lives, may produce some, and lead to their ostentatious and indiscriminate exposure; but envy, or, as I say jealousy, is the most fertile source of pet corn crops.

We behold instances every day where the success of any one in our own walk immediately urges us to look out for a soft corn, by which we may bring him up. As in the case of Stockman, so in the case of Signor Pedallo; the single bound by which he reached the first rank of pianists inevitably brought him in contact with the weak points of all his *confrères*, and they rounded upon him in an instant, yet why ought they to have been hurt by his upward step? he was not trying to kick them in his stride; there was room for them all, and here and there, of course, he was generously congratulated, no pain being felt, the feet of such friends being sound and healthy! but the ruck of his professional brethren having "pet corns" screamed aloud!

So with every profession, but more than all, perhaps, with the architectural. Actors, authors, musicians, painters do not absolutely shine in their generous appreciation of each other's works, but who ever heard of one modern architect admitting the excellence

of another? Truly, the quality of the material in which they deal has entered into their souls, and their own individual corns, and the heels they bring down on each other's are surely the hardest in the world!

To the pedicure then straight! All of you who are long suffering, or who are only just feeling the first twinges coming on, and, in the spirit of the superior classes to whom I have more than once referred in this paper, I would recommend the careful perusal of the following words. They come from the pen of as skilled a psychological chiropodist as it has ever been my fortune to have consulted. He says: "He that cannot enjoy with genuine exultation the reputation of another, and admire with tranquil spirit the excellence that borders on his own, loses the best joy of a good heart. To the very merits which, from being most akin to his own, he is most fitted to appreciate, he becomes insensible; and a bitter poison drops into the fountains of his most generous peace. There is no more melancholy sight than that of a mind, otherwise great, succumbing beneath a mean and fretful passion like this: indulging in petty cavils at worth, before which he should lead on the multitude to bend the knee; so visibly greedy of others' praise, that the most vulgar observer laughs to think that the great man is just like himself."

Were these truths more universally felt, of a surety there would be far fewer "pet corns" in the world, and far fewer people anxious to tread on them!

A VISIT TO THE NORTH-WEST COAST OF TASMANIA.

No. III.

ON the morning after our arrival at Emu Bay I was awakened at an early hour by the sun streaming into my apartment, which had an eastern aspect, and the beauty of the morning tempted me to leave my couch and seek the open air. Although it was not much past six, there were customers about the house who were already somewhat advanced in their cups. I concluded that they must have been keeping it up all night, but it appeared that there were two or three frequenters of that house who made a practice of commencing their potations with the dawn and maintaining them until about eight, when they would depart and pursue the labours of the day. They were engaged in discussing the cases which were pending before the Court which was to sit that day, and their language was highly seasoned with those flowers of speech in which colonists of their class particularly delight. I noticed that they characterized lawyers and magistrates by what I had always considered highly opprobrious epithets, but which I afterwards learned were at Emu Bay regarded as much as titles of respect as otherwise. Emu Bay, it appeared, had acquired a celebrity, even in this colony, for the strong expressions with which its inhabitants garnished their conversation, which might easily be accounted for by the fact of its population consisting to a great extent of the maritime class, or being, what was very common along the coast, of an amphibious nature, half-sailor, half-landsman, and a large proportion also being old prisoners or ex-convicts. But I must here remark that in no part of the world which I have visited is coarse or profane language by any means so prevalent as in the Australian Colonies, and I firmly believe that in this respect they are unsurpassed in any part of the world, unless in Wapping or Portsmouth Hard, into which interesting regions I have not as yet extended my travels.

As I turned to leave the house, one of the occupants of the bar advanced towards me. He was a short, thick-set man, with long shiny black hair, and a sodden countenance, clad in a short blue jacket over the universal Guernsey shirt, and an oilskin hat, touching which he addressed me in a deep voice which seemed to be impeded by the retention of plums or condiments in his mouth,—

“Beg pardon, sir, but be you a liar?”

My first impulse was to reply to such a question in terms more emphatic than words could convey, but a moment's reflection assured me that he meant to inquire if I was a lawyer, in which construction of his language I was confirmed, when, on my disclaiming any connexion with the honourable and learned profession in question, he proceeded in a voice redolent with rum,—

“I axes your pardon, sir, hope no offence, but I thought as how you might be, as you comed here with Counsellor M—— last night; and my mate Bullocky Jim's in trouble, and is to be tried to-day, and they've got Counsellor M—— agin him, and the t'other liar from the Mersey ain't comed, and we be afeared as how the case might go agin Bullocky, seein' as how they've got Scotty and Lanky the Brave and Bully Bess to swear to it, and they're a bad lot—any one of 'em would swear the leg off an iron pot. It'll be hard lines if poor Bullocky gets in for it; he's a good sort—wouldn't hurt a fly—and as long as he had a twelver in his pocket he isn't the chap as 'ud see a pal short of a nobbler.”

I expressed my regret at not being able to assist his friend at such a critical juncture, and complimented him on his zeal on his behalf and presented him with a “twelver” (generally known in the commercial world as a shilling), for which he was most profuse in his expressions of gratitude, and urgently requested me to accompany him to the bar and join him in a “nobbler.” This I declined on the plea that such early potations were inimical to my constitution, and, leaving him to drink a safe deliverance to his friend, walked away without making any further inquiry into the nature of “Bullocky Jim's” alleged offence. In case, however, the excellent character expressed by his mate should cause any of my readers to take an interest in this victim of unmerited misfortune, I may as well state here that I afterwards ascertained that he was charged with an aggravated assault by striking down the man known as “Scotty,” or “Scotch Jock,” with a fern hook (an instrument used for cutting down ferns, and shaped like a bill-hook mounted on a long handle, bearing some resemblance to an implement of warfare

in use among our ancestors). They had been drinking in company with the other persons mentioned above in one of the neighbouring public-houses, the *causa teterrima belli* being the young lady known as "Bully Bess," who had been an object of jealousy between Scotty and Bullocky. On the former being struck down, the heroic damsel rushed forward and furiously attacked his assailant—"Lanky the Brave" being so far advanced in liquor as to be rendered for the time a non-combatant—and there is no saying what further disaster might have ensued but for the timely entrance of a constable, who forthwith took Bullocky Jim into custody. He was afterwards convicted, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, whether from want of counsel or from the reckless swearing of "the bad lot," or whether he simply obtained his just deserts, I do not pretend to form an opinion.

All thoughts of "Bullocky Jim," his friends and foes, soon vanished from my mind as I strolled down to the beach and surveyed the broad expanse of the bay, glittering in the morning sun. It was a sight which well rewarded me for my early rising. The little town stood at the head of the bay, being built in a semi-circle, the houses extended along the further side of the road. To the right stretched the line of coast which we had traversed the preceding day; the high cliff, out of which a portion of our road was cut, standing out boldly, and in other parts, the shore being covered with woodland, while to the left the land extended in a westerly direction for about twelve miles, terminated in an elevated promontory surmounted by a perfectly level surface, known by the appropriate name of Table Cape. The day was perfectly clear and calm, tempered by a light sea-breeze, and as the waves came gently rolling in on the sandy beach, the temptation to indulge in a bathe was all but irresistible; I had, however, been cautioned that sharks were abundant and dangerous in these waters, and prudence therefore compelled me to forego the luxury to which the sea invited me. At Sandridge and St. Kilda, the principal sea-side places of resort near Melbourne, large spaces are railed off and surrounded with a net-work of wire, so that persons may bathe in security from these villainous monsters of the deep.

As I strolled along the beach it struck me that a better site for a watering-place could nowhere be found. This bay, I thought, must be all but unknown to the people of Melbourne, or some enterprising speculator would long since have established suitable houses and other accommodation for visitors, together with direct steam

communication with Port Phillip. When we consider the numbers of Melbournites who imagine that they obtain change of air in the summer time by submitting to be broiled at St. Kilda or Brighton, to say nothing of Queenscliff, which is certainly a preferable resort to either of the before-mentioned places; and that Melbourne, imitating in this respect, as in others, the customs of the great British metropolis, demands from all her denizens who do not wish to be considered entirely out of the world an annual location at the sea-side of greater or less duration; it is impossible to conceive that, were this charming locality well-known, and its advantages turned to account by means of easy and rapid communication, it would be thronged annually. The voyage from Melbourne by steam would not occupy in ordinary weather more than eighteen hours. Were any scheme with this object judiciously undertaken and carried into effect, a very different town to the present one would speedily arise. The one in question consisted, as I have already observed, of a row of houses ranged opposite the beach, and scattered at intervals for about half a mile. The best building in the place was the Roman Catholic church, built of wood, but possessing a western tower; St. George's, the Anglican church, was an extremely mean wooden structure, with a very low-pitched roof and shapeless windows, altogether unworthy of the Patron Saint of England. The Torquay school-house bore far more resemblance to a church. The rest of the township consisted of two or three small inns, as many stores and several small cottages, some of these verging towards decay, and no signs of recent building.

Having made my survey of the township, I continued to stroll about and enjoy the sea-breeze and the view of the bay until it was nearly nine o'clock, when I felt that breakfast would by no means be unacceptable, and returned to the inn. On arriving there I found that the morning revellers had dispersed. Breakfast was on the table, but I found that my companion had not yet made his appearance. I soon, however, succeeded in rousing him, and we sat down to table. I asked him whether he did not apprehend another appearance of the Ghost during the day. "No," he replied, "there is not the least probability of his making his appearance here. He held formerly the office of district constable in this place, and it was his last appointment in connexion with the force. He practised here incessantly, and for a long time successfully, those arts which gained him the celebrity of which you have been already informed, and consequently he is far better known than trusted. Were he to

show himself here when there is anything of a crowd assembled, it would require little persuasion to induce them to treat him to the luxury you coveted so much this morning—a cold bath in the bay. He never advances in this direction further than the Leven or Penguin Creek, but he never fails to show himself at any Court that is held in the Mersey district, and extorts various gratuities from credulous individuals by persuading them that his presence has a mysterious and irresistible influence upon the tribunal. If his clients are successful, there is no doubt of the cause; if otherwise, he treats them to such a tirade of declamation and invective against the offending authorities as to console them for the adverse decision, and leave them equally satisfied of his infallibility. Frequently, however, his services are of a more direct and practical nature, as, for instance, when witnesses are ordered out of court, he will watch the course of the evidence, and from time to time slip out (I was about to say *steal* out, but we know he is quite incapable of stealing in any shape), and communicate what is passing to the excluded witnesses, so as to enable them to shape their testimony as may be required. He frequently also induces persons to employ him to collect debts on commission, by persuading them that it is better to entrust them to an honest man like himself, who only requires to be paid by results, than to one of those rascally lawyers who will make a charge for every letter he writes. Thus persuaded, they place their accounts in his hands, and in many instances he recommends his employer to accept a third or fourth of the debt in full of all demands, informing him that the debtor cannot afford to pay more, and that it is useless suing him—receiving, of course, a substantial bonus from the latter for thus arranging the affair. He has more than once, since his return from his retirement, involved himself in transactions which were nearly bringing him again within reach of the criminal law, but his experience has taught him to sail pretty close to the wind without actually endangering himself, and parties interested have been either cajoled or awed into silence, or have forborne to take steps against him for the sake of his wife and family.”

“Any one,” said I, “who came across a black snake in the bush, and was about to crush it, might just as well forbear on account of the poor little snakes which might be dependent upon it. But it is surprising that he does not meet with more summary chastisement.”

“People don’t much care about attacking him, as he has the

reputation of a fighting man, and he by no means allows himself, if engaged in a skirmish, to be fettered by the rules of the ring, but practises without scruple the modes of combat popular with the sovereign people of the Northern States of America, such as gouging, biting, and choking, with his iron talons. Not long ago he was thrown out of a spring-cart, and it was said broke both his arms, and it was hoped that this would have sobered him down for a time, but he was about again soon afterwards, as active, impudent, and vicious as ever."

"I suppose a skilful blacksmith repaired him."

"Most likely; he seems altogether to bear a charmed life, though by no means a charming one, and in all probability will live to a bad old age."

At this moment the conversation was brought to an abrupt termination by a person claiming an interview with Mr. ——. We had finished breakfast, it was now considerably past ten, and the Court was to open at eleven; so I left him in possession of the parlour, and strolled out in front of the house, where several persons were by this time congregated, whom either business or curiosity had brought in attendance upon the Court. They were conversing in groups, and making use of much strange and uncouth phraseology, similar to that which had arrested my attention in the early morning. I looked into the stable, which stood at right angles with the front of the house, and contained four stalls, two on each side of the entrance. Our horses had been evidently well fed, and otherwise cared for; in this as well as in other respects Sage's establishment held an excellent reputation. M——'s little horse, Machiavelli, neighed joyfully as I entered, thinking apparently that it was his master, and appeared somewhat disappointed when he discovered his error.

As the hour of eleven approached, a general movement was made towards the Court-house, or rather to the wretched hovel in which the Court was held. This was a small low-roofed building, containing but a single apartment, the sole furniture of which consisted of a table and a few chairs and benches, forming a striking contrast to the lofty and spacious edifice applied to similar purposes at Torquay. The hour appointed for the Court, as I have already observed, was eleven, but it was quite twelve before the magistrates, who all lived at a distance, arrived. As soon as they were seated, and the usual proclamations made, the room was densely crowded, so that it was with difficulty that the witnesses, when called, could

advance to the table, there being no witness-box, nor even a barrier or railing to keep the crowd off. The walls were as densely covered with whitewash as would satisfy the mind of the most exacting churchwarden of the last generation, so that it was impossible to move a few paces without carrying such a stain on one's garments as to make it appear that the tribunal was a Court of Bankruptcy.

Another inconvenience that was likely to arise from the limited space was that M—— and the Clerk of the Peace being seated in close proximity, and both being extremely near-sighted, every time that they looked down to refer to papers on the table, their heads were in danger of coming in violent collision. In one respect I experienced considerable disappointment; I had anticipated some amusement from the conduct of the magistrates, fully expecting some unaccountable decision or some ludicrous display of ignorance or incapacity; but the bench at Emu Bay consisted of men of quite a different stamp from the Shallows I had heard so much of and occasionally seen, and from whom I had formed my ideal of colonial justices. The chairman was a bland, courteous old gentleman, who had resided for nearly forty years on his estate in the neighbourhood, and had previously been in some way or other connected with the legal profession in England, from which circumstance, combined with his long magisterial experience, he was admirably versed in the duties of his office. Another of the magistrates was the member of the Legislative Assembly for Wellington, a man of high intelligence and enlarged information. Another settler from the neighbourhood and the police-magistrate from Table Cape completed the bench. All devoted to the business before them a patient attention and impartial consideration, and it struck me forcibly that the proceedings as conducted in this humble building in a remote village on the shores of Bass's Straits, might contrast favourably with the administration of so-called Justice as I had witnessed it in a certain magnificent hall in the largest inland city in a neighbouring colony, where the great unpaid sat enthroned upon a stately tribunal, canopied with cedar and lined and curtained with silk.

It further occurred to me that for any fun that might be derived from magisterial eccentricities, my journey up the coast might have been saved, as my object would have been far more likely to be attained by attending the sittings of the magistrates at Torquay. But although disappointed in the amusement I had expected to derive from the magistrates, I obtained some consolation from one

of the witnesses. This was a medical practitioner, a native of the Emerald Isle, who was giving evidence in some case, the nature of which escaped my attention, his testimony being adverse to the side on which M—— was engaged. It appeared that the patient under his care had sustained severe injuries on board a vessel by a fall from the rigging, and required constant attention night and day. “I thought it necessary,” said the witness, “to have some one to look after him, so I employed Taylor the Boatman, but *the* tailor¹ got dhrunk.” The doctor having concluded his statement, M—— rose to cross-examine. “I should wish, doctor,” he said, “to hear a little more about this safe and trustworthy person you employed to attend upon the patient; you call him ‘Taylor the Boatman’ and immediately afterwards ‘The Tailor.’ Now who or what was he? was his name Taylor or what else was it? was he a tailor or was he a boatman? or was he neither or was he both? or what was he at all?” To these questions no satisfactory reply could be obtained from the doctor, who was of a very excitable temperament; and as his cross-examination upon this point alone lasted more than a quarter of an hour, before he was dismissed he was in a state of absolute frenzy, which was in no wise mitigated by the “roars of laughter” which resounded from all parts of the little apartment, which was totally inadequate to contain the merriment,—the latter being in no wise diminished when M——, in his subsequent address, continued to harp upon the same subject, alluding to “this amphibious animal,” and enlarging upon the extraordinary conduct of the doctor in committing “the care of a patient in a most critical state to a person with whom he was totally unacquainted, of whose very name he was ignorant, and concerning whose occupation he was in a most deplorable state of mental confusion,—could not state whether he was Taylor the Boatman or Boatman the Tailor, whether he belonged to land or water, or who or what he was, or anything concerning him;” and so continued, keeping “all hands,” as the sailors say, convulsed with laughter until the affair terminated, as may be supposed, in a verdict in his favour.

¹ It is quite possible that this may not have been a *lapsus linguae* on the part of the learned doctor. He may have believed the individual referred to in his evidence to be the representative of an old Irish family deprived of his ancestral estates by some iniquitous means, and may therefore have accorded him the designation of “The Taylor” as in the instance of The O’Donoghue, The O’Gorman Mahon, &c.

It should be observed that the "amphibious animal" did not make his appearance, and was not called as a witness.

When this diverting proceeding terminated it was past two o'clock, and the Court adjourned for refreshment. Mrs. Sage had insisted on preparing a hot dinner for us to be ready about this time, although we had told her we preferred deferring it until the evening; but it was impossible to persuade her that human nature could endure undined until such a late period of the day, so, as an early dinner had become a matter of necessity, we invited the magistrates and Clerk of the Peace to join us, and had already sent up word to the inn to apprise our good landlady of the addition to the party. So we repaired in a body to the inn, which was in a state of considerable bustle and excitement, the bar being suddenly thronged with hangers-on about the court, who moved over there as soon as the proceedings were adjourned. Amongst the noise and discord I could distinguish the voice of my friend of the morning, who was still in a state of suspense concerning "Bullocky Jim's" fate.

A plain but well-served and substantial repast soon appeared upon the board, commencing with a soup made from the kangaroo we had captured on the previous day. Our guests proved very agreeable company; Mr. Moore, the member for Wellington, was a man who had seen much of the world and of considerable scientific acquirements; he was the owner of extensive saw-mills near Table Cape, and was generally looked up to as the leading man in that neighbourhood. The police-magistrate also was an agreeable, gentlemanly man, quite free from any of that offensive officialism which is so common in the Government service of the colonies, although indeed it might have been more pardonable in him than in many others, considering the number of offices he combined in his own person, being at the same time Police-Magistrate, Collector of Customs, Clerk of Petty Sessions, Coroner, Chairman of the Marine Board, Deputy-Sheriff, Returning Officer, and I know not what besides, and receiving for the discharge of all these duties only the salary of a single official.

The mention of officialism reminds me of an amusing incident related to me by a legal friend, who had been residing in one of the gold districts of Victoria. There was at the principal township of this district a powder-magazine, erected by Government for the safe custody of gunpowder required for blasting purposes in quartz-mining, and the Clerk of Petty Sessions was appointed keeper of the magazine. This officer, although in person a small man,

carried about with him conceit and self-importance sufficient to inflate a Titan. He had displayed these qualities in a very obnoxious manner towards my informant in the course of certain business communications, and the latter at once conferred upon him the designation of "powder-monkey," by which he soon became known throughout the place. Amongst the lawyer's clients was a Chinaman, one of a small company of gardeners in the vicinity, and the business between them necessitated on one occasion some inquiries of the Clerk of Petty Sessions. So he sent John, who had acquired just about as much broken English as was necessary for his transactions in fruit and vegetables, to the police-office, impressing carefully upon him that he was to see "powder-monkey." "You savey little man sit under bench, John? Him 'powder-monkey.' You go to him talkee pigeon—sabey 'powder-monkey?'" "All light," replied John, "'powder-monkey,' welly good," and departed on his mission. He shortly returned. "'Powder-monkey' no in." He had, as it appears, been all round the police-office and station inquiring for 'powder-monkey.' Going there a second time, he succeeded in finding the object of his search; and to make certain of his identity, addressed him interrogatively, "You 'powder-monkey'?" The wrath of the little man may be better imagined than described.

But *revenons à nos moutons*, literally in this instance, a joint of mutton being the principal dish of our repast: The house also contained some much better sherry than I could have possibly expected to find in such a locality, which caused one of the party—I do not wish to remember which—to perpetrate an atrocious pun, to the effect that it was better than *Table Cape*!

Our guests having done ample justice to the fare provided, returned after a short interval to the Court, to act in a like manner towards the parties awaiting them. I accompanied them only as far as the door of the building, as I did not anticipate either amusement or instruction from the proceedings. Such an episode as that of "Taylor the Boatman" was too good to occur twice in the same day, and it appeared quite impossible that the proceedings could be of sufficient interest to compensate me for being stuck for any length of time in such a confined and inconvenient hole.

So I remained without in company with Beppo and Ranger, who had kept about the precincts of the Court all the morning, and on making one or two attempts to enter, had been ignominiously repulsed by the constable who kept the door. Their

appetites had been satiated at the time that we dined, although, if there had been a butcher's shop in the township with anything of a display of meat, they would not have waited so long, but would undoubtedly have appropriated a joint and carried it off into the bush. Ranger, I heard, had become quite renowned for his expertness at that kind of work.

These dogs had by this time become quite familiar with me, so they followed me about during the rest of the afternoon, and did not again attempt to enter the forbidden portals. Crowded as the Court-room was, there were nearly as many persons waiting about on the outside as within, and I considered theirs the pleasantest situation, the day being fine and there being a broad strip of green between the building and the roadway, upon which they were standing, sitting, or lounging about in groups. From different persons, with whom I conversed from time to time, I learnt that Burnie was a place of older standing than Table Cape, although the town of Wynyard, at the latter place, was considerably larger, and at the present time far more flourishing. There was but little good land in the vicinity of Emu Bay, and large tracts of the best land were the property of the Van Dieman's Land Company, which had kept them locked up, refusing to sell, and letting the land only at such exorbitant rents as it was impossible for tenants to pay. I passed the rest of the afternoon lounging about and amusing myself as well as I could until the Court rose at about seven p.m., having adjourned to the next day. Mr. Moore returned home that night, having particularly requested that before our return M—— and myself would come on as far as Table Cape and visit him, which we promised to do, if possible, on the following day. What had passed in the morning relative to Taylor the Boatman had made such an impression upon me that I had made inquiries during the afternoon as to who and what he really was, and all the information I had obtained that was at all to the purpose was that he had been a tailor at Table Cape, and was known as "Jack the Tailor," but, not finding the needle profitable, exchanged it for the oar, and was then called "Taylor the Boatman." One person of whom I inquired informed me that he had once ferried him across the river, and on the same occasion mended a rent in the articles of apparel which, on the authority of Iago, cost King Stephen a crown,² but I could not learn to any certainty what his real surname was;

² See *Othello*, Act 2, scene 3.

that it was not Taylor every one agreed, but beyond that the accounts were so conflicting that the further I inquired the more bewildered I became, and on mentioning the matter to M—— I found that he had been instituting similar inquiries with a like result; the consequence was that we began to entertain serious doubts as to whether such a person ever really existed, in aid of which view of the subject M—— produced the following syllogism:—A boatman is a waterman, but the individual spoken of as Taylor the Boatman, according to the account of those who maintained his existence, was constantly drunk, in which case he could not possibly be a waterman, therefore he was not a boatman—therefore there was no such person as Taylor the Boatman.

The Clerk of the Peace invited us to tea, and we concluded the evening very pleasantly at his house.

The next day M—— succeeded in despatching all his remaining business by mid-day, and thereupon we started for Table Cape, the horses being much the better for their rest and for the attention that had been paid to them. For the first mile or two the road was just above the beach, having several paddocks on the left, most of them remarkably free from timber. Afterwards it led us away from the sea and through some timber till we came to the bridge over the river Cam, close to which a brig was lying. Near this bridge was the township of Somerset, consisting of a school-house, two public-houses, and a few cottages, all of them, except one public-house, on the western bank of the river. We proceeded along this bank until we came again to the beach, crossing a tramway which ran to the river, and communicated with the saw-mills of Messrs. Elliott and Norwood, about a mile and a half inland. From the Cam it was a pleasant ride of eight miles along the beach to Table Cape. A little more than half way were some very interesting masses of rock standing near the road which skirted the beach; they were of dark red stone, and covered with lichen. They were really well worthy of the attention of an artist. We arrived at Wynyard about half-past one. Crossing a bridge we passed the large stores of Stutterd and Co. Further on was the Court-house, a neat and commodious building, and adjacent to it was a pretty cottage, the residence of the police-magistrate. On the other side was the Court-house Hotel, a large brick building of two stories in height, the largest and most substantial house of public entertainment I had seen since we had left Deloraine. We halted here and put our horses into the stable, ordering them a feed, and, after allowing them

due time to discuss their provender, proceeded to Mr. Moore's. A tramway which passed the hotel led to his establishment, which was a little more than a mile distant. We found him at his cottage awaiting our arrival, and he insisted on our staying and partaking of some dinner.

While the repast was preparing he showed us over his works, which, though not so extensive as those of Messrs. Cummings at the Don, gave employment to a large number of men, and were of immense benefit to the district. We had already ascertained that he was looked up to in Wynyard as the leading man in the place, and amply merited the respect paid to him, as he was always foremost in any undertaking of public interest. He had greatly interested himself in the erection of a new church which was then in progress at Wynyard, not only having subscribed largely towards the general cost of the edifice, but also having undertaken to add a tower and spire at his own expense. He was a native of the Isle of Man, but had passed the earlier part of his life in Canada, from which province Mr. Elliott, the owner of the mills at the Cam, and Messrs. Cummings at the Don, had also come. I do not believe that any race of people in the civilized world are more deficient in energy and enterprise than the native Tasmanians and the old settlers, and persons arriving from Great Britain and settling in the colony, although generally at first greatly struck by this characteristic, and liberal enough in their sneers, almost invariably fall sooner or later into the same apathetic state themselves.

Having completed our survey of the works we returned to the house, and sat down to an excellent meal. After the cloth was removed, and the decanters (the contents of which were unexceptionable, for our host maintained a constant trade with Melbourne with his own vessels) were placed upon the table, we began to discuss the state of public affairs, and the prospects of the colony. I mentioned the proposed scheme of annexation to Victoria. "I think," said Mr. Moore, "it would be a dangerous movement, could it be carried into effect. You must be aware that that colony is subject to a heavy burden of public liabilities greater perhaps in proportion than our own, so that such an union would really be as absurd as if two persons who were both heavily indebted were to combine their resources (of liabilities) and enter into copartnership. For my own part I have much more faith in the plan of a general federation of all the Australian colonies, which I by no means despair of seeing effected before many years have elapsed. Such a

course has been pursued by the provinces of British North America, and a wonderful increase of prosperity has been the result, and I consider that still greater advantages may be expected to accrue to these colonies from a similar change, containing, as they do, such a vast extent of territory and such a diversity of soil, climate, and territory." This was to me a new and striking view of the matter, and he proceeded to enlarge upon it forcibly and extensively. After a time the conversation turned upon other subjects, amongst others that of phrenology, a science to which Mr. Moore had devoted considerable attention, until M—— reminded me that time was advancing, and that we must be moving if we intended returning to Emu Bay before dark. So we resisted our worthy host's invitation to stay for the night, and took our departure.

Table Cape was the farthest westward point of my journey along this coast. I should have been well pleased to visit Circular Head, which was about fifty miles farther west, but my companion could not conveniently proceed there, as it would involve three days' further absence from home, and it appeared by no means judicious or desirable for a stranger to attempt the journey alone, as the greater part of the route lay through an uninhabited country. There was a small village known as Jacob's Boat Harbour about ten miles beyond Table Cape, after which there was not a dwelling of any kind for nearly thirty miles farther, and two high and very precipitous hills had to be ascended, in addition to which the tracks in places were vague and conflicting, and there were some dangerous creeks and inlets to be crossed, the passage of which had been attended with loss of life even to experienced travellers, amongst others to a late Chief District Constable of Circular Head. I therefore thought it advisable to defer my visit to the extreme western settlements of Tasmania until an opportunity should occur of proceeding thither by the "Pioneer," a steamer which sailed there weekly from Launceston, touching at Torquay.

Before leaving Wynyard, we called in again for a few minutes at the Court-house Hotel, and had some conversation with the landlord, who was justly indignant at having been recently fined under the "Licensing Act" for selling a glass of ale or wine on a Sunday. It will probably astonish most of our readers who are unacquainted with the colonies when I inform them that both in Tasmania and Victoria, a most obnoxious, vexatious, and Puritanical enactment, worthy rather of the Cromwellian usurpation than the nineteenth century, is in force, prohibiting innkeepers and

publicans from supplying refreshment at any time on Sundays to any persons except travellers or lodgers in their respective houses. Such a law is the more inconsistent in communities which profess to maintain thorough liberty of conscience, and which cannot tolerate anything approaching to a Church establishment; and yet, to gratify the narrow prejudices of certain sects and parties, do not in this instance scruple to impose burdens on the consciences of the greater part of the Anglican Churchmen, besides all the Roman Catholics and German Lutherans in the colonies. This vexatious enactment is, however, far more "honoured in the breach than the observance," as in practice the landlords are invariably content to close merely the front doors of their houses, and never refuse to supply any decent and sober customer who may enter privately, provided that order and quiet is maintained. I must also do the local authorities the justice to say that they by no means encourage the enforcement of this obnoxious law, and in the very few instances of which I have heard where proceedings have been taken, the machinery has been set in motion by private parties, influenced, I fear, by unworthy motives, and the magistrates, as in the case now referred to, have been compelled, reluctantly, to inflict the penalties.

As we left Table Cape, I could not avoid remarking the absence of all telegraphic communication in this direction, and considered it a great neglect on the part of the Government, especially when a submarine cable was nearly parallel with the coast from George Town, communicating with Melbourne. The inland line of telegraph did not extend westward further than Deloraine, and this branch had only recently been established in connexion with the railway. "It is not mere neglect," said M——, in reply to my observation; "it is a wilful and deliberate omission, brought about, in all probability, by Launceston influence. When the telegraph to Melbourne was established, any one can perceive that it would have been much cheaper and easier to carry it along the coast by land, as far as Circular Head, and from thence to lay the submarine cable to Melbourne, than to carry the latter all the way by sea. But this would have conferred on Stanley, the township at Circular Head, and the intermediate places, the advantages of telegraphic communication, as well with Melbourne as with the interior of the colony, and this would by no means suit the policy of Launceston, the inhabitants of which have all but monopolized the trade of this coast ever since it has been settled, and consider that they have an abso-

lute right to hold it for ever. For the same reason no bonded stores are permitted in any of our ports. It is true that one or two men, like our friend Mr. Moore, carry on a direct trade with Melbourne and other Australian ports, but these are rare exceptions, and the great bulk of the traffic, both in exports and imports, has to pass through Launceston, to which place we have to pay toll both in buying and selling. Consequently, all this vast district, containing upwards of 10,000 inhabitants, possesses neither a telegraph, a bonded store, a bank, nor a local newspaper."

"But is not this to a great extent the fault of the inhabitants themselves? They ought to agitate continually, and never rest until they obtain these necessary elements of progress."

"I think they are about the most contented people in the world, united action is unknown amongst them, and if any one attempts to rouse them to a sense of their requirements, he is only regarded as an innovator and a suspicious person. A remarkable instance of this occurred many years ago, long before I came to the colony. It was a short time before the abolition of transportation, and Sir William Denison was then governor; he proposed to apply convict labour to the formation and completion of a road from Deloraine to Circular Head. No sooner was this scheme made public than meetings were assembled in various places, denouncing it in the strongest possible terms. This movement, I believe, was set on foot in the first instance by persons from Launceston, but many of the principal residents of Deloraine and the Mersey, who ought to have desired the Launcestonians to mind their own business, joined them without hesitation, and they raised such a clamour that the governor's plan was at once abandoned. If you were to travel on the worst parts of these roads towards the end of winter, you might form a just idea of the eminent service which these patriots have rendered to their country."

"I should think that if this is true some of the disused buildings at Port Arthur might advantageously be converted into lunatic asylums, in which such persons should be confined. If a man is liable to be placed under restraint who is incapable of managing his own affairs, much less should he be permitted to go at large, who is bent upon ruining not only his own property but that of all his neighbours."

"And that is unhappily precisely what they have succeeded in effecting. I do not wonder that you find such conduct difficult to believe, as it appeared to myself when I was first informed of it, but

I have since found it perfectly consistent with what I have myself seen."

While thus discussing the neglect of the roads in general, it soon appeared that we had neglected our own particular road, for instead of keeping along the road just above the beach, we found that we were out of sight of the sea altogether, and amongst the farms. It behoved us to regain our route as speedily as possible, as the sun was already low; so, seeing a homestead in the paddock, we took down the rails of the slip panel, which here, as in many small farms, supplied the place of a gate, and made our way to the house, following a young woman who was driving home some cows to be milked. In reply to a question from M——, the girl said that her father was somewhere about the house. As we approached he came forward to meet us, and, recognizing my companion, insisted on our entering the cottage and taking a cup of tea. It is a remarkable circumstance with these small settlers that their hospitality invariably takes the form of tea, at whatever time of the day you may chance to drop in upon them. No meal is complete without this beverage, and the quantity which working men consume would appal the stout nerves of a British washerwoman. So we were constrained to enter the house, which, though unpretending, was remarkably neat and comfortable. We were ushered into the kitchen, which, as usual, formed the general sitting-room of the family—a small parlour being reserved for state occasions.

The family consisted of the parents, the elder daughter whom we had seen with the cows, and two younger children, a boy and a girl—the eldest son, who was mate of one of Mr. Moore's schooners, being away at sea. The farmer was a Somersetshire man, cultivating his own land, which consisted of about 100 acres, and appeared to be in every respect a favourable specimen of the class to which he belonged. Presently the elder girl entered; she was tall, and of a strong though not ungraceful figure, and had good features and a pleasing expression of countenance. It struck me that I had seen her on the previous day at Burnie, though the recognition was not easy, as on that occasion she was attired in an elegant riding-habit and plumed hat. But the wives and daughters of these small settlers, however homely their attire may be on ordinary occasions within the domestic precincts, will generally contrive to make a great show at church or chapel, or other places of public resort. She proved, in fact, to my great surprise, to be the person of whom I had heard, in connexion with "Bullocky Jim's"

case, by the name of "Bully Bess." It appeared hardly credible that an industrious, well-conducted girl, as she appeared to be, should obtain such a designation, or be mixed up in such an affair.

But both these apparent incongruities were satisfactorily explained. As we sat over the contents of the huge tin tea-pot, the conversation naturally turned upon the events of the recent sessions. Bess was engaged to a neighbouring farmer, who, being a native of North Britain, was generally known as "Scotty," and a few weeks since had accompanied her *fiancé* to the township, which he could not leave without a visit to the public-house, and insisting on his *inamorata* entering with him. Bess had not so entirely engrossed his soul but that a strong affection for the generous liquid still remained, which indeed he loved, "not wisely, but too well," as was shown on the occasion in question. "Bullocky Jim," who was an idle, loafing vagabond, without any settled occupation, happened to be about the place. He had conceived an admiration for Bess, but had never met with the slightest notice either from herself or her family. Having been recently paid off on the completion of one of his occasional jobs, he was, like most men of his stamp, devoting the proceeds to a "spree" in company with "Lanky the Brave," who was as great a blackguard as himself. Thus, when well advanced in liquor, he came in collision with the *promessi sposi*, and hence the affray which has been already described.

It was not till afterwards that I ascertained how she acquired the unenviable title by which she had been first named to me, but I may as well mention it here. The family had been settled on the land they now occupied since her earliest childhood, and their immediate neighbours were people of a most quarrelsome and aggressive disposition. The boundary fence which divided the two farms was a source of constant strife and dispute, being constantly out of repair. The enemy numbered amongst their household two rude ill-conditioned urchins of boys about the same age as Bess and her eldest brother Tom; these young wretches would frequently create gaps in the fence and drive their pigs through into their neighbour's growing crops, these outrages being evidently connived at by their parents. While the seniors had recourse to intermittent litigation, the children of both houses would engage in personal encounters across the fence, in which strife Bess, whose life had been passed in constant outdoor labour and exercise, was fully

capable of taking part; hence the young ruffians, who were constantly driven from the boundary ignominiously defeated, conferred upon her the above title, and circulated it among such of the *canaille* as formed their chosen companions. This warfare continued until the aggressive youths were approaching the age of manhood, when their father, declaring that he "wouldn't be pleaged wi 'un no moor," dismissed them to seek their fortunes in the world, and probably to find their way in the course of time to Port Arthur. About the same time Tom was apprenticed to the master of a coaster, and Bess had since taken a large share in the outdoor labours of the farm, in which her services were invaluable.

Having finished a cup of tea and a pipe, and announced the necessity of speedy departure, the two young children were sent to guide us into the road, and appeared well pleased with their mission, as they bounded forth accompanied by three or four mongrel dogs of different sizes, who endeavoured to establish friendly relations with Ranger and Beppo, the latter not being disposed to accede to their overtures. Our young guides were a fine, well-grown, and healthy pair, as indeed are most of the bush children in these parts; they seemed to be about the age of ten or twelve. They accompanied us for nearly two miles, as far as a point which was within a short distance of the main road, and on parting we threw them a small coin, for which an immediate struggle ensued, the result of which we did not wait to see, but struck into a canter, and in a few minutes regained the beach, close by those fantastic rocks which had arrested my attention in the morning on our way to Table Cape. They now displayed a still more interesting appearance in the moonlight.

We proceeded rapidly along the sandy road by the light of the moon, which shone gloriously over the Bay, and by half-past nine were safely ensconced in our inn, which was by that time remarkably quiet. The matutinal revellers had long since departed to seek repose; these individuals evidently acted upon "Dirty Dan's" favourite adage already cited, and of course were in a fair way to acquire health, competence, and wisdom.

LIVINGSTONE.

WESTMINSTER, *April 18th*, 1874.

HEAR ye the tramp as of many feet—
 Solemn and slow in the crowded street?
 And the name pass'd softly to and fro,
 With a sound of weeping—a wail of woe?
 'Tis a march of triumph! a welcome home!
 For the weary feet that have ceased to roam,
 For the hero-heart that is laid to rest,
 With toil-worn hands on his honour'd breast.
 They have borne him gently across the deep,
 Brave hearts and true! in his dreamless sleep—
 From the burning deserts of Afric's clime
 And the mountain heights he no more may climb.

What shall we give thee? What dost thou crave?
 Nothing but rest in a hard-earn'd grave,
 A marble tomb, where in years to come
 Thy name shall speak, tho' thy lips are dumb.

Strew, then, fresh laurels about his bed!
 Waving and green o'er the grand old head,
 Bind them, a crown for his sun-scorch'd brow—
 A crown he may bear right nobly now.
 In each distant spot where his strength was spent
 He hath planted a living monument.
 Living! ay, living for evermore
 In deathless deeds 'midst his country's lore;
 And we lay on his bier an immortal dower
 Of hearts made free by the Gospel's power.

Angels! droop softly your snow-white wings,
 List ye awhile as the anthem rings,
 Then bear aloft where his spirit has flown
 A nation's love shrined in "Livingstone."

ELISE.

OBITUARY OF THE MONTH.

April 10th.—The Most Noble Ulick John de Burgh, 1st Marquis of Clanricarde in the Peerage of Ireland, and Baron Somerhill in that of the United Kingdom, K.P., Lord-Lieutenant of Galway, and Vice-Admiral of Connaught, aged 72. This nobleman, as an American contemporary in a notice of his career remarks, “was a really remarkable man, who would have been a great man had his moral character been at all on a par with his intellectual gifts. He might in many respects be compared to the Admirable Crichton, for there was nothing he attempted in which he did not succeed. A ready and powerful debater, an able administrator, extremely agreeable in social life, a magnificent horseman, a splendid skater, a first-rate shot, he combined in his youth, in a marvellous manner, intellectual with physical accomplishments. In 1824 Mr. Canning, then at the zenith of his popularity, paid a visit to Dublin, where he was received with great enthusiasm. The newspapers speculated upon the object of his visit, and supposed it to be connected with politics; but its result soon appeared in the marriage of his only daughter to the young Earl of Clanricarde. This marriage offered the steps which this ambitious young Irishman desired towards attaining his objects, and he lost no time in their accomplishment, foreseeing, no doubt, that the state of his father-in-law’s health rendered delay dangerous. In the year following his marriage he was raised to an Irish marquissate, and in the next year created a Baron in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, thus obtaining a seat in the House of Lords. In the following year Mr. Canning died. From that time until 1858 Lord Clanricarde took an active part in political life and in the House of Lords. The fact that the number of Liberal lords was small in Ireland rendered his interest all the greater, and when the Whigs were in office his influence in the great county Galway was dominant. At a very early period of his marriage Lord Clanricarde’s irregular conduct became the talk of the town, and his intrigues were carried on with a degree of publicity which nearly led the much-tried Marchioness to seek legal relief. About 1856 rumours exceedingly prejudicial to his character, in connexion with the property of a Mrs. Handcock, with whom he was understood to have formed a *liaison*, became rife, and at length assumed such form and substance as to induce him to send in his resignation as Lord-Lieutenant of Galway to

the Viceroy. This his Excellency declined, on the ground that he had no official knowledge whatever of any reasons why Lord Clanricarde should not continue to hold office. Lord Clanricarde then stated that he should make a personal explanation in the House of Lords, but when the House was packed, intensely eager 'to hear all about it,' the Marquis cruelly disappointed them, and said he shouldn't give the explanation after all. So strong was public opinion against him that there is no doubt he mainly caused the resignation of Lord Palmerston's Government. He had been appointed 'Privy Seal,' and the popular *bon mot* was that he 'had made a bad impression,' and *Punch* came out with a killing cartoon, depicting him standing behind Lord Palmerston's cabriolet, whilst beneath were the words, 'The Premier's new footboy, with *such* a character.' From that period dates Lord Clanricarde's retirement." His Lordship is succeeded by his only son, Hubert de Burgh-Canning, Viscount Burke, now 2nd Marquis of Clanricarde, born 1832.

April 11th.—The death of Dr. Maurice Herman Jacobi is announced, aged 73. He is well known as the originator of the electrotype process, having made this important discovery in 1838. One of his inventions in the domain of applied electricity, that of batteries of polarization or counter-batteries which alternate the disturbing influences in telegraphic transmissions, is of great importance to us, as we owe to it alone the possibility of transmitting messages by the Transatlantic cable. His life to the last was devoted to science, and the very evening before his death, which occurred at St. Petersburg, he was busy with new inventions.

April 13th.—At Brighton, W. J. S. Morritt, Esq., of Rokeby, aged 61. In early life Mr. Morritt held a commission in the army, but he retired from the service prior to his marriage, in 1837, with Miss Wilmot, daughter of the late Sir Robert Wilmot, Bart., and in 1843, on the death of his uncle, he succeeded to the family estate of Rokeby. From 1862 to 1865 he represented the North Riding of Yorkshire in Parliament. A north country contemporary, in noticing the death of the "Squire of Rokeby," states that "Mr. Morritt was well known as a staunch Conservative and Churchman, an able, fearless, and upright Magistrate, a good landlord, a kind and indulgent master, and a liberal benefactor to the various charities and public institutions in Barnard Castle and neighbourhood, including the maintenance of excellent schools on his own estates for the poorer classes. He was a brilliant, pointed, and forcible speaker, possessing conversational talents of the highest order, and gifted with a quickness of perception, a grasp of thought, and a ready mastery of his subject, which in the senate or at the bar could not have failed to conduct him to high distinction. As President of the Barnard Castle Agricultural Society, in which he took a warm interest, he was especially unrivalled for practical good sense and general humour. Nor must allusion be omitted to his con-

summate skill in the management of his superb four-in-hand team, so well known in the London parks during the season, and so often viewed with pleasure and admiration by the inhabitants of Barnard Castle. Few men will be more missed in the sphere of life which they occupied, and the news of his death cast a gloom over the town and neighbourhood of Barnard Castle, and evoked a feeling of deep and respectful sympathy for his bereaved widow." It was to the uncle of this gentleman—then the Squire of Rokeby—Mr. John B. S. Morritt, that Sir Walter Scott dedicated his well-known poem of *Rokeby*, "the scene of which is laid in his beautiful demesne." "In a note to that poem Sir Walter Scott states that "'Rokeby's turrets high' long gave name to a family by whom it is said to have been possessed from the Conquest downward, and who are at different times distinguished in history. It was the Baron of Rokeby who finally defeated the insurrection of the Earl of Northumberland, *temp.* Henry IV. The Rokeby family continued to be distinguished until the great civil war, when, having embraced the cause of Charles I., they suffered severely by fines and confiscations. The estate then passed from its ancient possessor to the family of Robinson, from whom it was purchased by the family of my valued friend, the present proprietor." The Robinson family was ennobled by the title of Baron Rokeby in 1777. Mr Morritt left no family, and is succeeded in the fine historic estate of Rokeby by his younger brother, Mr. Robert Ambrose Morritt.

May 1st.—At Lungarno delle Grazie, Signor Niccolo Tommaseo, the most eminent of Italian men of letters, aged 72. At seventeen years of age he was an author, writing Latin and Italian verses, tragedies, &c.; and in 1822 became Doctor of Laws, and a contributor to the "Antologia." After the suppression of that periodical, Tommaseo was obliged to quit Tuscany, removing to France, where he remained until 1839, when he took up his residence at Venice. During his exile he published his masterpiece, the "Dizionario dei Sinonimi." In 1847, when at Venice, he took an active part in Italian politics, which led to his arrest and imprisonment, together with Manin; but on the 17th of March, 1848, the sovereign people delivered the patriots from their dungeon, and Tommaseo was then made a member of the Provisional Government, subsequently Minister of Public Education and Worship, and finally Envoy at Paris for the Venetian Republic. The fall of Venice drove poor Tommaseo again into exile, and he sought an asylum first in Corfu, then at Turin, where he remained until the events of 1859 led to his return to Tuscany; but his Republican opinions would not admit of his accepting any title or Government employ. He lived by his pen, and through life preserved a noble love of independence. Tommaseo was said in his younger days to be a sceptic, but he came round to Catholicism, and proved in his later years a great champion of the Faith. The city of Florence honoured his remains by interment, with great

pomp, in the church of Santa Croce, doing homage thereby to the talents, integrity, and piety of the old patriot. Signor Tommaseo had been blind for many years.

May 5th.—Monsieur Gleyre, the celebrated painter, died suddenly in Paris, whilst admiring a picture by Greuze in the Loan Exhibition. Gleyre was born in Switzerland in 1807, and having attended the school of Hersent, he went to Italy, and afterwards, in 1825, to the East. In 1840 he produced "The Vision of St. John;" subsequently he painted "Le Soir," "Les Apôtres allant prêcher l'Evangile," and "La Danse des Bacchantes." "Le Soir" is in the Luxembourg, and well known by an excellent engraving.

May 9th.—The death of Mr. Mowbray Morris is announced, aged 55. For twenty-five years he had held the responsible post of manager of the *Times*. Mr. Morris was born in Jamaica; he studied at Cambridge, and was subsequently called to the Bar. In 1847 he became connected with the *Times*, and his clear intellect and cultivated taste served him well in directing the affairs of that journal.

May 9th.—The death of Commander Richard James Morrison, R.N., is announced, aged 80. For the past forty-four years he had brought out the little sixpenny book known far and wide as "Zadkiel's Almanac." It is stated that this publication sold annually by tens of thousands, running up some years to even 100,000 and 200,000 copies, and since it commenced in 1830 secured to its author a good income. Captain Morrison was also known as the author of the "Handbook of Astrology," the "Grammar of Astrology," &c., and he also wrote what is described as a remarkable little book, called "Astronomy in a Nutshell," and a "daring treatise" entitled, "The Solar System as it Is, and not as it is Represented," which boldly sets at defiance the whole Newtonian scheme of the heavens. Some years ago, Captain Morrison brought an action against Admiral Sir Edward Belcher for having libelled him, by denouncing him as an impostor. The case was tried in the Court of Queen's Bench, before the present Lord Chief Justice of England, and many persons of high social position, amongst them the late Lord Lytton and the Earl of Wilton, came forward to give their evidence in favour of "Zadkiel," the result being that the jury found a verdict for him. The *Athenæum*, in an article on Captain Morrison, says that "it is idle to blink the fact that there are such people as believers in astrology." The enormous sale of "Zadkiel's Almanac" vouches for this, but it is also on record that Captain Morrison was accepted in good society as a clever and accomplished man, and that so great a genius as the late Lord Lytton was ranked amongst his disciples.

THE PARIAHS OF THE EMPIRE.

It is satisfactory to note that his Royal Highness Prince Christian, the Duke of Manchester, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and other notabilities were present at a meeting of "the Pariahs of the Empire," the gathering of colonists at the recent *Conversazione* of the Royal Colonial Institute. Hitherto colonists have been socially as well as politically ignored, or tacitly regarded as belonging to an inferior caste. The Colonial Office, ruling over the widest domains and the noblest empire that the world has ever seen, has been filled with suitable rulers belonging to the dominant race; and has hitherto had this financial attraction at least, that as there is no need for hospitality to colonists, it offers a very convenient opening for exercising a wise economy. Even the colonial element that has occasionally been introduced into the House of Commons has been a modified one, Englishmen who have for a time resided in the colonies. Mr. Lowe's career should convince the most sceptical that there is a vast difference between Englishmen who have visited the colonies, or have even resided there for years, and those who have had the misfortune of being natives of any of our distant dependencies. He was brought out by the *Times*, to which he had been a contributor, as "a great authority on the colonies." His residence in the land of his birth has evidently cured him of any colonial proclivities, for among the many active enemies whom the colonies have had to contend against, few were more potent or more vindictive than this great colonist.

The idea of Englishmen belonging to a "high caste," has not

been openly avowed; but what is worse, it is tacitly conceded, and insensibly acted on. Many years ago Sam Slick graphically described the political and social status of "our colonies:"—

"The organization is wrong. They are two people, but not one. It shouldn't be England and her colonies, but they should be integral parts of one great whole—all counties of Great Britain. There should be no taxes on colonial produce, and the colonies should not be allowed to tax British manufactures. All should pass free, as from one town to another in England; the whole of it one vast home-market from Hong Kong to Labrador.

"They should be represented in Parliament, help to pass English laws, and show them what laws they wanted themselves. All distinctions be blotted out for ever. It should be no more a bar to a man's promotion, as it is now, that he lived beyond the seas, than living the other side of the channel. It should be our navy, our army, our nation. That's a great word, but the English keep it to themselves, and colonists have no nationality. They have no place, no station, no rank. Honours don't reach them; coronations are blank days to them; no brevets go across the water, except to the English officers, who are 'on foreign service in our colonies.' No knighthood is known there—no stars—no aristocracy—no nobility. They are a mixed race; they have no blood. They are like our free niggers; they are emancipated, but they haven't the same social position as the whites. The fetters are off, but the caste, as they call it in India, remains. *Colonists are the Pariahs of the Empire.*"

An examination of the Colonial Office List will slightly tend to confirm this conclusion. It may be doubted whether a "Pariah" was ever allowed to hold any post in the Colonial Office. At present we search in vain through the list of under-secretaries and private secretaries for the name of any one who was born in the colonies. Even the twenty clerks in that office are all Englishmen, and have no Pariahs among their number. Nor is this limited to the Colonial Office; it extends also to the governors whom it appoints to rule over "our colonies." The Governors of Gibraltar, Malta, the Cape of Good Hope, Natal, Ceylon, Hong Kong, Labuan, Mauritius,

the Straits' Settlements, Penang, Malacca, New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, Tasmania, Western Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, Falkland Islands, Jamaica, Guiana, Bahamas, Trinidad, Windward Islands, are all natives of the Mother Country.

At present no Secretary of State for the colonies can possibly be a colonist. The Home and Foreign Service, the Indian Department, the various offices in connexion with the Court and the Government of the country, are closed against the millions of Englishmen who are born abroad. Nay, the very patronage of the Colonial Office, as we have seen, has hitherto been reserved for Englishmen, although occasionally a colonist is sent to the West Coast of Africa to prepare him for another and a happier world. All this we may hope may yet be changed when the Empire is united by the introduction of some system of Imperial rule that will give our loyal countrymen abroad some voice in the national councils.

But it may be suggested that any shortcomings in these particulars have been atoned for by a special mark of Royal favour which has been extended to the colonies. The Order of St. Michael and St. George having been created for Greeks and Maltese, it was magnanimously resolved that distinguished colonists might be allowed to enjoy their society. But the strain on imperial generosity proved too severe. The British Government could not resist the temptation to appropriate even these questionable honours to Englishmen, the Pariahs being reserved for the lowest order. As a matter of curiosity we give below a list of the first two classes of the order, among which we do not find the name of one person who is a native of the colonies. One would have supposed that Englishmen would have been content with the Order of the Garter, the Bath, St. Patrick, the Thistle, the Star of India, &c., or would at least have shared with the Pariahs of the Empire the distinguished honour of associating with Greek and Maltese notabilities.¹

¹ Sovereign—The Queen.

Grand Master and Principal G.C.St.M.&St.G.—The 2nd Duke of Cambridge.

A few years before his death the late Judge Haliburton foresaw

Knights Grand Cross.—G.C.St.M.&St.G.

Arthur, H.R.H. Prince.	Houlton, Sir Victor.
Bowen, Sir Geo. F.	LeMarchant, Sir Gaspard.
Braila, Sir Pietro.	Lisgar, Lord.
Canterbury, Visct.	Marcoran, Sir George.
Dingli, Sir Adriano.	Monck, Visct.
Edinburgh, Duke of.	Russell, Earl.
Flamburiari, Count Dio.	Salomon, D., Conte.
Grant, Sir Patrick.	Storks, Sir Henry.
Grey, Earl.	

It will be seen that no colonist has been considered worthy of a place in this class among Greeks, Maltese, and Englishmen.

In the second class there is not a single colonist by birth, although seven out of the thirty-seven are Englishmen who as colonists have earned a place in this class by political services and experience.

Knights Commanders.—K.C.St.M.&St.G.

Adderley, Sir Charles B.	Lacaita, Sir James Philip.
Ayers, Sir Henry.	Lindsay, Hon. Sir James.
Belmore, Earl of.	Lyttelton, Baron.
Blachford, Lord.	MacDonnell, Sir Rich. G.
Bologna, Count Nicholas Sciberras.	Micallef, Sir Adriano.
Brett, Sir Wilford.	Murdoch, Sir Thomas W. C.
Browne, Sir Thomas G.	Peel, Right Hon. Sir F.
Bury, Visct.	Pine, Sir Benj. C. C.
Clarke, Sir Andrew.	Robinson, Sir Hercules.
Cowper, Sir Charles.	Rose, Sir John.
Curcumelli, Sir D., Count.	Sebright, Sir Charles.
Douglas, Sir Charles E.	Taylor, Sir Henry.
Doyle, Sir Charles H.	Torrens, Sir Robert R.
Dusmani, Count Sir A.	Valaoriti, Sir Spiridione.
Elliot, Sir Thomas F.	Verdon, Sir George F.
Galt, Sir Alexander T.	Walker, Sir James.
Gordon, Hon. Sir Arth. H.	Wolff, Sir Henry D.
Hincks, Sir Francis.	Wolseley, Sir Garnet J.
Kennedy, Sir Arthur E.	

Even posthumous honours seem equally closed against the Pariahs of the Empire. Nothing startles the visitor to St. Paul's more than the host of tablets to forgotten names, that seem only to recall the melancholy fact, that when the writers whom they commemorate went to their graves, their works must have followed them. We look in vain among the numerous memorials which England has there and elsewhere erected to her great and small authors, for the name of a single colonial writer.

the determined attempt that would be made to break up the Empire. He died at the very time when an official and parliamentary combination to dismember the Empire began its work. The truth as to this disgraceful episode in the history of the Colonial Office and in the records of Parliament has been hushed up. It failed, but the offenders were "all honourable men," and the press and politicians are discreetly silent, not because they love Cæsar less, but because they love Rome more. The future historian of England will, it is to be hoped, rake up the secret history of this affair. He will reveal a remarkable page in our annals. He will find that loyal colonists were ignored and despised, and disloyal Irishmen were petted and pampered. Ireland could not be free so long as a band of loyal colonies surrounded the mother country. The colonies must go, and the Colonial Office obeyed the fiat without a minute of Council. Mr. Monsell began the work, and Sir Frederick Rogers, Sir Charles Adderley, the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Granville, and Lord Kimberley, all lent themselves, more or less, to the noble task. Vast African territories, with loyal inhabitants, were cast out of the Empire without a vote of Parliament, without her Majesty's consent, without a minute of Council. The Gambia was to have been given away as a present to the Emperor of the French on his birthday, but a merciful Providence postponed alike the birthday and the gift. The troops were recalled, not because the colonies were not to be defended, but because a concentration of forces for the defence of the mother country was needed. A more barefaced falsehood can scarcely be conceived; but Englishmen are becoming very liberal-minded even in matters of barefaced falsehood, and no one now reproaches the worthies who played their pranks in the Colonial Office and in Parliament. Was it for the defence of England that we disbanded one of the West Indian regiments, and thus exposed ourselves to an Ashantee war? Was it to strengthen our regiments that we got rid of the Cape mounted-rifles, the Ceylon rifles, and the Canadian rifles? If not, then why were they disbanded?

Ever since the joint policy of confederation and dismemberment was initiated, the office of Governor-General of Canada has been the perquisite of Irishmen. Lord Monck was sent out there to disgust loyalty, and to invite colonists to be gone. How faithfully he obeyed his master may best be inferred from his efficient services as chairman of the Irish Education Commission in the O'Keefe matter. Sir John Young was sent out to succeed him, and, like Mr. Monsell and Sir Frederick Rogers, received his reward as a good and faithful servant by his promotion to the House of Lords. Lord Dufferin has since been sent out, but the game is played out, and he will not be tried as severely as his predecessors were. Even the command of the army in Canada was handed over to Irishmen, when English general officers sought in vain to obtain the appointment.

If colonists were "the Pariahs of the Empire" in Sam Slick's days, they have been even more significantly assured of the truth since 1865. Only two years ago it was believed that a large majority of the English people, and certainly a majority of the House of Commons, were favourable to "disintegration." Not a few peers, Liberal and Conservative, either strove to "speed the parting guest," or at least maintained a guilty silence. The Pariahs of the Empire had fallen among the thieves, and but too many of the aristocracy of England either helped the thieves or passed by on the other side. Conservatism, in their eyes, was a limited and slightly selfish principle: "Keep what you yourselves have got—game-laws, primogeniture, and a host of other blessings—but the colonies are really very far off. Perhaps they don't pay, and if they must go, we cannot help it." So these respectable gentlemen held their peace, and left our loyal countrymen abroad to the tender mercy of their enemies.

But the Pariahs of the Empire found friends in their hour of need. Patriotic Englishmen were still to be found, and they spoke out at last. Over one hundred thousand of the working-men of London presented a bulky memorial to her Majesty through the Home Office, praying that the Empire should not be dismembered

by stealth, and that the assent of Parliament should first be asked before so high-handed an act were attempted. It received no reply. *To this hour it has been unanswered!* Even when permission was asked of the Royal Colonial Institute to allow the petition to remain for signature on their table, it was refused. Comical as the idea seems, the petition was objected to as "revolutionary."²

: "God save the Queen.

"May it please your Majesty,

"We beg humbly to lay before you that a large number of men, women, and children, your Majesty's subjects, have long been, and now are in a state of destitution, through inability to procure work, and that their condition in this country is very miserable and hopeless. That they are informed and believe that in other parts of your Majesty's dominions there is a great demand for labour, and also a great abundance of food, so that all who are here famishing for want of the necessaries of life might there live, by their own exertions, in plenty and comfort; but they are unable to reach those distant countries without assistance.

"We, therefore, humbly pray your Majesty to see that such measures be taken, without delay, as may enable those who are willing to work to go to those parts of your Majesty's dominions where their labour is required, and where they may prosper, and may increase the prosperity of the whole empire.

"We also beg to represent to your Majesty that we have heard with regret and alarm that your Majesty has been advised to consent to give up the colonies, containing millions of acres of unoccupied land, which might be employed profitably both to the colonies and ourselves as a field of emigration.

"We respectfully submit that your Majesty's colonial possessions were won for your Majesty, and settled by the valour and enterprise and treasure of the English people, and that having thus become part of the national freehold and inheritance of your Majesty's subjects, they are held in trust by your Majesty, and ought not to be surrendered, but transmitted to your Majesty's successors whole and entire as they were received by your Majesty. And in order to discourage and defeat all such projects for disunion, we humbly pray your Majesty to cause England and her Colonies and Dependencies to be incorporated by name into one British Empire, and that proclamation be made that you are Sovereign thereof, in like manner as you have been proclaimed Queen of India.

"We believe that such proclamation would be joyfully welcomed throughout your Majesty's dominions; and, if assurance of this be required, it may be found in the welcome which has been accorded to the Princes of the Blood in every one of the colonies which they have visited.

"We would also submit that your Majesty might call to your Honourable Privy Council representatives from all the colonies, for the purpose of consultation on the affairs of the more distant parts of your Majesty's dominions.

Thanks to the public-spirited person who prepared that petition, and who has since become the secretary of that institution, the feeling which was evinced at its recent conversazione is enough to show how thoroughly it is beginning to echo the hopes and wishes of "the Pariahs of the Empire."

While the working-men of London were coming to the front in the truest spirit of the most unselfish Conservatism, with a desire to protect, not their own class-interests, but the safety and integrity of the Empire, leading men such as Mr. Edward Wilson, Mr. McCullagh Torrens, Sir Robert Torrens, Mr. Edward Jenkins, Messrs. Youl and McArthur, and many others deserving of recollection and gratitude, organized a meeting in order to discuss the possibility of uniting the Empire. The discussion did good, even if the conclusions were inoperative. To checkmate this troublesome attempt to enlist public sympathy in favour of the colonies, Earl Granville wrote out to colonial politicians, and aroused their jealousies against others who were not officials, undertaking to become the mouth-pieces and the advocates of the colonies. For a time the attempt seemed a tolerably successful one, but the people were right and sound at heart. A little clique failed to break up the Empire by stealth, and when the storm broke and the subject was brought up in Parliament, no one knew of the existence of a dismemberment party! Why was this discovery made so late? Was it right to allow one hundred thousand loyal Englishmen for years to believe that there was such a party, and that such a party was likely to be successful? When leading men interested in the colonies almost went down on their knees to Lord Granville and begged that this dismemberment policy might be abandoned, surely his Lordship, who has abundance of oil at his disposal, might have thrown a little at least upon the troubled

"Finally, we pray your Majesty to assemble your Parliament without delay, that they may inquire into the causes of the present distress, and seek a remedy.

"We are, your Majesty's humble subjects,

"THE WORKING MEN OF LONDON."

[Here followed 104,000 signatures.]

waters, and made peace by a single honest word. Nothing could have been easier; nothing more proper or becoming. From one end of the globe to the other that word would have been a welcome sound, and the troubled waters of discontent would have subsided.

Et minax, quod sic voluere, ponto

Unda recumbit.

But he did not say the word. It was only when they were to be arraigned by public opinion that the late Cabinet asserted that they were honest Englishmen, and had never heard of a dismemberment party. Does any one seriously believe the plea? If they have spoken the truth, then a very serious question arises. How was a secret influence able to control the Colonial Office to such an extent that though one colony was cast out of the empire, another was promised to a foreign potentate, colonial forces were disbanded, military posts dismantled, and British munitions of war were sold at auction, like bankrupt goods; and though Irish peers were sent in her Majesty's name to preach disunion, and to insult and to disgust loyal Englishmen abroad, her Majesty's Government never heard of a dismemberment party! Surely one hundred thousand honest English working men appealing to her Majesty on behalf of her empire, were numerous if not influential enough to suggest the subject of disunion to her Majesty's Government. A greater blot on English statesmen and on English rule can scarcely be found than that which will survive in the history of the nation in connexion with this formidable and audacious attempt to dismember the empire.

One person only was powerful enough and bold enough to be candid. Archbishop Manning has openly denounced "an Imperial policy" as opposed to the interests of Ireland and of his Church, and has stigmatized those Englishmen who wish to preserve the Unity of the Empire as dangerous "*doctrinaires*." Less candid but more prudent, the late Cabinet obeyed orders, and "asked no questions for conscience' sake."

"Where ignorance is bliss

'Tis folly to be wise."

They, therefore, never heard of a dismemberment party. But, at the eleventh hour, they found, to their alarm, that the existence of that party was not only well known, but was also most strongly reprobated by the people of England. They therefore made some prudent concessions to public opinion. Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen and Mr. Herbert, both good men, and sincere friends of the colonies, were appointed under-secretaries. But the nomination of two excellent subordinates could not atone for the shortcomings of the Government. Even two just men could not redeem the Cabinet, nor avert the storm of public indignation that has swept it out of existence.

The plot has failed, but the "snake is scotched, not killed." The confidence of colonists in the honour of English statesmen has been very naturally shaken, and an uneasy feeling still lingers as to the possibility of this secret confraternity (we use this expressive word, for the late Government assure us there was no "dismemberment party") appearing hereafter in the discussion of colonial questions. The potent elements of evil are still in existence, and may at any time be called into action. They remind us of a singular incident that occurred after the great hurricane at St. Thomas', an incident that may interest Mr. Frank Buckland, as well as the dismemberment confraternity. The owner of an island several miles distant from the wreck of the ill-fated "Rhone," informed the writer that a fortnight after the storm fourteen bodies were washed ashore on his island. The sea swarms with sharks, and a crust can scarcely be thrown overboard ere it is seized by one of these monsters. Yet fourteen of the unfortunate passengers in the "Rhone" floated about for days, and drifted ashore untouched by these watchful enemies. They had gone off on the approach of the hurricane to deep water, and remained there until all was calm and peaceful once more. We do not hear much of the dismemberment confraternity, for there has been a very troublesome storm. But they are still alive, and still as dangerous as ever. They will soon appear again on the surface; they have only sought refuge in deep water.

The discussion of the annexation of Fiji will tempt them to take a high-minded interest in the Colonial Empire. Sixty years ago we stupidly allowed the French to exercise concurrent fishery rights on the coast of Newfoundland, and have thus bequeathed a legacy of trouble to the New Dominion, and in a few months a serious question with France will have to be met. We are about to decide whether we shall shut our eyes to the growth of a great English empire in the Pacific, and bequeath to them a source of trouble and of future struggles with some maritime power by allowing a stronghold at their doorway to be occupied by the first nation that may choose now to seize it. If this subject is discussed on its merits, we need not fear the result. But unfortunately there are scores of politicians that will turn up, not to advocate dismemberment (they never heard of a dismemberment policy), but to throw cold water on the colonies and on colonists, and to protest against enlarging the limits of the Empire.

The British nation have decided that they shall remain a great empire, and that the colonies must be retained. The Conservative administration must boldly act upon this decision. As well might we advise a farmer to preserve his grain for his own use, and not to throw it away into the bosom of the earth where it becomes unfit for food, as to press a great maritime and commercial power not to expend a trifling sum in sowing the seeds of great communities that will in one generation repay the Mother Country a hundred-fold for all her outlay. This penny-wise and pound-foolish style of argument has been tried and found wanting. England, dwarfed by the military powers of the Continent, is able by her fleets to control the world. Already the New Dominion, the "few barren acres of snow" which France disdained, claims to be the third maritime power in the world. Kindred governments and great maritime communities will yet arise in the Pacific, if we but

"Sow the seed of Empires,"

and the day will yet come when colonists will be a source of safety and of pride to the Mother Country.

Nowhere was the advent of the Conservatives to power hailed

with greater satisfaction than throughout the colonies. The fact that the statesmanlike utterances of Mr. Disraeli on the subject of the disintegration policy of the late Government, were repeated at the hustings by his followers and found an echo in the hearts of the people of this country, is a sufficient guarantee that the hopes of the colonies will not be disappointed. If there is anything in a name, Conservatives must show their Conservatism not merely in protecting the class interests of Englishmen, and the privileges of the Church and of the aristocracy, but also in that far wider and nobler field of Conservatism, the preservation of the Unity of the Empire.

A cry for "Home Rule" is coming to us from millions of loyal Englishmen abroad, to whom, though natives of the colonies, the Mother Country is always known by the endearing name of "Home." "The Home Rule" they long for is not the Home Rule of noisy disunionists, but an imperial policy that will consolidate the whole empire, and will give our countrymen abroad a voice in the national councils, and a share in the government as well as in the burdens and responsibilities of the nation. Time will be needed to accomplish this, but time, too, is yearly developing our colonies into great and powerful communities, and rendering them more and more worthy, if not of favour, at least of fair play at the hands of our politicians. In the meanwhile the future of the race may very safely rest with those statesmen to whom are entrusted the destinies of that unrepresented class of Englishmen, "the Pariahs of the Empire."

EDITH DEWAR;

OR,

GLIMPSES OF SCOTTISH LIFE AND MANNERS IN
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY COLIN RAE-BROWN,

AUTHOR OF "THE DAWN OF LOVE," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WOMAN'S MISSION.

MABEL ALLAN scarcely knew why, but she was more than sorry when Dr. Guthrie left Chamouni. He had spent many days at Lochdonald in former years, and he was never tired of charming Edith into conversation about the many beauty spots with which the locality abounded. He was a fervent worshipper of Nature, and the fascinating memories of these Highland rambles were as fresh as when they first clung to his impressible mind. While he frequently engrossed Edith's time and attention with his lively descriptions of "mount and loch and glen," he little thought how he was keeping a certain divinity student in the background, and throwing him—greatly against his inclination—into the slyly-woven meshes of the Glasgow heiress.

Melville was the soul of gallantry and politeness, otherwise he could not have tolerated the matter-of-fact and thoroughly worldly volubility of Mabel so long as he did. He had another reason for not attempting to shun her society when circumstances like the foregoing threw them together. Mabel was Edith's friend.

He had lately become acquainted—how, the reader may form a guess—with the accidental meeting in the railway-carriage at London Bridge some two years previous, and, "let her be ever so common-place," he said to himself, "she and her wonderfully rich

father did the poor girl a very good turn at a time when she was vastly in need of sympathy and kindness."

This view of matters led him into tolerance with the weak sides of Mabel's nature.

Up to this time Mabel had not consciously entertained any feelings of jealousy in respect of the attentions paid to Edith by Melville. The green-eyed monster was still the myth she had ever esteemed it—a bogey to frighten those sickly sentimentalists who indulge in romantic attachments.

She had frequently interrupted them when poring together over some of Fabian's favourite authors—*compagnons du voyage*—"stirring up the bookworms," as she termed it; but such exploits were carried out in what seemed the very best of humour, bantering though it was. In short, if Mabel had become inoculated with the slightest taint of jealousy she was not aware of it. She was thoroughly possessed by quite another influence. It had been industriously, pertinaciously, and continuously made known to her, from a very early period, that nobody was worth anything in the eyes of the world who was not "practical," and she felt firmly convinced in her own mind that such a man as Fabian Melville could never permanently esteem a woman who exhibited herself so eminently the reverse of practical as did Edith.

By this time she had come to learn something of Melville's past history, his careful training under his aunt, his mode of life at Langside, his "practical" proficiency, the result of actual work, in the most advanced studies, and his general activity of mind. Charlie Lade had been her informant, and that worthy fellow did not mean to over-colour his impressions of Melville when he said, "if ever he gets married it will be to a woman of strong common-sense and thorough usefulness; he has a horror of toy-women."

Lade himself was no marrying man—at all events, not then—nor, strange to say, had he ever felt the slightest sensation of uneasiness in that quarter of the heart where Love takes up his abode, for weal or for woe. Art, as yet, was the sole devotion of his life, and when a very pretty face or charming figure came in his way, the uppermost thought in his mind was the effect which one or the other would produce if faithfully rendered on canvas. Nevertheless, his was no unrefined or unimpressible nature, such as have characterized many men who have made great reputation in Art. For, anomalous though it may seem, there can be adduced frequent instances of notable artists whose intellectuality never

reached any great altitude, and whose domestic habits and companionships were next to degrading.

Mentally, Lade was not distinguished by great culture, but he had an intensely healthy and cordial sympathy with nature in its simplest aspects, and would, in all probability, have found vent for such in song had he not taken to the brush and the palette. Keen as a hawk, he scented the veriest approach to insincerity, and deftly nailed down in his memory the leading characteristics of every spurious coin of humanity which came in his way.

If Melville did not find his companion such an one as could dive with him into the depths of theology, or soar upward into the highest region of sacred and secular poetry, he discovered in him a vein of thorough good sense in which sparkled many a "golden grain" of imagination and fancy.

Melville was an advocate for early, though not premature, marriages; contending that it was better to form opinions *together*, than run the chance of ultimate unity through rubbing one opinion down by the friction of another.

Lade frequently accepted the position of an opponent of this theory, so that they might debate the question; and on one occasion, during their stay at Chamouni, sat far into the night.

"It is impossible, my friend," said Melville, "to over-estimate the force of female influence—for good or evil—on our sterner sex. Man may rule the world, but, in the majority of instances, it is woman that directs him, during the most arduous of campaigns—physical and mental—instilling faith, hope, and courage. We are all force, women are all feeling—tender, spiritual, and far-sighted. Persuasion and encouragement are motive-powers with which women move the world; and they are, as you know, quite as old as Creation itself."

"If," rejoined Lade, "you are about to justify mother Eve for leading her confiding husband astray, I shall not be astonished at anything you may afterwards advance."

"I do not attempt," continued Melville, "any justification; I only referred to the outset of human existence for a very early instance of woman's powers of persuasion. You must not forget how potential was the evil influence which poisoned the mind of Eve. We have merely to glance back through the later history of the world in order to arrive at the conviction that well-educated and successfully-trained women are of more value to states than men.

And it is thus demonstrated. Some of the greatest men that ever breathed have attributed their success in life to those principles of action with which, at an early age, their mothers had rendered them familiar. Then, in her character of a 'Helper,' how gloriously woman shines out amidst the gloom of misfortune and sickness ! She is then as essential to man as the air he breathes, or the food by which he is sustained.

"What insurmountable snares and dangers have been avoided purely from the counsels which her instinctive sagacity and constant watchfulness have enabled her to bestow !

"Even when the full-flowing breeze of prosperity sets in, and man feels inclined to stretch every inch of canvas, Woman, the calm pilot, puts in a gentle warning. She whispers into his ear the not very improbable danger of unseen and unknown shoals and reefs. She advises prudence and carefulness, though she may be laughed at for her solicitude and her fears. She can bear not a little ridicule under such circumstances : the end she has in view is the safety of those nearer and dearer almost than life itself ; and, laugh though proud men may, she strives again and again—more and more urgently—and persists till the topsails are struck, and the main-sheet prudently reefed."

"Well, Melville," said Lade, "you are really waxing into the grandly eloquent over this pet subject of yours ; as if no man had ever been ruined—soul and body, for this world and the next—by artful, designing, selfish women. I could bring you forward a great multitude of such cases in my own limited experience, and these all within the bounds of our own model Edinburgh. There exists no greater lotteries in life than love or marriage, and, like all such, they abound more with blanks than prizes."

"You will never convert me," replied Melville, "to your way of thinking. I own to shade as well as sunshine in the domestic world ; but the latter has ever predominated. That the shade is greater than the sunshine throughout existence generally I do believe, but not so in wedded life. If it were so, the combined and accumulated experiences of all those who have entered the state would long ere now have brought the institution into dreadful disrepute ; whereas the predominating desire of ninety-nine out of every hundred civilized beings is matrimony. The bachelors and old maids form a very small portion of society everywhere, and are always looked upon as oddities. The Scriptures say it is not good for man to live alone, and you may depend on that, Lade, as truth,

honest incontrovertible truth. A lonely woman is not one whit better off, and the only healthy state is marriage.

“Adversity sets off the beauties of the female character to the greatest advantage. When it sets in, a true woman can accommodate herself to the changes it entails with far greater adaptability than men. She uses every stratagem, and exerts every effort to make things look pleasant and comfortable still—pinching herself to the very utmost without a single regret, and exhibiting an amount of self-denial which might well cause us of the sterner sex to blush. Hope is also a remarkable feature in woman. Frequently, when man is at the brink of despair, and only hears the ominous gurgles of its deep, dark waters, her cheerful words, hopeful promptings, and sunny smiles, lead him back to some green oasis of delightful anticipation. By this means many a worn and wearied heart has been sustained, and tided over the shoals and reefs which beset it. In sickness, as I have already remarked, all know that woman’s care and sympathy are invaluable to mind and body. From the cradle to the grave that wondrous heart of womankind is lavish of its treasures to the helpless and distressed. She is in very truth the angel of suffering humanity, a reflex of God Himself, and we may rest assured that her deeds are registered in that Eternal Volume wherein the Most High hath caused to be entered the heart-histories of the world we live in.”

“From the fervour of your declamation, Melville, a listener would suppose me a woman-hater under process of castigation. I again assure you that I have always had the greatest admiration for the fair sex, commencing with my very much respected mother, and am only contending for the truth of my averment in regard to unhappy marriages. Rather than be yoked to ‘sic a wife as Willie had,’ I would jump headlong off Leith pier at once.”

“My dear Lade, the same amount of discrimination which a man sets at work when he is selecting a business or profession should always enable him to make a proper choice of a wife. It is in hasty attachments that almost all the evils you complain of have their origin. How many men have sacrificed themselves and their wives by pressing on marriage after the merest and most casual acquaintanceship! Women have not the same opportunity of doing damage in this respect. The usages of society do not permit of her active interference with or positive precipitation of the ‘event,’ so that we cannot saddle them with the ills which I frankly enough admit do attend ill-assorted marriages.

"However, let us suppose ourselves so much alive to the evils we have been discussing as to be able wholly to avoid them, and, as an artist, accompany me into the poetic region of the female character. Music, as you and I have often heard from Professor Mitchell, is the intellectuality of vocal utterance, and exists more or less in every human being—universal as light itself. But I wish now to add my opinion, founded on reading and observation, that the more spiritualized expression, or highest genius, of music, is peculiarly the gift of woman; it being her mission to colour, perfume, refine, and beautify the paths of existence. By nature it is the favourite, and, pre-eminently, one of the most fitting studies of the gentler sex, dispensing one of the most exquisite enjoyments of this sublunary sphere.

"Beyond the domestic circle, and greeted by the plaudits and gifts of all ranks, what triumphs have been achieved by Malibran, Lind, Grisi, Sontag, and Ristori! Their jubilant progress up the steep and no less giddy heights of fame has been encouraged by ovations greater than ever have been awarded to the most renowned heroes of ancient or modern times. Actual stores of wealth and gifts—the richest and rarest obtainable—have been showered upon them with more than lavish profusion. So witchingly sublime, so heart penetrating, were their rapturous notes of 'song divine,' that heaven seemed descending to earth, and earth blending with heaven. No doubt many men have achieved high and honourable positions as composers and exponents of music, but in the highest regions thereof—those that are spiritualized and re-refined—woman takes the lead and soars upwards and onwards, like the lark, to the very gates of paradise!

"*Entrez*," said Melville—as a tap at the door interrupted the further development of his *impromptu* panegyric,—whereupon the hotel waiter stepped in and handed a packet of letters. After the home news from Langside were discussed by Melville, a more bulky packet engaged his attention.

"Here," said he, addressing Lade, "is a communication at last from my friend Nicol Rae. It seems quite a budget of literary news and enclosures. Shall we have supper in before looking over the contents?"

Lade signified his consent, as there were evidences of a lengthy sitting peeping out of the large envelope which Melville had just slit open.

The frugal meal, consisting of bread and milk, was soon dis-

patched. Both men had respect for their stomachs, and were accustomed to rise early, two matters which are quite incompatible with heavy suppers. They had frequently wondered, when in London, to see the quantities of half-raw chops and stewed kidneys—besauced and bepeppered—which were so copiously washed down at supper-time with beer and hot spirits and water. And this was the nightly habit of several artists with whom Lade was on terms of intimacy. These men spent whole days in their studios, with but moderate indulgence in the relaxation of walking; yet, being averagely temperate in their habits, wondered why they felt so feverish and languid in the mornings!

CHAPTER XIX.

POETRY AND POVERTY.

THE contents of the large envelope proved unusually interesting. Melville had been prosecuting certain researches in the British Museum for a considerable time before he started for Switzerland, and he had purposely allowed himself to fall into ignorance about all save domestic affairs in Glasgow. His friend's budget of news extended over a great many months, and ran as follows:—

“Glasgow, Sept. 15, 1856.

“My dear Melville,—Yours duly to hand. I confess to being quite envious of you and Mr. Lade, whose closer acquaintance I hope to make on your return. The charming pictures you have given me, in pen and ink, of the glorious scenery by which you are surrounded, and the exquisite portraits of certain ladies, similarly produced, have really caused me involuntarily to exclaim, ‘What happy dogs those fellows are, while I am toiling and moiling here amidst the vile chemical odours and the grimy smoke!’ There must be some special inspiration in the person of Miss Dewar to have called forth such a marvellously striking description as that you have penned:—

“‘Beware, young man, beware, beware;
The paths of love are strewn with care.’

“We sadly want you at the ‘St. Mungo’s,’ and you really must not fall in love—at least, not engrossingly so—for a year or two yet. Call me selfish, if you will, and as philosophical as you please,

but there are certain duties we owe to society and the progress of civilization which we ought to perform at the cost even of a great deal of self-denial. However, I shall now proceed to answer your queries in due order.

“Our new ‘penny daily’ has thriven very well on your suggestion, that we should start it several weeks before the repeal of the duty—selling it at a penny, with a penny stamp *still* impressed—and the only competitor which made its appearance speedily succumbed. We can thus claim to be the *first* penny daily newspaper published in the United Empire; that is something to say. W—— has lost none of his original vigour so far as his writing is concerned, but I am alarmed by certain indications of a breaking-up, physically. I have tried to lighten his labours by getting sundry London leaders, and by contributing freely myself; still, he *will* continue as many hours as ever at his post. He is just one of those kind of men who keep at it till they die in very harness. One of the lairds of Dunoon got a terrible dressing from him in a recent issue. The ‘body’ had actually caused a huge ditch to be cut across the public pathway leading to the pier, alleging some old right of ‘stopping the way’ as an excuse. Numerous remonstrances reached us, and the result was that y^e editor came down like a Cyclops on master proprietor, and the latter very soon ate his humble pie. By giving proofs of real, in lieu of seeming, ‘independence,’ we are making ourselves potent, and securing a very large circulation. How long the ‘high-priced’ journals will leave us alone to our ‘penny’ insignificance I cannot say. They must ‘cave-in’ some day, when we will either be ‘absorbed’ or go to the wall, there being no real gratitude in the public. Should the fourpence-halfpenny papers ever eat the leek and come down to the much-abused penny, depend upon it that the native love of ‘a bargain’ will induce our citizens to neglect us for the old journals when cheapened. However, this cannot take place just yet, the aristocratic journals having stigmatized the honest penny as ‘a contemptible coin, one which cannot provide a glass of beer or even a sandwich.’ I hope you like this specimen of Glasgow-press Billingsgate; I give it to you *verbatim et literatim*.

“I have now arrived at your query regarding my pet project of a National Wallace Monument at Stirling. Everything goes well—more than well—I may say, gloriously! After the preliminary meeting, held in the Globe Hotel in May, I communicated with the Stirling authorities. The Provost thereupon convened a

meeting of the inhabitants and others. Resolutions approving the project were unanimously adopted, and a large and influential committee appointed. The Rev. Dr. R—— was appointed our acting and salaried secretary. I firmly believe he will prove most efficient. You are already aware that I wrote him in the spring about this matter, seeing he had been interesting himself in the beautifying of the cemetery grounds near Stirling Castle. He is evidently a man of great public spirit and a sturdy patriot. We mean to send circulars over the whole habitable globe. Only fancy such an awakening as this will give to Scottish patriotism after six hundred years of slumber!

“When the ‘North British (I had almost written ‘Brutish’) Review’ impugned the purity of Wallace’s motives, the author of the senseless philippic had little idea what the result thereof would be. The original letters in the *Bulletin* brought a perfect shoal of others which we could not insert, but which gave proof of a wide, extended, and heartfelt interest in the enterprise. Lord Elgin has thrown himself heart and soul into the movement. He presided at a vast national meeting held in the King’s Park, Stirling, on the 24th of June. That was the anniversary of the Battle of Bannockburn, and the Earl of Elgin lineally represents ‘the Bruce,’ a striking coincidence.

“But for the Battle of Stirling Bridge there would have been no free Scotland to defend at Bannockburn.

“The Abbey Craig—familiar enough to you and I—used as an encampment the night before Wallace’s great and crowning victory—has been chosen as the site of the monument. I hope my idea of a colossal figure crowning the height will be adopted. The hero is supposed to have stood there complacently viewing the English hosts as they crossed the fated bridge, on their way to destruction. A figure constructed on a similar scale of magnitude with the great Colossus of Rhodes would stand out gloriously amidst the grandeur and glory of the surrounding mountain-ranges. The whole associations of the place are singularly felicitous, and when the tidings of our intentions reach the colonies we shall be absolutely stunned with the amount of material support which will be immediately forthcoming from ‘over the sea.’

“Now, as to literature, *pur et simple*: as yet, the club numbers only the magic seven, but, if few, we are very select. Your absence has been a great source of regret; some very admirable papers have been read, and we look forward to one on ‘Switzerland

and its Associations' with no small degree of pleasurable anticipation. You can embellish it now with certain brilliant features—flowers culled from the angel-world of 'womandom.'

"In the course of my attendance at the office of the paper I am frequently dunned by applicants for literary employment, and you can scarcely form an opinion of what 'rags of pretension' occasionally present themselves, persons who cannot pen two lines grammatically, but who have been 'Sir Oracles' in their own little circles for years past. A remarkably striking exception to this distressing state of things was experienced by me a few days ago. Some one inquired for me in the outer office. I desired the clerk to show the person in, and on turning round, as the door again opened, a cadaverous-looking and wretchedly-dressed young man accosted me as follows:—

" 'Are you Mr. Rae the poet?'

" 'Well,' I answered, somewhat amused by the question, and by the familiarity with which it was put, 'I cannot answer for the poet, but I can for my name. What may your business be?'

" 'My name,' said he, 'is Macfaurlan, James Macfaurlan; I've written a guid mony poems, but they dinna bring in muckle siller, an' I was thinkin' you micht be able to gie me some employment on yer paper. A verra little wud satisfy me, and I'm really doonricht ill aff, even for meat and drink.' This was uttered in pure Glasgow doric,—feebly and stammeringly. I could see that the poor wretch had been half-starved, and, as he seemed perfectly weak on his legs, I desired him to be seated.

" 'Am I right in supposing that you are the same James Macfarlan who has been contributing poetry to the columns of the *Glasgow C.*?'

" 'The verra same,' was the instant rejoinder.

"I cannot describe my feelings when I heard the man's reply. For some months previous I had observed in the poet's corner of the *Glasgow C.* occasional contributions signed 'James Macfarlan,' which rose far above the level of any local versifying which one is in the habit of meeting with in provincial journals. Every village in Scotland, it has been said, has a score of poets, but we all know what that means—no end of rhyme, and very little beginning of reason—but the productions to which my attention had been drawn, as above referred to, bore not only the stamp of genius, but all the marks of thorough culture and refinement. Here, then, was the puzzle on which his reply set me to work. Could it be possible

that this shambling, ill-fed, miserably-clad creature, whose every utterance was couched in the commonest Sautmarket broad Scotch, was the author of those exquisite gems of English poetry, faultless in rhyme and rhythm? I could not believe it. At the same time I dare not give the poor fellow the lie direct. I begged his acceptance of a trifling amount, which seemed a perfect Godsend, and asked him to call next forenoon.

"In the interim I called on one of the staff of the *Glasgow C.*, and made some inquiries regarding the author of the poetry which had lately appeared in that journal. The replies I received left no doubt on my mind of the *bona fides* of my recent visitor. My informant, a gentleman of no small ability as a journalist, was equally puzzled with myself, and had been so for many months.

" 'How,' said he, 'to reconcile the *man* with the *poetry* is utterly beyond my comprehension. At first I supposed he had been supplied with the verses, or that they had been copied from the works of some inglorious Milton; but, on one occasion, I gave him a theme on which to write before he left the office, and, in less than an hour, he composed the "Wanderer's Grave" which appeared in our last issue. I observe that it has been reprinted by a great many provincial journals, and deservedly so; few more touching lyrics have ever been penned. At the same time I do not think he can be of the slightest use to you or any one else in supplying prose matter. I have tried him with ordinary police paragraphs, and other odds and ends, but he makes no hand of them at all. Then he is always so meanly, in fact, wretchedly dressed, that, positively, I am ashamed to see him about the office.' Feeling the force of all my friend said, I thanked him, and went my way, more puzzled and more at a loss than ever. Here was one of the strangest anomalies—physically and mentally—which our humanity had ever evolved, and how to deal with it I really could form no conception whatever; at the same time, I felt I was bound to make an effort to elevate the social condition of this intellectual pariah. I made up my mind to let Macfarlan have some kind of employment, if it was only to pack up and address the country parcels.

"He called the following morning, and we had some further conversation, in the course of which he told me he had walked all the way to London, every mile, and back again! More than that, he had taken a volume of poems in manuscript with him, and—can it be believed?—found a publisher! and published the poems had been, at the publisher's risk, though the needy author was never one

shilling the better for the publication—at least, so he said—as the generous Londoner had afterwards many troubles to contend with. He thereupon produced a well got-up volume, quite worthy of the metropolitan press, and from which I quote the following specimens of his muse, quite random extracts, I assure you:—

“ ‘ THE BARD.

“ ‘ In cottage born, of parents poor and lowly,

The poet sprung :

On Life’s dark road he wander’d sad and slowly,

Yet fondly hung

O’er all that earth held in it pure and holy,

And to them sung.

“ ‘ His great mind brooded over man’s sad story

Of woe and crime;

He seized Opinion by his locks grown hoary,

With hand sublime ;

Then soothed meek Suffering with that song of glory,

The Coming Time !

“ ‘ He roused, in tones of deep and solemn warning,

The proud and high ;

On tyranny and tyrants ever turning

His lightning eye;

And that false-robed dissembler proudly scorning—

Hypocrisy.

“ ‘ But death came when his ardent soul was breathing

Its glowing fire ;

Then turn’d he to the world, with tears bequeathing

His broken lyre—

And Spring beheld, while her fresh garlands wreathing,

The Bard expire.

“ ‘ SUMMER.

“ ‘ Summer ! I see thy foot-prints on the lawn,

I feel thy rich, warm breath upon my cheek,

I hear thee in the woods—thou art the soul

Of all this beauty, all this happiness

That fills the sense like an Elysian dream !
 O ! I have loved thee, Summer, when I saw
 The grimy dust upon the city's streets,
 Or watch'd some plant upon my window-sill
 Burnt into beauty like a new-born thing !
 But this was all I saw of thee : the walls
 Shut out the fields, the dark smoke hid the sky,
 And thou wert as a houri closely veil'd ;
 Yet now thou stand'st bareheaded in the sun,
 And I can look upon thy thousand charms.

“ ‘ The mighty city far behind me lies—
 The city where wide-throated chimneys pour
 Their foul black breath upon the blue of heav'n,
 While here is purity and sunshine free,
 The song of birds, the music of the streams ;
 And, dear as all, the smile of summer-flowers :
 Along the grass-edged road the daisies peep,
 And yellow buttercups, that unto bees
 Are golden chalices of nectar full.

“ ‘ There is a holy calmness in the scene,
 Not altogether silence, but the lull
 That soft, sweet music throws upon the soul ;
 And I can hear the carol of the lark,
 Sweeten'd by distance, and the organ-tones
 Of bees that sing of summer as they pass !’

“ Now, my friend, what thinkest thou of our new city-poet ? Is he not a Titan amongst pigmies—a whale amongst the minnows ? It grieved me greatly to learn that his whole life had been one of the deepest privation. With all his marvellous lyrical talent, he has never been able to extricate himself from the meshes of his early associations, and these were of the most wretched description. He has friends, it seems—I will not say how near—who, whenever he gets a suit of decent clothes, contrive to purloin and pawn or sell them ; and yet he has not the moral courage to ‘ come out from among them !’ One reason why he continues to herd with his early associates is rather pithily expressed by him in the vernacular. It is as follows :—

“ ‘ It's a' verra weel to speak o' breakin aff wi' my aul' freens and aquauntances, but if ever I am in want o' a bit bread, or a drap

drink to kill the crave, it's only amang them that I'm *sure* to get the ane or the ither. I'll never be able to break aff wi' them unless somebody jist lifts me fairly oot frae amang them, and provides for me sae that I hae nae need to gang back, but wha's gaun to fash themselves sae muckle about me?'

"You must confess that there is no small amount of philosophy in this way of reasoning, and yet it is very deplorable that such a state of things should exist for a day longer. You are so thorough, and so practical a philanthropist that I wish for your return as much on account of this poor fellow as anything else. He enters on some employment here—I scarcely know what it will be—to-morrow; I have given both staffs, literary and commercial, instructions to find out how his time can be best utilized. Meantime, I must conclude this long chapter of events, trusting to hear from you by as early a post as your charming companionship will admit of, and in the hope that the communication will indicate your early return to the good city of Sanct Mungo.

"Believe me, my dear Melville,

"Ever your sincere friend,

"Fabian Melville, Esq.

"NICOL RAE.

"P.S. I was just closing up my packet when Macfarlan's promised sketch of his life arrived. I enclose it for your perusal and early return."

"SKETCH OF MY LIFE."

I WAS born in Glasgow, 9th April, 1832. My father, who had been bred a weaver, had however, previous to my birth, given up his original calling for that of a pedlar, and thus I became a wanderer I may say from my infancy.

Travelling from town to town, it may be guessed, I could receive but little education, yet this wandering life, although injurious to my progress in learning, was in a manner favourable to poetic culture.

By giving me an opportunity of visiting those scenes which have been celebrated in song or story, I had a fund of sweet recollections which, in maturer years, were of great benefit in directing the thought to natural beauty. My mother, who was a delightful singer, very frequently chanted those old stories of love and chivalry which to my boyish fancy formed all that was desirable on earth, and filled my heart with a sense of melody which was to me strange and inexplicable.

Happening to settle for a short time in Kilmarnock, my parents placed me in a small academy of that town, where, after remaining for a short time, I acquired a slight English education, which with a few months' schooling afterwards, in Glasgow, forms the whole amount of learning I ever received in a public manner; what little I have since gained has been the result of perseverance amid difficulties of the severest kind.

When about twelve years of age I was taken to Glasgow, where my father opened a small shop, which he soon had to give up and recommence his old trade of pedlar. In this latter occupation I joined him, and an odd volume of Byron's works which I found one day on a retired road led me to a love of reading.

Books were now sought after wherever I could get them.

By leaving a small deposit, I borrowed books in almost every town where there was a public library, and my father, who could rhyme a little himself, felt proud of my growing taste, and encouraged me all he could.

Thus did the time pass, and on reaching the age of twenty there was scarcely a standard work in the language which I had not perused.

My thoughts were all along turned to poetry, and in 1853, having collected my scattered pieces together, I determined on submitting them to the judgment of some person of critical ability, and accordingly I left my MS. at the chambers of a literary gentleman in Glasgow, and his verdict was of the most favourable kind. Elated with this success, I resolved on publishing a volume by subscription, and after much difficulty—having walked all the way to and from London—succeeded in getting a London publisher to issue it. The volume was well noticed on its appearance in several respectable journals, but, coming out at a time when more experienced writers had engrossed the public attention, my less ambitious effort was soon forgotten, and many of my subscribers falling off, I was plunged into want and despair. In this state, I was very glad to accept a subordinate situation in the Glasgow Athenæum, where I was engaged from nine in the morning till half-past ten at night. Tired of this, I again commenced travelling and peddling. About a year afterwards I returned to Glasgow, where my "City Songs" were published and well received by the critics in general.

Fortune, however, seemed to have set her face against me. From some cause, which I never could learn, I was discharged from more

congenial employment which I had secured, and, too sensitive to ask the reason, I retired without asking any questions. The world was now darkening around me. The consumptive tendencies of my constitution were beginning to develope themselves, and Death appeared to be rapidly approaching, clad in that most fearful of all his garments—WANT.

Rendered thus desperate, I wrote to the Earl of C——, to whom I had dedicated my last little work, stating my prospects, when his lordship returned me, through his secretary, the princely sum of one pound sterling!!

Having about 200 copies of my book on hand, I resolved, as a means of recruiting my health, and gaining a livelihood, to go about selling them. I got a few circulars printed, stating my circumstances, and the nature of my pursuits. With these I proceeded to Edinburgh, where I met with but indifferent success. On an occasion of great embarrassment, I wrote to Mr. Robert C——, imploring a little aid, and stating at the same time my destitute condition. For three successive days did I call at that gentleman's office, but on no occasion had an answer been left.

Almost exhausted with grief and suffering, suicide seemed to have become a necessity, and long and severe was the struggle before my better nature triumphed over the dark design of my crushed and trampled spirit. Returning to my native city, fresh trials awaited me. I commenced again to sell my little work, and many and galling were the taunts to which I was subjected.

"Do you intend to live upon sawdust and water? If not, burn your books and resign poetry." Such was the insulting remark of a purse-proud gentleman, who concluded his homily by pushing me out of his office. Such things had I to contend with till I became almost broken-hearted.

Full of high hopes I called on the Rev. N. McL——, himself an author, and in whom I hoped to find a patron.

Timidly handing my little circular to the rev. gentleman, he threw it contemptuously back, and slammed the door in my face.

Tears gathered in my eyes as I departed from his princely residence in the most fashionable part of the city, to my own miserable lodging in the purlieus of poverty "where lonely want retires to die."

Burning with indignation I wrote the following letter, which I was only withheld from sending by a strong effort:—

"Rev. Sir,—A few nights ago I made bold to call on you in the hope by making a small purchase of my poems you might throw me the means of providing my supper. I did not call because you are a minister of the Gospel, but because you are an author, which I hold to be something even higher. How you received me I leave your own heart to tell. I am poor, rev. sir, but this day I would not exchange places with you for the crown of a Cæsar. Burn this paper if you will, destroy it, but the words themselves are more deeply cut in the heart of the writer.

"They tell us that this is an age of scepticism, and who can wonder at it when those who ought to be its strongest barriers offer the weakest points for the arrow of the unbeliever? And surely, no one could recognize in you, pompous and gold-bedizened, a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus!"

This brings my life down to the present time, when the waters of affliction are still around me. God knows what hand will come to snatch me out.

JAMES MACFARLAN.¹

Lade had listened throughout the reading of the Glasgow news-budget with the most profound attention, and when Melville had finished he warmly congratulated him on the accession to its literary strength which his adopted city had developed in the genius of Macfarlan.

"You have," he said, "as much originality and power in this poor fellow's brain as would make a hundred small poets. There is, besides, an artistic finish in these quotations which greatly reminds me of Keats and Shelley. Your friend Rae could not have described his *protégé* more correctly than he has done—the man is, beyond all doubt, a perfect specimen of a complete anomaly.

"I would not have stood in that clergyman's shoes for a trifle. The least thing he could have done was to vouchsafe some slight examination of the applicant's literary ability—a glance would have sufficed to show him that the genuine stamp was affixed to his visitor's productions. And yet the poor devil can scarcely be described as a visitor, seeing he never got beyond the door.

"He will afford an excellent opportunity of displaying your practical Christian sympathy, and that in connexion with an

¹ This autobiographical sketch is printed from Macfarlan's original Manuscript.

instance of unmistakable genius in a state of almost unparalleled distress. It will afford me more than pleasure to be allowed to contribute my mite towards drawing him out of the moral slough in which he so helplessly flounders. I shall esteem it a very great privilege, indeed, to be allowed to assist in such a good cause and shall be very much disappointed if I am not permitted to do so."

"I shall be delighted," said Melville, in reply, "to draw upon you if I find our new poet requires more than his salary to set him right. If he can do without pecuniary aid, all the better. His self-respect will thus become greater, and his fellow-men will esteem him more highly than if he—however gifted—required eleemosynary aid. He must be seen after, and that in good earnest. I hope there is no screw so loose in his nature as to defy thorough tightening. I have had to do with such men in my time. One instance of such perversity exhibited itself in a young fellow who was one of the most ingenious practical mechanics ever known. The most complicated adaptations of motive-power were mere child's-play to his marvellous brain, and he would almost wholly abstain from anything like regular food for days when engaged on his drawings and models. At twenty years of age, and though still moving in the society of fellow-workers, his income—had he chosen to remain steady—might have reached several hundreds per annum. But that accursed Demon, Drink, so tolerated, and fostered, and fawned upon by spurious legislators—expediency-mongers— inveigled him every now and again into those gilded haunts which prosper so well in our large centres of population; and, ultimately, he became a perfect wreck, a drivelling dotard before he had attained his manhood. I fervently hope there may be no such serious flaw in Macfarlan's case.

"The monument to Wallace has been almost a craze in my friend Rae's brain since he was but a boy; and after all the trouble he has taken in the matter, I do not wonder that he is quite overjoyed with the prestige which Lord Elgin will give to the enterprise. You and I must make a good appearance on the subscription-sheet. I know you are national and patriotic to the backbone."

"You shall not find me wanting," said Lade, as he and Melville wended their way upstairs to the hotel dormitories, "and I will also endeavour to stir up my friends in Auld Reekie, though their purses are not quite so well filled as those of your iron and cotton lords in the west."

CHAPTER XX.

MEMORIALS OF ZWINGLI—MOVING HOMEWARDS.

ON the afternoon of the day following that on which the Glasgow budget was discussed, another social reunion took place at the house of Mrs. Roberts, the occasion thereof being the arrival of the Rev. Dr. Guthrie from his pilgrimage to the Oberland Alps and the locality of Zwingli's martyrdom. In regard to the former, he was enabled not only to corroborate all that he had formerly said, but to add experiences of his own, which warranted him in stating that no pen or pencil could ever give an adequate description or representation of the grandeurs and glories actually beheld.

In referring to the martyr's last days and to the sacred spot where his pure spirit fled from its shattered temple, the reverend gentleman became—even for him—unusually fervid and graphic in his word-pictures.

"Being," said the reverend narrator, "one of those who are inclined to look on the Lord's Supper as a simple commemoration, blending love and fellowship, rather than an exponent of the early Lutheran doctrine of consubstantiation, my heart has always cherished the memory of Zwingli, who was the first to introduce the former and more reasonable rendering of the divinely-appointed feast. In addition, he was mainly instrumental in drawing up the Helvetic Confession of Faith, which was adopted after the settlement at Berne in 1532—the said Confession being in perfect harmony with that of our Scottish Kirk. Born like many of our countrymen—more especially the heroes of the Covenanting period—amongst the mountains, and beside the rocks and streams and torrents, which so diversify the scenery of his birth-place, Taggenburg—it is little wonder that the farmer's son, when once strongly imbued with pure Christian principles, should have developed that energy of purpose and earnestness of character which have ever been distinguishing features of the 'sons of the mountain.' Be the cause what it may, there is an inherent force of character and an unwearied perseverance displayed by those who are natives of the 'crags and peaks' which find no parallels amongst the inhabitants of earth's flatter regions.

"About the time when Zwingli first began to preach, a certain Friar Sampson was rendering the insulting absurdities of a then rampant Popery more revolting than ever. Ignorant as pretentious

and profane, he went about the cantons selling his paper indulgences as plentifully as ballad-mongers dispose of their trash at our fairs. Let the crime be ever so foul and rank, Sampson could, at a price, make it all right after—or even before—the perpetration. So wretchedly fooled were the people by the lies and clamours of Rome, that they actually believed the wretch when he cried out in the graveyards, ‘*Ecce volant!*’—‘See, they fly!’—alluding to the souls of the departed, who had been thus sent to heaven by the money which their credulous relatives had poured into the coffers of the sturdy friar. We need not wonder, therefore, to find that the Swiss Reformers sometimes allowed themselves to become imprudently daring in their zealously ardent endeavours to rid the land of this and similar accursed practices of Popery.

“In endeavouring to direct these efforts aright, Zwingli had a prominent and important duty to perform, and it would absorb many days were I to enter on details, even in outline. Suffice it to say that his glorious career was suddenly brought to a close at the memorable battle of Cappel, when the inhabitants of the Protestant towns engaged in deadly conflict with the ignorant yet sturdy popish peasants of the forest cantons. As in France and Spain at the present day, the most bigoted species of Popery flourished then in the more rural districts of Switzerland. To this day the Pope draws his hired and purely mercenary guards from these localities.

“Zwingli had not donned fighting attire at the battle of Cappel, but attended there as a chaplain.

“The Reformers had lost the day—their army was wholly routed and dispersed—night was drawing on—yet still Zwingli kept at what he considered his post of duty. While administering the last consolations to a dying man, stretched out under a friendly pear-tree, he was struck on the head by a stone. Again and again he was so wounded, almost to death, while his hands were clasped as if in prayer, and his eyes uplifted to heaven. At length he was fairly recognized as the most hated—because the most able and eloquent—of living Reformers; whereupon a ruffian named Feckinger plunged his coward’s sword into the throat of the prostrate preacher. When he saw the murderous intentions of his enemies being developed but too plainly, the resigned martyr-hero calmly told them they might kill the body, but the soul would defy their keenest steel.

“By the wayside, near Cappel, and marking the site of the pear-

tree underneath which he breathed his last, there is a huge stone monument erected to the martyr's memory: no traveller who crosses the Albis from Zurich to Zug can fail to notice it, and the spot is held in great respect and veneration, not only by the prevailing Protestant population of the locality, but by shoals of pilgrims who annually visit Cappel solely for the purpose of commemorating Zwingli's martyrdom. To me, my pilgrimage has proved a labour of love in right good earnest, and I feel conscious of having so awakened emotions which are not unlikely to give forth some wholesome fruit in due season."

When the reverend doctor had brought his deeply interesting narration to a close, Melville, in the name of all those who had been privileged to listen, gracefully uttered a few brief but telling sentences, conveying their combined thanks; to which the worthy man replied by remarking that he had been more complimented than his hearers, they proving the most attentive congregation he had ever addressed.

This was to be the last of these happy meetings under Mrs. Roberts's hospitable roof-tree. Early on the following morning, all the party of visitors, Dr. Guthrie included, had made arrangements to leave Chamouni, *en route* for Paris. The gentlemen proposed spending a few days there before returning to Scotland *viâ* London, and the ladies of the *pension* were more than delighted at the prospect of having such a force of intelligent travelling companions.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS IN 1514-15.

No. IV.

THE Parliament which met on the 5th of February 1514, and sat through two sessions, was an uneventful one. As usual, the king's object in summoning it was to obtain money, which at this time he required for the prosecution of his new war against the Scots. Doubtless, it was partly for the purpose of propitiating the Commons, and thereby exciting their liberality, that he honoured the Speaker whom they had chosen, in the manner described in the following extract from the Lords' Journal :—

“This day (the fourth of the Parliament) Thomas Nevell, a descendant of a noble house and own brother to Lord Burgevenny,¹ having been nominated and chosen Speaker of Parliament by the Commons of the realm, was presented to his Majesty in full Parliament; and in the business committed to him he bore himself with such grace, elegance, prudence, and discretion that he gained the applause and commendation of all present, and received from his Majesty no small additional honour; for in the presence of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and the Commons of the realm, his Majesty conferred on him the honour and dignity of knighthood, to the glory of God and St. George, a thing which we have heard never happened to any one before.”

Two days later a deputation, consisting of the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of York (Wolsey) and other Lords, went down to the House of Commons, where the Lord Chancellor declared the causes for which Parliament had been assembled, laying special stress on the necessity for the grant of a liberal supply, now that the King, provoked by the injuries inflicted on his subjects by the Scots, had decided on commencing a fresh war.

¹ This title afterwards assumed the form of “Abergavenny.”

After sitting exactly two months Parliament was prorogued to the 12th of November, on which day it reassembled for business. The King was present on the first day of this new session, but the Journal does not tell us of any particular ceremonies having been observed on the occasion. It is true that the Lord Chancellor did make a speech, but that was not improbably after the King's departure, and the transaction of other business; for it is only mentioned, parenthetically, in the sentence with which the account of each day's proceedings usually concludes:—

“The Lord Chancellor, having made a speech, adjourned the present Parliament to Wednesday, at the usual hour.”

The Lords do not seem to have been very hard-worked, for on several days the Journal gives nothing but the date and the list of Peers present, from which we may conclude either that on those days there was no business done, or else that what was done was of so little importance as not to have been worth recording. From the attendance lists we learn that the Archbishop of York was generally in his place. On November 27th his name appears for the first time as the “Lord Cardinal of York.” It was nothing new for the Metropolitan of the northern province to be so designated, since Banbridge, the previous occupant of the see of York, had also been a cardinal. He was the king's ambassador at Rome, and was poisoned by an Italian member of his household. It seems that the peers did not display any conspicuous alacrity in attending the sittings of the House, for on Thursday, the 20th of December, we find the following sentence in the Journal:—

“On Thursday afternoon, being the vigil of St. Thomas the Apostle, the Lords ordered, that every lord not appearing do pay ten pounds.”

This was a heavy fine even for a lord.

Two days later, that is, on December 22nd, the King went down to the House and dissolved the Parliament, after a speech from the Lord Chancellor, enumerating the measures that had been passed, and paying the usual compliments to the members of the two Houses, for the industry and diligence which they had displayed. Immediately after the entry in the Journal relating to the dissolution, follows this note:—

“This Parliament was dissolved and ended on the twenty-second day of December, one thousand five hundred and fifteen, John Tailer, Doctor of Law, being the King's Clerk of the Parliaments, and at

the same time Prolocutor of the Convocation of Clergy, which seldom happens. In this Parliament and Convocation very dangerous seditions arose between the clerical and secular power, on the subject of ecclesiastical liberties, a certain friar, named Standish, being the author and stimulator of all the evils."

Keilway's Reports contain a pretty full account of the disputes which are alluded to in the above note. In 1512 an Act was passed by which it was provided that all persons committing murder or felony in churches on the highway, and those guilty of robbing or murdering any person in his house, should be deprived of the benefit of clergy, those in holy orders only excepted. The Abbot of Winchelcomb, in a sermon which he preached at Paul's Cross, denounced this Act as an invasion of the law of God and the rights of the Church, and even went so far as to declare that those members of the Legislature who had concurred in its passing had rendered themselves liable to ecclesiastical censures. Such an assertion was not allowed to pass unchallenged by the temporal Lords and certain members of the House of Commons, who requested the King to have the question solemnly debated. Accordingly, on an appointed day, the Spiritual Councils of the king and the clergy respectively met at Blackfriars, and argued the matter before the judges and the king's temporal council. Henry Standish, D.D., Warden of the Mendicant Friars in London, was the champion of the temporal jurisdiction, and seems to have gained a somewhat easy victory, as far as argument went, over his opponents. He began by denying that the recent Act, or the practice of arraigning clerks before the temporal judge for criminal offences, was in any way contrary to the law of God and the liberties of Holy Church. To this the spokesman of the Spirituality replied, that there was a canon which laid down the opposite principle, and which all persons professing the Christian religion were bound to obey under pain of mortal sin. "God forbid!" returned Standish. "For there is another canon by which all bishops are bound to be at their cathedrals at every festival of the year, and we all know that most of the English bishops do nothing of the kind." This seems to have been a poser, as we are told that no answer was made to it. The clerical champion said nothing more about the canon, but entered on a fresh argument drawn from Scripture, declaring that the exemption of clerks was expressly enjoined by our Saviour in the words "Touch not mine anointed." Standish made the obvious reply that the words quoted were spoken by

David more than a thousand years before the incarnation of our Saviour, who could not be proved to have ever uttered them. This was all very well ; but when he went on to explain the true meaning of the words, he was less successful. "The reason," he said, "which prompted King David to insert these words in the Psalter was this. The greater part of the people at that time were infidels, and the number of those who, like himself, believed in the law of Moses and the Old Testament, and whom he called 'anointed,' was very small ; and therefore he commanded the rest, who were infidels, not to touch or hurt his anointed." Lame as this exposition was, the champion of the clergy made no attempt to reply to it, but contented himself with reiterating the assertion originally made by the Abbot in his sermon, and professing himself ready to confute all who maintained the contrary opinion. But, notwithstanding this boast, Keilway tells us that, "when it came to arguments, he could say nothing to the purpose ;" upon which the bishops were urged to make the offending abbot publicly recant what he had said in his sermon. This they refused to do, declaring that "they were bound by the law of Holy Church to maintain the abbot's assertion in every point of his sermon to the utmost of their power." The matter was then allowed to stand over till the following Michaelmas Term.

In the meantime Doctor Horsey, the Bishop of London's Chancellor, caused a certain merchant, named John Hun, to be arrested on suspicion of heresy, and committed him to prison in the Lollards' Tower. There had been an old quarrel between the two in consequence of Hun's having brought a *præmunire* against Horsey, and it is probable that the Chancellor was actuated more by desire for revenge than by zeal against heresy, when he shut up his adversary in the Lollards' Tower. But the matter did not end in the mere wrongful imprisonment of an innocent man ; for, one morning, Hun was found hanging dead in his chamber. Horsey and the gaoler declared that he had committed suicide, but soon afterwards, finding that the suspicion of his having been murdered was gaining ground, the gaoler took sanctuary at Westminster. This looked so much like a confession of guilt that, after a coroner's inquest had been held, both Horsey and the gaoler were indicted for the murder of Hun. What all this had to do with Standish is not very clear : but it is probable that he rendered himself still more obnoxious to the bishops by taking part against them in this matter. The prelates, finding that, contrary to their advice, the

coroner's jury were going to indict Horsey and his supposed accomplice for murder, cited Standish to appear before Convocation and answer certain articles which they would exhibit against him. Standish now took fright, believing that it was the intention of the bishops to convict him of heresy, and besought the King to protect him; whereupon the clergy disclaimed all purpose of proceeding against Standish for anything that he had said or done as counsel for the Crown, asserting that long before that he had delivered discourses containing statements clearly contrary to the law and the liberties of the Church; and they reminded his Majesty of the obligations towards the Church which he had taken upon himself by his coronation oath. The temporal lords and the judges now stepped in, and pointed out that the coronation oath cut both ways, since by it the sovereign was equally bound to maintain his temporal jurisdiction. Henry, a good deal worried, no doubt, by all these arguments and representations, referred the matter to Doctor Vesey, the Dean of his chapel, who, after due consideration, gave his decided opinion, as might be expected, in favour of the king's jurisdiction, and against the pretensions of the Spirituality. After that there was another meeting at Blackfriars, when the question was once more formally disputed, Standish on this occasion being supported by Vesey. After a good deal of argument, much of which was very wide of the point at issue, the judges, according to Keilway, decided that all those members of Convocation who had concurred in the issue of the citation against Standish had incurred the penalties of *præmunire*. They are also reported to have said that "our lord the King can perfectly well hold his Parliament by himself, his Lords Temporal and his Commons, without the Spiritual Lords at all, for the Spiritual Lords do not hold their place in the House of Parliament by reason of their spirituality, but only by reason of their temporal possessions."

Here the matter might very well have been allowed to rest, but the King chose to summon the whole House of Lords and many of the Commons, together with the judges, and his spiritual and temporal councils, to Baynard's Castle, where, as Keilway tells us, "the Cardinal Archbishop of York knelt before the King, and on behalf of the clergy said that, to the best of his belief, none of them had ever intended to do anything in derogation of the King's prerogative; and for his own part he declared that he owed all his advancement to our Lord the King alone, wherefore he said that

he would not for all the world consent to anything which should operate to the destruction or derogation of his royalty. Nevertheless, this matter, of the arraignment of clerks before the temporal judge, seemed to all the clergy clearly contrary to the laws of God and the liberties of Holy Church, which he himself and all the prelates of Holy Church were bound by their oath to maintain to the utmost of their power. Wherefore, in the name of all the clergy, he besought the King, for the sake of avoiding the danger of the censures of Holy Church, to permit the matter to be determined, by our holy father the Pope and his council, at the Court of Rome. Then our Lord the King answered and said, 'It seems to us that Doctor Standish and others of our Spiritual Council have sufficiently answered you on all points.' Whereupon the Bishop of Winchester replied to our Lord the King in these English² words, 'Sir, I warrant you Doctour Standishe will not abide by his opinion at his peril.' To which the said Doctor rejoined in these words, 'What shoulde one poore Frier doe alone against all the Bishops and the Clergie of Englande.'" Then there was a short argument between the Archbishop of Canterbury and one of the judges, after which the King made known his determination in the following clear and dignified words:—"By the ordinance and sufferance of God we are King of England, and the kings of England in times past have never acknowledged any superior except God alone. Wherefore be well assured that we will maintain the right of our Crown and of our temporal jurisdiction, in this respect as well as in others, in as ample a manner as any of our ancestors have done before our time. And as to your canons, we are satisfied that you yourselves of the Spirituality act in direct opposition to the words of many of them. In fact, you interpret your canons as it suits you. Wherefore we will not gratify your desire to any greater extent than our ancestors have done in time past." The Archbishop of Canterbury then besought the king that the matter might be allowed to rest until the decision of the Court of Rome could be obtained; but Henry made no reply to this request, nor is there any reason for supposing that the Pope ever interfered in the matter at all. The true interest of the dispute consists in the evidence which it affords of that opposition on the part of the State to the inordinate pretensions advanced by

² The case is reported in Norman French.

the clergy, which was soon afterwards to have such momentous results. John Taylor, as Clerk of the House of Lords which had passed the Act from which the whole contest took its rise, and as, at the same time, Prolocutor of the Convocation which supported the Abbot of Winchelcomb in his denunciation of that Act, must have occupied rather a difficult position. From the way in which he speaks of Standish, in his note in the Journal, it is evident that his sympathies were all on the side of the clergy.

It has been mentioned how the Upper House found it necessary to impose a fine on those of its members who absented themselves. This failure of duty was not confined to their Lordships. The members of the House of Commons were so much given to running away before the end of the session, that an Act was passed by this Parliament, for the purpose of keeping them at their work till it was finished. The Act is so short and characteristic that we give it *in extenso* :—

“ For so moche as comenly in the end of every parliament dyvers & many grete & weyghty maters, aswell touchyng the pleasure wele and suertie of oure Soveraigne Lord the Kyng as the common wele of this his Realme and subyetts are to be treatyd comynyd of and by auctorite of parliament to be concluded, So ytt ys that dyvers Knyghtis of Shires Citizens for cities burgyses for boroughes & barons of the Synk ports long tyme before the end of the seid parliament of their owne auctoritees depart & goeth home into their countrees, Wherby the seid grett & weighty maters ar many tymes gretly delayed, In consyderacyon wherof be ytt enactyd by the Kyng our Soveraigne Lord the Lords Spirituall & temporall and the Commons in this present parliament assembled and by auctoryte of the same, that from hensforth none of the said Knyghtis Cytizens burgyses & barons nor any of them that hereafter shalbe electyd to comme or be in any parliament do nott depart frome the same parliament nor absent hym self frome the same tyll the same parliament be fully fynysshid endyd or prorogyd, except he or they so departyng have lycens of the Speker and Commyns in the same parliament assembled, And the same licens be enteryd of record in the booke of the Clerke of the parliament appoynted or to be appoynted for the Common house; upon payn to every of them so departyng or absentyng them self in any other maner to loose all those sommes of Money whiche he or they shuld or ought to have hadd for his or their wages, and that all the Counties Cities and

boroughes whereof any suche person shalbe so electyd and the inhabitants of the same shalbe clerely dyschargyd of all the seyd wages ayenst the seid parson and parsons and their executours for evermore."

These wages were directed to be levied and paid by the writ under which the member was returned. The earliest statute relating to them is one of the year 1388, which runs thus:—

"In the Right of the levyng of the Expenses of the Knights coming to the Parliaments for the Commons of the counties, it is accorded and assented, That the said levyng be made as it hath been used before this time."

An extract from Drake's "Antiquities of York," quoted in "The Parliamentary History of England," records the following resolution of the Council of that city, dated the last day of September, in the second year of Edward IV. :—

"That for als mykel as nowe of late some Aldermen being of the Parliaments in Time passed have gone to Borde, wheras they have at all Time before holden House for the Worship of the Cite, that fro' hencefurth what Alderman soever shall go to Parliament, and will hold House, shall have for his Costes daily iiiii s., and if he go to Borde he shall have but ii s. upon the Day, and no more fro' noweforth."

The last member who was paid in this way for his services was Andrew Marvel, who sat for Hull, and died in Queen Anne's reign. In these days the payment is all on the other side, since, however purely an election may be conducted, there are a great many necessary expenses that have to be defrayed by the candidate. The payment of members was one of the "five points" of the "People's Charter," which caused so much excitement and came to such a ridiculous end in 1848.

Stow tells us that at the end of the Parliament of 1514-15, "Doctor Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, and then Lord Chancellor, gave up into the King's hands his office of Chancellor and delivered to him the great seale, which seale incontinently the King delivered unto the Lord Cardinall, and so made him Chancellor." And then he goes on to give a sketch of the career of this wonderful man; how, though only "an honest poore man's son of Ipswich," he was sent to Oxford, where he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts when not more than fifteen years old, on which account he "was called most commonly through the

Universitie the boy Batcheler ;" how, after that, he became fellow of Magdalen College, and a little later, master of Magdalen School; how at that time there happened to be at this school three sons of the Marquis of Dorset, who, at Christmas, invited the schoolmaster to accompany his pupils home; how the Marquis was so much pleased with his guest that he gave him the living of Lymington, which chanced to fall vacant at that time. It was at Lymington that Wolsey was put in the stocks by Sir Amias Poulet. Stow tells the story in the following amusing manner:—"One Sir Amias Poulet, Knight, dwelling thereabout, took an occasion of displeasure against him, upon what ground I know not, but, sir, by your leave, he was so bold to set the schoolemaster by the feet during his pleasure, which after was neyther forgotten nor forgiven, for when the schoolemaster mounted the dignitie to be Chancelor of England, he was not oblivious of his old displeasure cruelly ministered unto him by Maister Poulet, but sent for him, & after many sharpe words, enjoyned him to attend untill he were dismissed, and not to depart out of London without licence obtained, so that he continued there within the Middle Temple the space of five or six yeeres, who lay then in the gatehouse next the street, which he re-edified very sumptuously, garnishing the same all over the outside with the cardinal's armes, with his hat, cognizances, & other devises in so glorious a sort, that he thought thereby to have appeased his olde displeasure." The worthy chronicler then proceeds to draw a moral from the incident. After the death of Lord Dorset, Wolsey, who had lost his fellowship by accepting a benefice, began to look about for another patron, and found one in Sir John Naphant, whom Stow describes as "a very grave and ancient knight," and who held the office of treasurer of Calais. Sir John made Wolsey his chaplain, and not long afterwards, obtained for him the post of chaplain to King Henry VII. Once at court, Wolsey made good use of his time. He did his best to gain the favour of Fox, Bishop of Winchester, and Sir Thomas Lovell, two of the King's most trusted counsellors, and so successful was he in this, that when Henry consulted Fox and Lovell as to whom he should send on an important embassy to the Emperor Maximilian, they recommended Wolsey. There can be no doubt that the extraordinary despatch with which Wolsey executed this mission was the immediate cause of his subsequent promotion. He received first the Deanery of Lincoln, and then the office of king's almoner. At this point in Wolsey's career, his master, Henry VII.,

died, but the royal almoner lost no time in endeavouring to ingratiate himself with the new king. He was not long in securing a seat at the Privy Council, and once there, he soon supplanted all the other councillors in the young monarch's favour and confidence. The King, not unnaturally, preferred pleasure to business, and could with difficulty be induced to enter the council-chamber, though he was constantly being pressed to do so by the old members of the council. But Wolsey knew better than to join in this blunder. He told Henry that he was quite right, that there was no need for his being worried with such a quantity of business, most of which could be equally well transacted by his almoner: the result of which was that Henry entrusted more every day to his aspiring servant. "Who," exclaimed Stow, "who was now in high favour but master almoner! who had all the suite but master almoner? And who ruled all under the king but master almoner?" But it was not merely in civil matters that Wolsey rendered such good service to the King. Not long after Henry decided on proceeding in person to the seat of war in France, and committed to his almoner the task of furnishing the expedition. This Wolsey did in his usual efficient style, and in return for this fresh service, the King, having taken the city of Tournay, conferred on him the bishopric of that diocese. Henry then returned home, and immediately afterwards, the see of Lincoln, becoming vacant, was bestowed on the bishop-elect of Tournay. "It was not long after that," says Stow, "that Dr. Banbridge, Archbishoppe of Yorke, died at Rome, being there the king's ambassador, unto the which see the king immediately presented his late and new Bishoppe of Lincolne, so that hee hadd three bishoprickes in his handes in one yeere given him." As Archbishop of York and Primate of England, Wolsey had only one superior in the kingdom besides the King, and that was Warham, who, as Archbishop of Canterbury, was his ecclesiastical superior, and as Lord Chancellor took rank above him in the state. By obtaining from the Pope a cardinal's hat, he raised himself above his rival in the Church, and by supplanting Warham in the office of Lord Chancellor, he placed himself above every other noble and great officer of state. "Now," says Stowe, "being in possession of the Chancellorship, and, indeed, with the promotions of the Archbishop and Cardinall *De Latere*, having power to correct Canterbury and all other Bishoppes and spirituall persons, to assemble his convocation when hee would assigne, he tooke upon him the correction of matters in all their jurisdictions, and visited

all the spirituall houses, having in every diocese all manner of spirituall ministers, as commissaries, scribes, apparitors, and all other officers to furnish his courtes, and presented by prevention whom he pleased unto all benefices throughout all this realme." Such was Wolsey's lofty position after the dissolution of Parliament in 1515.

A. H.

LEIGH HUNT AND B. R. HAYDON.

(Chiefly from Unpublished Sources.)

BY S. R. TOWNSHEND MAYER,

AUTHOR OF "SHADOWS OF OLD LONDON," "AMONG THE MAORIS,"
"MARGARET BRANDRETH," ETC.

FEW literary men have been so rich in friends as Leigh Hunt. From the dawn of that poetic youth in which he and his Christ Hospital companion Barnes (afterwards editor of the *Times*) used to go chanting Metastasio's "Ode to Venus,"—

"Scendi propizia
Col tuo splendore,
O bella Venere,
Madre d'amore!"—

over the Hornsey meadows, which surely never before nor since echoed so graceful an invocation—to the bright, peaceful old age which Nathaniel Hawthorne describes as "full of piety and hope, shining onward into the dusk," his ever-widening circle comprehended almost every contemporary illustrious in art or literature, though often differing as entirely from their host as from each other in position, opinions, and acquirements. The chief characteristic which made Leigh Hunt a moral loadstone, irresistibly attracting all in whom dwelt a grain of sterling metal, was his sympathy—his ready and generous appreciation of every good gift—his far-sighted and patient toleration for imperfect utterances and weak endeavours, so long as they led upwards to the light. Crabb Robinson, by no means an enthusiastic admirer, writing of him in 1820, says,—“He loves everything, he catches the sunny side of everything, and, excepting that he has a few polemical antipathies, finds everything beautiful” (Diary, vol. ii. p. 192).

How different is this picture from the idea of Leigh Hunt given by party opponents. We believe he is indebted for much of his reputation for rabid Radicalism to the extravagances of his namesake and contemporary Orator Hunt, with whom he is often confused.

“If it be possible,” writes St. Paul, “as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.” To Leigh Hunt, in his maturer years, it was possible. Where he found nothing to praise, he found a great deal to pity. There was much calling for both praise and pity in one of the friends of his youth—the stormy, sensitive, jealous, warm-hearted Benjamin Robert Haydon: whose life, in spite of many hard-won and triumphantly-enjoyed successes, was marred by the defects which mainly occasioned his lamentable death—a violent, an inordinate self-assertion—an insatiable, absorbing love of praise—or, as many of his friends would have said, a strong consciousness of genius. There was actual disease of the brain to account for and excuse these morbid excesses of feeling, and to produce the final tragedy. The last entries in his journals amply prove that he was excited and distracted even to insanity for some time before the awful end, and that his mind could no longer bear the strain of pecuniary embarrassments and unsatisfied ambition. Had it been in a healthy state, the untiring help and encouragement of influential friends, patrons and position assured (though not sufficient to satisfy himself), the tender love of a wife and children whom he adored, and the genuine religious fervour which was so conspicuous in his daily life, might have supported him through even the crushing anxieties of his last years.

But it is with an earlier and brighter period that we have to do—a time when artist and poet were both young, and the loving though impetuous disposition of the one caught light and warmth from the sunny temperament and ardent appreciation of his friend. A handful of hitherto unpublished letters selected from the papers of Leigh Hunt, slight in themselves and very eventless, paint Haydon’s character more clearly than could be done in volumes of description or criticism, and form an interesting chapter in the history of notable friendships.

Of the origin of this friendship, Haydon writes (“Autobiography,” edited by Tom Taylor, vol. i. p. 171):—“Wilkie and I, in early life, used to read some remarkably clever theatrical critiques in the *News*. We were both so pleased that we resolved whichever of the two got acquainted with the critic first should introduce him to the

other. Wilkie, I believe, was called on by one of the brothers first.¹ This brought about an introduction to Leigh Hunt. Wilkie invited him to tea to meet me. I was taken ill and could not go, which put Wilkie in a great passion. I afterwards met Hunt and reminded him of Wilkie's intention, and Hunt, with a frankness I liked much, became quite at home; and as I was just as easily acquainted in five minutes as himself, we began to talk and he to hold forth, and I thought him, with his black bushy hair, black eyes, pale face, and 'nose of taste,' as fine a specimen of a London editor as could be imagined—assuming, yet moderate; sarcastic, yet genial."

Haydon does not anywhere mention the date of this first acquaintance. John Hunt set up the *News* in 1805, and in the same year Jackson wrote to Haydon,—“There is a raw, tall, pale, queer Scotchman come;” [to the Royal Academy] “an odd fellow, but there is something in him. He is called Wilkie” (“Autobiography,” vol. i. p. 36). But it would not appear that the three were personally intimate till Leigh Hunt had been for some time editor of the *Examiner*, which was established in 1808.

“Hunt and I liked each other so much,” Haydon proceeds, “that we soon became intimate. His mind was poetical in a high degree. He relished and felt art without knowing anything of its technicalities. I was painting ‘Dentatus,’ and when he saw it he entered into it at once.”

Of this picture Leigh Hunt said, in one of the happy phrases with which his criticism always sparkled, “it is a bit of old embodied lightning.” The two friends together escorted “Dentatus” to the Academy, and Hunt so distracted poor Haydon with suggesting all the horrible possibilities of the transit—ladders being run

¹ In the spring of 1873, a very short time before his death, Thornton Hunt placed in my hands for examination and such public use as I might deem expedient, the papers of his father, including MS. plays, articles, and a large mass of unpublished correspondence, extending over fifty years, with the most celebrated of Leigh Hunt's contemporaries. It is from this correspondence I have selected the original letters from Haydon which I give in the following pages. It is a sorrowful reflection that my much lamented friend Thornton Hunt is not alive to see the use made of his deposit. It is to be regretted also that in preparing this article I have not had the benefit of his advice (founded as it would have been on personal knowledge of the events recorded) nor the assistance of his accomplished pen. How much any articles on Leigh Hunt and his friends must lose in the loss of Thornton, those who remember his “Man of Letters of the Last Generation,” in the first number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, can well imagine.—S. R. T. M.

through the picture, dray-horses trampling it, etc.—that in an agony of clearing the way Haydon himself tripped up one of the bearers, and nearly sent “Dentatus” into the gutter!

“In *belles lettres*, though not equal to Fuseli [!], Hunt had a more delightful way of conveying what he knew. Then we were nearly of an age, he being only three years older than myself, and he had an open, affectionate manner which was most engaging, and a literary, lounging laziness of poetical gossip, which to an artist’s mind was very improving. At the time of our acquaintance he really was, whether in private conversation or surrounded by his friends, in honesty of principle and unfailing love of truth, in wit and fun, quotation and impromptu, one of the most delightful beings I ever knew” (Auto. p. 172).

Leigh Hunt was no “summer” friend. “If,” says his son Thornton, “he heard that a friend was in trouble his house was offered as a ‘home;’ and it was literally so many times in his life.” Here is an instance: when, in 1812, Haydon’s troubles gathered thick and fast upon him, in consequence of his fierce feuds with the Academy, in which there were injustice on one side and intemperance on the other, till he was actually in want of food and shelter, he records in his diary, “The Hunts, always generous, helped me as far as they could. . . . Leigh Hunt behaved nobly. He offered me always a plate at his table till ‘Solomon’ was done. John Hunt assured me that, as far as his means went, I might be easy.” Again: “Spent this evening with Leigh Hunt, at West End. Walked out and in furiously after dinner, which did me great good. Leigh Hunt’s society is always delightful. I do not know a purer, a more virtuous character—or a more witty, funny, and enlivening man.”

For the Hunts themselves bitter days were approaching; but they did not separate the friends.

“In 1813,” says Haydon, “John and Leigh Hunt were both in prison for their attack on the Prince of Wales. John continually helped me. I used to visit him, and breakfast with him often, and have spent many evenings very happily in his prison, and have gone away through the clanking of chains and the crashing of bolts, to the splendid evenings at the British Gallery, and thought of my poor noble-hearted friend, locked up for an imprudent ebullition of his brother’s on a debauched Prince, who at the time amply deserved it.”

A great deal of unenviable notoriety has attached to Leigh Hunt

respecting this incarceration. People in these days have little conception of the political atmosphere during the first twenty years of the century. The question, whether Leigh Hunt's *Examiner* article on the Prince was a libel or not, has been very lucidly and candidly discussed and settled by Leigh Hunt's surviving friend, Edmund Ollier, in his admirable biographical introduction to the volume of essays published in 1869 by Hotten. Of course the article *was* a libel, and Leigh Hunt knew it to be so when he wrote it. But he did what he conceived to be his duty, with a courage which even his opponents could not but secretly admire. On the 25th March, 1812, Crabb Robinson met Leigh Hunt at Charles Lamb's, and records of him that he was "prepared for the worst," and that he said, "pleasantly enough, 'no one can accuse me of not writing a libel. Everything is a libel as the law is now declared, and our security lies only in their shame;'" showing plainly enough what Leigh Hunt's own opinion was, not only of his own political articles but of the general degeneracy of the times.

The first of the manuscript letters we shall quote has reference to this period, and is worth preserving as a record of the warmly affectionate nature of a man we generally think of as lost in admiration of his own genius, or in mad disputes with those who admired it less.

"Friday Night, February 12, 1813.

"MY DEAR HUNT,—I am most anxious to see you, but have been refused admittance, and was told yesterday you would write to your friends when you wished to see them, by Mr. Cave, the Under-Governor or gaoler. I really felt my heart ache at every line of your last week's effusion. All your friends were affected, and all complained of the cruelty and severity of your sentence. I am delighted Mrs. Hunt and the children are now admitted to you, and if they ultimately relax, with respect to your friends, I hope in God the pressure of your imprisonment will be greatly lightened. I must say I have been excessively irritated at not having seen you yet; and had I gone to you as I intended the day on which the committee sat, I find, my dear fellow, I should have been allowed to see you; but I suffered myself to be *advised* out of my intention. I have never yet acted by the advice of others, in opposition to my own judgment, without having cause to repent it. I assure you, my dear Hunt, I think of you often, with the most melancholy and exquisite sensations. After my day's study I generally lay my head on my hand, draw nearer the fire, and muse upon you till midnight, till I

am completely wrapt in the delusions of my fancy. I see you, as it were, in a misty vision. I imagine myself quietly going to you in the solemnity of evening; I think I perceive your massy prison, erect, solitary, nearly lost in deep-toned obscurity, pressing the earth with supernatural weight, encircled with an atmosphere of enchanted silence, into which no being can enter without a shudder. As I advance with whispering steps I imagine, with an acuteness that amounts to reality, I hear oozing on the evening wind, as it sweeps along with moaning stillness, the strains of your captive flute; I then stop and listen with gasping agitation, and with associations of our attachment, and all the friendly affecting proofs I have had of it; afraid to move, afraid to stir, lest I might lose one melancholy tone, or interrupt by the most imperceptible motion one sweet and soothing undulation. My dear fellow, I am not a man of tears, nor do I recollect ever yielding to them but when my mother died. But I declare I felt a choking sensation when I rose to retire to rest after this waking abstraction. I have no doubt we shall talk over this part of our existence when we are a little advanced in life with excessive interest. Let misfortune confirm instead of shake your principles, and you will issue again into the world as invulnerable as you left it. Take care of your health; use as much exercise as you can. Send me word by your nephew, or through Mrs. Hunter, when I can see you, for which I am very anxious; and believe me, unalterably your faithful and attached friend,

“B. R. HAYDON.”

Haydon's wish that Leigh Hunt might be allowed to see his friends in prison was soon realized; and such a roll-call of visitors followed as surely never entered a prison before. To enumerate a few—Bentham came and played at battledore with Leigh Hunt, suggesting, as they played, an improvement in shuttlecocks. William Hazlitt; the Lambs; Sir John Swinburne; Barnes; Alsager; Cowden Clarke. It is not clear that Shelley was there in person, but his letters represented him. The room itself was made worthy to receive such guests, with cheerful paper, books, busts, flowers, a piano—astonishing to enter through the gloomy precincts of a gaol. “I possessed another surprise,” wrote the cheerful prisoner, “which was a garden. I shut it in with green palings, adorned it with a trellis, bordered it with a thick bed of earth, and even contrived to have a grass-plot. The earth I filled

with flowers and young trees. There was an apple-tree, from which we managed to get a pudding the second year. As to my flowers, they were allowed to be perfect. Thomas Moore, who came to see me with Lord Byron, told me he had seen no such heartsease. I bought the *Parnaso Italiano* while in prison, and used often to think of a passage in it while looking at this miniature piece of horticulture—

‘Mio picciol orto,
A me sei vigna, e campo, e selva, e prato.’”²

In the second year of Leigh Hunt's imprisonment fortune smiled on Haydon. His “Judgment of Solomon” took both critics and public by storm. It was mobbed in the Gallery, and Haydon's table overflowed with the cards of fashion. “Solomon” sold for six hundred guineas, and Sir George Beaumont, himself a creditable amateur and the patron of Wordsworth, told the happy artist he must paint a picture for him. Haydon paid his debts, and feeling entitled to a holiday at last, crossed the Channel with Wilkie; “his principal object was to open a connexion for the sale of his prints, and mine to see France and the Louvre,” writes Haydon. “Wilkie had taken some lessons in French of an emigrant of good connexions, who gave us a letter to M. de Launay, Place Vendôme. I got passports, and Wilkie fortified himself with a French pocket dictionary. We left town at the most remarkable period of the history of modern Europe. Paris was at the mercy of the Allies, Napoleon dethroned, the Bourbons restored, and France bristling with bayonets.”

The route chosen by the two friends was *viâ* Brighton and Dieppe. “Our cabin,” writes Haydon, “was full of French officers returning home, all gaiety, songs, toasts, and sentiments. Wilkie had got a berth, and had tried to barricade himself in, when all of a sudden, in the middle of the night, the board which secured him tumbled into the cabin, and behold David Wilkie with a red night-cap, exposed to the gaze and roar of a set of noisy Frenchmen, who paid him all sorts of compliments, which he was too ill to be angry at.”³

On landing, the traveller's comparisons are all in favour of his native country, though some of the items he sets down to our credit are singular enough:—“The contrast between Brighton

² Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. Edit. 1860, p. 217.

³ Life of Benjamin Robert Haydon. By Tom Taylor. Vol. i. p. 243, *et seq.*

and Dieppe was wonderful. Brighton gay, gambling, dissipated, the elegant residence of an accomplished Prince, with its beautiful women and light hussars, its tandems and terriers. Dieppe dark, old, snuffy, and picturesque, with its brigand-like soldiers, its Sibylline fishfags, its pretty grisettes, and its screaming and chattering boatmen. The houses at Brighton present their windows to the ocean to let in its freshness and welcome its roar, whilst Dieppe turns her back on the sea, as if in sullen disgust at the sight of an element on which her country has always been beaten.”⁴

It will be seen that Haydon describes men and manners in France with the wondering and ingenuous minuteness of a traveller in *terra incognita*. Indeed he has a little joke at himself on this subject in his Diary :—“The French looked on us as if we had dropped out of the moon, and we upon them as if we were dropping into it. Everything was new and fresh. We had thought of France from youth as forbidden ground, as the abode of the enemies of our country. It was extraordinary. They absolutely had houses, churches, streets, fields, and children!”⁵

The following letter (to John Hunt) gives some details of the tour. The first of the series, alluded to as addressed to Leigh Hunt, does not seem to have been preserved. Haydon was a thorough John Bull, bristling with insular prejudices and preferences, most amusingly indicated in his naïve implication of the superiority of everything English.

“Paris, June 10, 1814.

“MY DEAR HUNT,—I wrote your brother just after our arrival, and told him to show my letter to you; so that you will have had a correct journal of my proceedings to the moment I entered Paris. We passed over the field of battle, and saw very little remains of a fight, except the Russian batteries. About two we got to Paris, through one of the most infernal entrances, I think, I ever witnessed—St. Giles’s is an Elysium to it. The gate of St. Denis, built by Louis XIV., is at the end of the street we came through; it struck me as being high and grand, but the bas-reliefs in a wretched French taste. The first appearance of Paris, to one accustomed to the streets of London, is a feeling of unutterable confusion—houses, horses, carriages, carts; men, women, children, and soldiers; Turks, Jews, Christians, Cossacks, and Russians, all

⁴ Life of Benjamin Robert Haydon. By Tom Taylor. p. 212.

⁵ Ibid. p. 244.

mingled together, without comfort, without system, in dirt and dreariness, hot, fatigued, and in haste. After pushing our way through this chaos dire, we put up at a dirty golden hotel—gilt this and gilt that, satin beds and satin sofas, but embalmed with grease and worn with age. Never was such misery as an Englishman suffers at first from the mode of lodging and living in Paris. You have your breakfast from one place and your dinner from another; who is the master or where the mistress no human creature can tell. We got lodgings next day, and were extremely lucky to fall into nice respectable hands. The Louvre, of course, was our first object, and by the next day we were there. The first sight is grand, but yet I was disappointed; it is too long to impress one, and it affected me (as I have mentioned to another friend) as if I was looking through the wrong end of a spy-glass. The ‘Transfiguration’ is a proof that had Raphael lived, he would have completed all the requisites of art. It is powerfully coloured, and in many parts will bear comparison with Titian. The expressions distinctly tell the story, they really speak to one’s soul; and yet, from forming, in my own imagination, something beyond nature, as we always do, I must own I was disappointed at its first impression. It has a little and rather an insignificant appearance, and the female heads are certainly not beautiful. In sweetness, Correggio, who hangs opposite, is very much superior—indeed I cannot say enough of the works of this divine painter. There is a magical, a trembling sensitiveness; he has caught all those fleeting, delicate expressions which you see illumine the face of a beautiful woman while you are telling her anything peculiarly interesting. All such refinements he has caught and realized. You can trace nowhere but in Nature any remains of a hint from others, either ancient or modern. He felt what he painted in his own way, and has touched a chord which every other being had passed and neglected. His pictures affect me like the strains of an angel’s harp, and have all the loveliness of an angel’s dream. They won’t permit us to copy yet, or most assuredly I should do my best to bring home something of this man’s delightful fancy. Reynolds had studied him well, in colour and in expression, and his whole life was spent in aiming at making a new discovery in the road which Correggio had opened. The statues below are beautiful, but I can assure you the Elgin ‘Theseus’ is superior in style and in principles to anything in this superb collection. I have spent hours there, day after day, and shall spend hours yet till I depart. All my principles of art are confirmed by

the practice of these men, and I hope to return with my mind and feelings enlarged after having seen their highest efforts. Wilkie and I yesterday spent the day in surveying Montmartre; and from the top of the telegraph the old soldier who has the direction of it pointed out every particular of the battle, and told us every interesting thing before it. It is amazingly strong, and had it been properly defended and properly fortified, would certainly never have been taken. But all was confusion, and everything done in terror and dismay. The prospect from it is immense, and Paris below has a beautiful look, with its intermingled trees and gilded domes, though in size it certainly bore no comparison with London. I observe everywhere old soldiers are employed where the duty is not difficult. You find them in all parts of Paris, taking money at bridges, &c., and nearly everybody has served in some way or other. Last night we went to the Théâtre Française to see Talma, and were very much entertained. The mob at the door was regulated by a *gendarme*, which though disagreeable to an Englishman, certainly prevented a squeezing and confusion." [Here follows a rough pen-and-ink sketch.] "This is something the way the boxes are arranged, and they certainly have a fine and picturesque appearance. The audience made the orchestra play the favourite air, 'Vive Henri Quatre,' and received it with shouts of enthusiasm. The French mob possesses great patience and good-nature. They bear from each other what I am sure in England would produce the most furious quarrels. The manners of the women are very sweet, but they soon begin to look old, and the children have the appearance of being prematurely formed in their features. The race of men is certainly smaller than ours; in the soldiers it is particularly apparent. All the old soldiers that have served in the most celebrated campaigns are active, energetic, little fellows. At the Hotel des Invalides I met an old soldier, who had lost his leg at the battle of Marengo, and inquired about Buonaparte with great interest. He was quietly watching the departure of a body of Russians, and observed to me, 'This is all owing to the campaign of Moscow.' They all say, 'He was a great general, a great genius, but a bad sovereign.' This is the feeling in every quarter. The artists and the army, being those who suffer the most, are of course the most outrageous and disaffected; but I have no doubt when they perceive that Louis is as likely as Buonaparte to protect their efforts, *he* will be as great a patron and *they* as good loyal subjects as king could wish. We have seen very little of

private society. Indeed, our objects being entirely different, we intend to avoid all invitations. Our landlady and her husband are temperate, frugal, and industrious. They seem, like all the middle class, to be indifferent who governs them so long as they are quiet. This indifference is one great cause of their sufferings. Had the people felt the value of having a voice in public matters, they would never have suffered a parcel of scoundrels to torment them at their leisure. They know hardly any events that have passed, and inquire about them in a manner betraying an amount of ignorance that makes me stare. Paris, in every way, looks like the residence of a despotic monarch, and the country round Paris uncultivated and dreary. From the top of Montmartre the villages are distinctly seen; but there are no straggling houses as in England, giving the whole a social look. Each village seemed to fear the other, and each was surrounded by a sort of wall and ditch. In one road I saw old chateaux, but dirty and neglected. In every part of Paris are traces of the change that has taken place. Great buildings begun by republicans and left unfinished when they lost their power; palaces and temples in ruins though but half built—monuments of Buonaparte's ambition and fall. The most interesting exhibition—except the Louvre—is that of monuments of French kings and great men, collected and saved during the Revolution by a private gentleman. Here are monuments from the earliest ages; here, contained in sarcophagi, are the remains of Molière, La Fontaine, Boileau, and in a secret grove that of Abelard and Héloïse. The monuments are not so defaced in France as in England, and the people have evidently more feeling for things of this sort. Paris is certainly a very interesting place, and you, my dear Hunt, would derive great pleasure from a visit. The officers I contrive to bungle out a conversation with, all talk of recovering their conquests without the least hesitation, when the country has had a little repose. As I was walking by the Seine on Sunday I went accidentally into a sort of open house, and to my surprise saw three dead bodies lying inside a sort of glasshouse; here they lie till they are owned, as I found. Women and children, playing battledore on the other side, when the shuttlecock was down would quietly walk over and take a peep, and when they had satisfied their curiosity resume their game, repeating the process at intervals. I must own I never was so shocked—such palpable indifference and indecency. If this be not a way to use the people to blood I know none more effectual. There are no squares equal to ours in Paris—

that is, public squares. The square of the Tuilleries is grand, but this belongs to the monarch. In Paris they are much more refined than in London in the luxuries and comforts of gluttony, but in cleanliness and thorough enjoyment I think are very far behind us, and certainly are nearly altogether ignorant of every moral feeling. The people in the coffee-houses have a spirited air, but at the same time the air of braves. Something I heard this morning gave me a complete idea of their military notions. An officer, crossing a bridge where a toll was taken, was stopped to pay, and expressed the greatest surprise that the *military* should have to do so as well as others! Adieu, my dear Hunt. Kind remembrances to your wife and brother. I forgot to send him my direction, which you can now give him—No. 6, Rue St. Benoit, Faubourg St. Germain, Paris.

“Most truly and affectionately your friend,

“B. R. HAYDON.”

The next letter from France is to Leigh Hunt. Haydon seems to have been a model traveller, “doing” the lions with laborious yet happy conscientiousness. His horror of Bonaparte is even ludicrously avowed, but it is clear he “snatched a fearful joy” in the spots most eloquent of that great memory.

“Paris, June 20, 1814.

“MY DEAR HUNT,—I have got so much to tell you that I do not know how I can squeeze it all into one sheet; however, I’ll do my best. I have been to Versailles, Rambouillet, Malmaison, and St. Cloud. I have been to the Catacombs, the Jardins des Plantes, Musée Française, and through all the gaming-houses of the Palais Royal—such scenes as you, in your antediluvian innocence of mind in England, can never conceive, and God grant you never may. Fancy whole rooms full of gamblers; in each room a table, and each table for a different game. You can gamble for Napoleons down to ten sous; each table was full, from the Napoleon downwards. All eager, silent, anxious; intensely alive to the slightest motion or the slightest noise. Young interesting women were wandering about, losing at one table, winning at another; old harassed villains, with the most polished manners; and worn-out, ugly, dirty, dissipated dowagers, smothered in ragged lace, and buried beneath huge bonnets. The expressions of disappointment, of agonized disappointment; of piercing, acute abstraction; of cold, dreaming vexation; of chuckling, half-suppressed triumph,

were so apparent that no man could mistake what was passing within; and as your eye wandered round, your heart sank as you recognized the thoughts of each. They all looked jaded, fagged creatures, whose whole lives had been passed in the perpetual struggles of opposite passions. There was a dissipated neglect about them which marked them. The only sound which disturbed the dreadful silence of the scene was the tinkling of the money, or the smart crack of the stick as the winner jerked it towards his heap. June 22nd.—Versailles at present exhibits a most melancholy appearance of ruined splendour. Painted ceilings faded! Crimson tapestry torn, and golden fringes brown with age! During the revolution a wing was occupied by the soldiers, and it bears miserable proofs of their cureless inclination to destroy. The Opera House is vast, ruinous, and dark. The Gardens formal, to my feeling. How any one can look at the delicious gardens of Petit Trianon, à l'Anglais, and not be converted, is to me extraordinary. Petit Trianon was fitted up most luxuriously for Maria Louisa, but she never resided there. Both Buonaparte and the Empress remained at Grand Trianon. The servants who showed us Grand Trianon said that they began to feel the blessings of repose: during Napoleon's reign they were never suffered to be still for an instant. As Wilkie was fatigued, I set off by myself the next morning to Rambouillet, the hunting-seat of the kings of France. It is an old-fashioned building, with two very ancient towers. I was exceedingly affected in going through the apartments of Maria Louisa. Her toilet-table was precisely as she had left it the last morning she dressed her hair; her bed-room very elegant, and by the bed stood a pianoforte, which I touched. Her little *salon de repos* was close to her dining-room, and it appeared snug and refined in its luxury. The old man who showed me the rooms said the Empress, on her flight here from Paris, walked the last stage with her child. For the last six days she scarcely ate anything, wandering about the grounds in melancholy silence. When her departure was fixed she was exceedingly afflicted. The old man said she was very amiable and of a sweet disposition. I passed on to Buonaparte's rooms, which were also very luxuriously fitted up. His *salle-à-manger* was elegant for a hunting-seat, though it did not approach that at Grand Trianon. From his drawing-room I entered a twilight room of small dimensions. This was Napoleon's private secret closet for repose and reflection, where he used to retire when exhausted, and to which no one was

admitted but the Empress. The little room seemed a complete illustration of the mind and feelings of this extraordinary man. Opposite the window was an elegant arch, under which stood a most luxurious satin couch, with the softest pillows. Round the arch were painted in gold the names Austerlitz, Marengo, Friedland, etc., and down the sides the arms of all the states tributary to France, with groups of warlike implements; and "N. N. N." with laurel, crowned the head. When Napoleon lay in indolent seclusion on this luxurious couch, he was reminded of conquered monarchs and his greatest battles. I was exceedingly interested, and felt as though admitted to the centre of his soul, on a spot where his demon spirit had yet an influence. He could never have risen from such a couch but with a mind filled with vast designs, fevered blood, and his brain in a blaze. Why, I thought, might he not have resolved in this tremendous silence on the murder of D'Enghien, on the gigantic enterprise against Russia? I entered into the secret feelings of one who was first the admiration, then the terror, and latterly the detestation of the world. I enjoyed the full luxury of contemplation, and my conductor did not interrupt me till I recovered my perceptions. The English Garden was very fine, and the canal *superbe et magnifique*, as the old man said; on it was a large elegant boat, in which Buonaparte and the Empress used to sail. In a room at the top of the old tower Francis the First died. I returned to Versailles, and set off next morning for Malmaison and St. Cloud. Poor Josephine was dead, so we could only see the Gallery, in which were some extraordinary pictures and statues. St. Cloud was shut up. At every step in France you meet with traces of the gigantic wars that have desolated Europe. There is scarcely a waiter in a coffee-house, or a driver of a *fiacre* that has not served as a soldier, been through a campaign, or been wounded in a battle. On my way to Rambouillet I took up a fine youth, only nineteen, delicate and slender. He had been wounded and taken by the Russians; stripped, and turned off to find his way, naked and bleeding. He said he trembled, and could hardly hold his musket, seeing all his companions fall around him. If it had not been for Mme. la Duchesse de la Moskwa (Ney's wife) he must have died. She got accommodation for him and several other wounded men, obtained his discharge when better, and gave him money to take him home. He left Chartres with sixty youths, all of whom were killed but himself. If Buonaparte had remained he would have killed all mankind

and then made war upon animals, said the boy. Coming back, I met a dragoon from Spain. The coachman of the *voiture* had served with Moreau, and lost three fingers. The contradictory state of mind of the people is strange. They denounce Buonaparte, yet glory in his victories. They tell you of his genius and execrate his government in the same breath. Talking of him as a conqueror they fire with enthusiasm; as a monarch they anathematize him. I had almost forgotten to mention the Jardin des Plantes, an immense piece of ground devoted to flowers of all countries; and spacious enclosures where beasts, birds, and fish from every clime are kept as nearly as possible in their native manner. There is something of Roman magnificence in all this, and also of Roman callousness to human suffering. Last year a bear devoured one of the keepers, an old soldier. In England the bear would have been shot, and subscriptions raised for the soldier's widow and children. Here they called the bear by the man's name, and made a caricature of the scene. I have been told of it repeatedly as *a good joke*. There is an immense Museum of Natural History, in which the skeleton of every animal is kept. I have also visited Voltaire's house at Ferney; in his sitting-room were plans of the Alps and Lake of Geneva, and it was full of portraits, among them Milton and Franklin. On the other side hung his washerwoman and chimneysweeper, with Pope Clement between them! The ballet at the French Opera is much superior to ours, wonderfully fine and graceful; but the singing miserable. The Italian Opera is good; they do not suffer dancing there. I have seen Denon, and found him a most delightful man. I have been to Vincennes, where D'Enghien was shot, and have investigated every atom of the field of battle. I am going to Fontainebleau before leaving Paris, which we do on Saturday week, and hope to see your gracious Majesty about the 5th. Your Masque, I expect, is finished and out, and succeeded, I'm sure. I have met with "*Paradis Perdu*"—one line will be enough for you. *Hamlet* I have seen—murder! Two fine editions of Dante and Ariosto I have bought for you, with Dante's private Meditations. If there be no duty they will all be only 2*l.* 12*s.*—old plates, curious and interesting. Remember me affectionately to your brother John, to your Mrs. Hunt, and his Mrs. Hunt, also your brother Robert; to Scott, Barnes, and all the heroes. I am convinced, my dear Hunt, that you might make a fine article on Buonaparte's *secret closet*, and all that has been thought of there. *There* he revelled in dreams of dominion

and conquest, of murder and blood. And when his mind and imagination were fired with a sort of gory gleaming splendour, perhaps sent for the Empress!

“Truly and affectionately yours,

“B. R. HAYDON.”

Haydon found, on returning to work in London, that he had excited himself too much during his Paris visit, and that instead of acting as a tonic it had unsettled him. By way of gradually sobering down, a breath of sea-air was recommended, and while at Hastings a compliment was paid him which he shall himself describe:—

“Hastings, Sept. 29, 1814.

“MY DEAR HUNT,—I had no intention of writing you, as I feared to strain my eyes, having resolved to do nothing that would retard their recovery; and knowing that you would excuse me, and not think it unkind, on such an explanation. But, my dear fellow, such glorious news has arrived to me that I’ll write you if I get blind before the conclusion. My native town, in council assembled, has voted me the Freedom of the Borough, as a mark of respect for the powers displayed in the ‘Judgment of Solomon.’ You asked me last May if mine was not an English victory? Let me ask you if this is not also an English honour? An honour, not from family interest or a corrupt corporation, but from a *Mayor and Commonalty* who struggled and got their freedom and rights about ten years since, and abolished the title of alderman and common councilman because they were not mentioned in the Charter of Henry VI. Now these are fine fellows, and their freedom is worth having; and I know, my dear fellow, you will sympathize with me completely in this business. I will copy the record sent me:—

“‘*Borough of Plymouth*.—Be it remembered, that at a Common Hall of the Mayor and Commonalty, held at the Guildhall of and within the said Borough, on September 26th, 1814, by virtue of a regular notice of ten clear days from Henry Woolcombe, Esq., Mayor of the said Borough,—

“‘Benjamin Robert Haydon, of Great Marlborough Street, in the City of Westminster, artist, a native of Plymouth, was nominated and elected a Burgess or Freeman of this ancient Borough, as a testimony of their respect for his extraordinary merit as an Historical Painter; and particularly for the production of his recent

picture, "The Judgment of Solomon," a work of such superior excellence as to reflect honour on his birthplace, distinction on his name, lustre on his art, and reputation on the country.'

"(Pardon my quoting this praise, but I'm very proud of it.)

"*Resolved*, That while the Mayor and Commonalty, animated with these sentiments, are anxious to record this public tribute to the industry and genius which the young artist has displayed in his early performances, they anticipate with confidence that the same ardour and enthusiasm which have hitherto inspired his pencil will stimulate him to bolder exertions for the production of still higher excellence.'

"(That they may depend upon).

"*Resolved*, That the Worshipful the Mayor do communicate this honorary election to the gentleman who is the object of it, together with a copy of this record thereof.

"*Resolved*, That the Public Seal be affixed to the foregoing act and proceedings.

"A true copy.

H. WOOLCOMBE, Mayor.'

"I would rather have this honour paid me than be elected President of all the Academies of Europe, and I assure you I am prouder of it than of any honours acquired by sneaking, detestable intrigue.

"You shall see what I'll do after this, God give me my eyes and faculties. How are you after all this preamble? Do you continue well, or better, or what? Do let me hear. Kind remembrances to Mrs. Hunt and all. I have used constant and violent exercise, and am certainly wonderfully better in my eyes. I hope to complete my recovery before I return. God bless you, my dear Hunt.

"Believe me, always yours affectionately,

"B. R. HAYDON.

"P.S. Do send this letter to your brother, who will be as much pleased as either of us. How goes on your poem?"

Under date April 13th, 1815, Haydon writes in his diary,—“I had a cast made yesterday of Wordsworth's face. He bore it like a philosopher.” No doubt the possession of this cast first suggested to Haydon the idea of including a portrait of his favourite poet in the great picture on which he was then engaged—“Christ's Entry into Jerusalem.” “I resolved,” he writes in 1817, “to introduce Wordsworth bowing in reverence and awe; he was highly pleased.” During Wordsworth's visit to London in 1815, Haydon took him to see Leigh Hunt. “As Hunt had previously attacked Words-

worth, and had now reformed his opinions," Haydon writes in his diary, "the meeting was interesting. Hunt paid him the highest compliments, and told him that as he grew wiser and got older he found his respect for Wordsworth's powers and enthusiasm for his genius increase. Hunt was very ill, or it would have been his place to call on Wordsworth. Here, again, he really burst forth with burning feelings. I never heard him so eloquent before." While speaking of Wordsworth, though a little out of chronological sequence, we will give a note to Leigh Hunt, expressing Haydon's intense delight at receiving a poetical tribute from the "Seer of Rydal:"—

"December 27, 1815.

"MY DEAR HUNT,—My glory for this year is indeed complete. I have had this morning a sonnet from Wordsworth addressed to me—and one of his most intense and exquisite—beginning

‘High is our calling, friend. Creative art
(Whether the instrument of words we use,
Or pencil pregnant with etherial hues,)’ etc. etc.

"I shall bring you out the rest, for I am determined to read it to you myself. This has been to me a year of glorious retribution. God bless you.

"Yours ever,

"B. R. HAYDON.

"I have begun to work again for fear I should go off like a Congreve rocket."

At an earlier date in that "year of glorious retribution" Haydon wrote to Leigh Hunt on a subject always very near his heart—State recognition of historical painters. The "critical moment" which evoked the letter is not very clearly defined in it, but a passage in Haydon's diary, dated June 25th, 1815, throws light on the subject; of course the latter part was added in subsequent years. "About this time," he writes, "five hundred thousand pounds was voted for a Waterloo monument. Painting, sculpture, and architecture were to have been united. The Committee wrote to the Academy to ask their advice; no answer was returned. Lord Castlereagh and the Committee were so thoroughly disgusted that, notwithstanding hundreds of models were sent in at their call the whole thing was given up. Many artists were nearly ruined; but the fact was never known publicly till the Committee on the Royal Academy in 1836, when the Academicians were, at my instigation, asked by Ewart, the Chairman, what was the reason

of such conduct? Shee had accidentally confessed to me that he had advised no reply, in revenge for the Government having returned no answer to them when they, as a body, had at some time drawn up a statement how High Art might be advanced. . . . I was so excited by the idea of this monument that I went to Hampton Court, and after studying the Cartoons all day, stayed from sunset in the fields a great part of the night, planning a series of national subjects."

Taken in conjunction with this passage, the following letter is very characteristic:—

"July 5th, 1815.

"MY DEAR HUNT,—I have not lately called on any of my friends; I have been so occupied and fatigued towards evening.

"I am sure it is a most extraordinary thing, you will agree with me, that in all these monuments and pillars, neither mayor, minister, nor prince has said a word about painting. There seems to be really an infatuated blindness as to its value and importance. No captain of a twenty-gun frigate is killed but monuments are voted with profusion. Sculptors and architects have the stimulus of being employed by Parliament, but the rank of historical painting is certainly owing to the devotion of its professors, independent and in spite of neglect and opposition. Now, my dear Hunt, one word from you in your Political Article will do more good than any separate allusion or Fine Arts paragraph. You have often done this, and I have felt, and ever shall feel, keenly such assistance to my noble department. If possible, do it again at this critical moment; do say, surely the Historical Painters of the country may justly complain when Architecture and Sculpture have such unjust preference. *They* are certainly adapted for *exposed* situations, but let pictures adorn the protected ones. They are going to imitate Greece in engraving the names—let them imitate her also in voting grand pictures. Barry adorned the Adelphi *for nothing*; Hogarth the Foundling *for nothing*; and *for nothing* did Reynolds and West offer to adorn St. Paul's, such was their feeling for their country's reputation; and yet even they were refused—even such an offer! Mind, my dear Hunt, I don't complain of these difficulties; he is not the Man who would not head a tide fifty times as furious. I only wish to impress you with an idea that if so much has been done with so little, more would most assuredly be attained with greater protection. If the country has been rescued from the stigma of incapacity by the innate vigour of its artists, it only

wants the assistance of the State completely to establish its pretensions in the face of the world. It is in your power to assist our great object, my dear Hunt. You have done great things for us—greater, indeed, than any other political writer before you; don't forget us at this moment of enthusiasm, and you will have still greater claims, if possible, on my heart than ever.

“Yours always,

“B. R. HAYDON.”

Haydon was before his age in his keen appreciation of the value and importance of the Elgin Marbles, and met with a storm of abuse and ridicule at one time for what was considered his exaggerated praise of them. One of the incidents which made 1815 in Haydon's eyes “a year of glorious retribution” was the visit of Canova, and his strong and freely expressed sympathy with Haydon's raptures over the great Greek fragments; a sympathy which, from the lips of the master of modern sculpture, undoubtedly helped to turn the tide of public opinion. In November, Haydon writes, “I got leave to mould some of the Elgin feet. It took up my attention. It was not trying to my eyes, so I flew at it with a gusto not to be described. I gave a hearty cheer and set to work. Could I have believed seven years ago that I should be allowed to take casts! I got leave to-day for a figure. I thanked God, and hope to turn their beauties into my nature. . . . I was in the clouds. My Theseus and Ilissus were come home with all my fragments, and I walked about glorying. My painting-room was full, and so was my ante-room; crowds came to see them, and in the midst of my glory who should make his appearance but Canova!”

Certain of Leigh Hunt's sympathy and interest, Haydon at once wrote to him about the new friendship. The letter is undated, but the postmark is 20th December, 1815; above the address Haydon has written, “Don't squeeze the letter,” an injunction equivalent to our “Stamp Lightly,” evidently addressed to the letter-carrier on behalf of the “Alfred's head.”

“MY DEAR HUNT,—We were never so long without seeing each other since we became attached. The first fine day I am determined to walk over, though as I cannot be out by night I shall not be able to dine. I received a letter last night from a friend with an Alfred's head for a seal. I thought of you and tore it off. I think Tassi (?) could make an impression for you from it. If you wish it so

enclose it again to me. As I know you will like to see Canova's letter, and as I wish from various feelings of pleasure to show it you, I send you a copy. Let me know how you are. Does not the third person in Italian read sweetly? I know you will like my giving him a great folio edition of Milton; he was really delighted at the present, and I think I beat the Academy dogs, who gave him a paltry dinner and bad wine—Magnificent way of showing feeling for a genius—yah! I should wish not to have this letter copied, as you are the only one to whom I have sent one, it being a delicate and private letter. God bless you."

"SIGNORE,—Ella mi previeni con una benevolenza insigne della quale avrò perpetua memoria grata. Accetto il gradito dono del Milton de così ella vuole onorarmi; e benité non conosca in me raguno merito sufficiente a cagionare tanta di lei cortesia per me, pene conoscendila figlia d'un animo sommamente gentile non la ricuso anzi le sono grato, e avrò sempre vivo il desiderio dimostrare col fatto quando che sia la mia sincera riconoscenza. Intanto accogla i miei voto e l'obbligo contratto con me stesso di amare e stimare una persona che tanta affezione me dimostra; duolmi ch' il tempo ristretto non mi permetta di più riverderla per questa volta; ma spero si verificare il suo venire in Italia e allora sarò in caso forse di riconoscere delle mie obbligazioni. Sono con affezione,

"Obbediente servitore,

"Londra, Xbre 5, 1815.

ANTONIO CANOVÀ."

Haydon had a great enthusiasm for poetry, made many friends among poets, and was appreciated by them more justly than by critics, rivals, or the commonplace majority of picture-gazers. In 1816 Leigh Hunt introduced Haydon to Keats, and the impression made was strong and mutual. Keats had, says Haydon, eyes with "an inward look, perfectly divine, like a Delphian priestess who saw visions." "Keats soon formed the habit," writes Lord Houghton, "of spending the evening in his new friend's painting-room, where many men of genius were wont to meet, and, sitting before some picture on which he was engaged, criticize, argue, defend, attack, and quote their favourite writers. Keats used to call it 'making us wings for the night.'"⁶ Keats has left on record the feelings inspired by this charmed circle in the beautiful lines where Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, and Haydon are happily characterized—

⁶ Life and Letters of John Keats. By Lord Houghton. Moxon, 1867. P. 25.

“ Great Spirits now on earth are sojourning,
 He of the cloud, the cataract, the lake,
 Who on Helvellyn’s summit wide awake
 Catches his freshness from Archangel’s wing.
 He of the rose, the violet, the spring,
 The social smile, the chain for freedom’s sake.
 And lo ! whose steadfastness would never take
 A meaner sound than Raphael’s whispering.

* * * * *

These, these will give the world another heart
 And other pulses.”

With one more cordial and triumphant acknowledgment of another poetical tribute, we must close our extracts from Haydon’s simple, rugged, but most sincere and unstudied letters. In 1816, Leigh Hunt addressed a fine sonnet to Haydon, in the course of which occur the lines—

“ Well hast thou urged thy radiant passage through
 A host of clouds ; and he who with thee grew,
 The bard and friend, congratulates and blesses.”

Haydon replies—

“ MY DEAR HUNT,—My eyes will not permit me to say more than that the sonnet delights my soul and heart in so many ways that I cannot express them now. Adieu, my dear fellow. I think it fine, very fine, excessively beautiful. You never wrote a better one ; Vasari was never so honoured before. The idea of writing it then, too, is just like your delicate and elegant fancy. You have mingled us together as we ought to be mingled ; for we began together, have proceeded together, and will blaze on together. Good night. You shall hear again to-morrow ; to-night I am rather nervous.

“ Yours ever and ever, dear Hunt,

“ B. R. HAYDON.”

It would have been well for Haydon if their paths had been together to the end—well if a serene and honoured old age had awaited him as it did Leigh Hunt. But, as Lord Houghton admirably says, in the work previously quoted, Haydon’s name carries with it “ painful, and perhaps reproachful associations to the art and literature of my time. It recalls a life of long struggle without a prize, of persevering hope stranded on despair

independent genius starving on the crumbs of ungenial patronage, and even these failing him at the last." It is well, when Haydon's name rouses these painful memories—when it reminds us of irascible self-assertion, of embittered disputes, of heart-soreness and the sickness of hope deferred—that it should also recall his ardent and enthusiastic friendships, his hearty and outspoken admiration for the talents of those he loved, and his tender gratitude for love bestowed on him.

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

BY JULES VERNE.

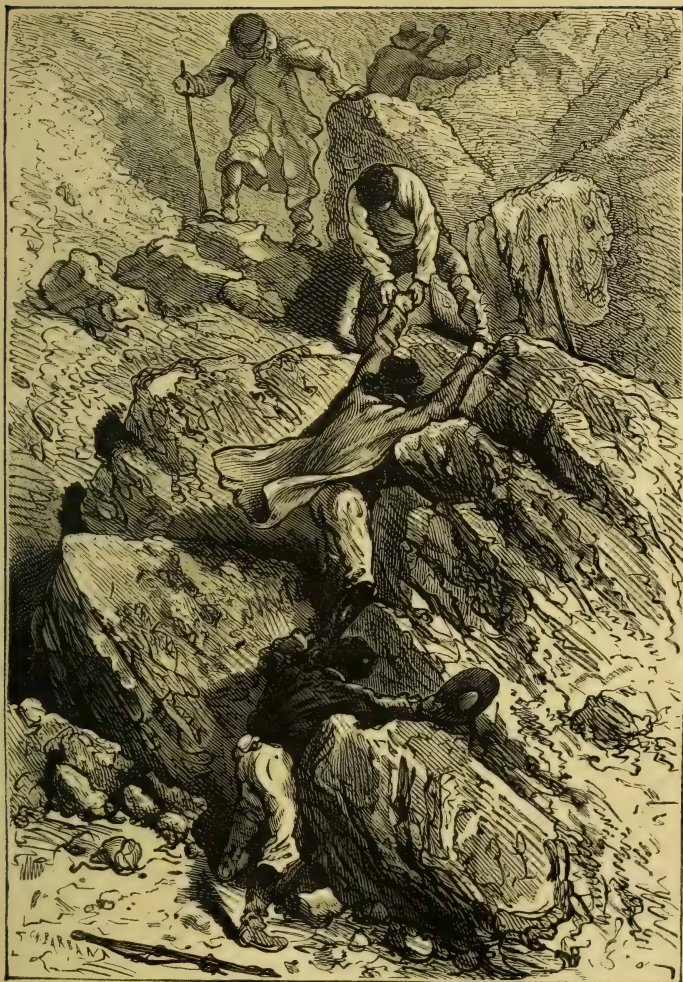
CHAPTER XI.

AT THE SUMMIT OF THE CONE—THE INTERIOR OF THE CRATER—SEA ALL ROUND—NO LAND IN SIGHT—A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE COAST—HYDROGRAPHY AND OROLOGY—IS THE ISLAND INHABITED—CHRISTENING THE BAYS, GULFS, CAPES, RIVERS, ETC.—LINCOLN ISLAND.

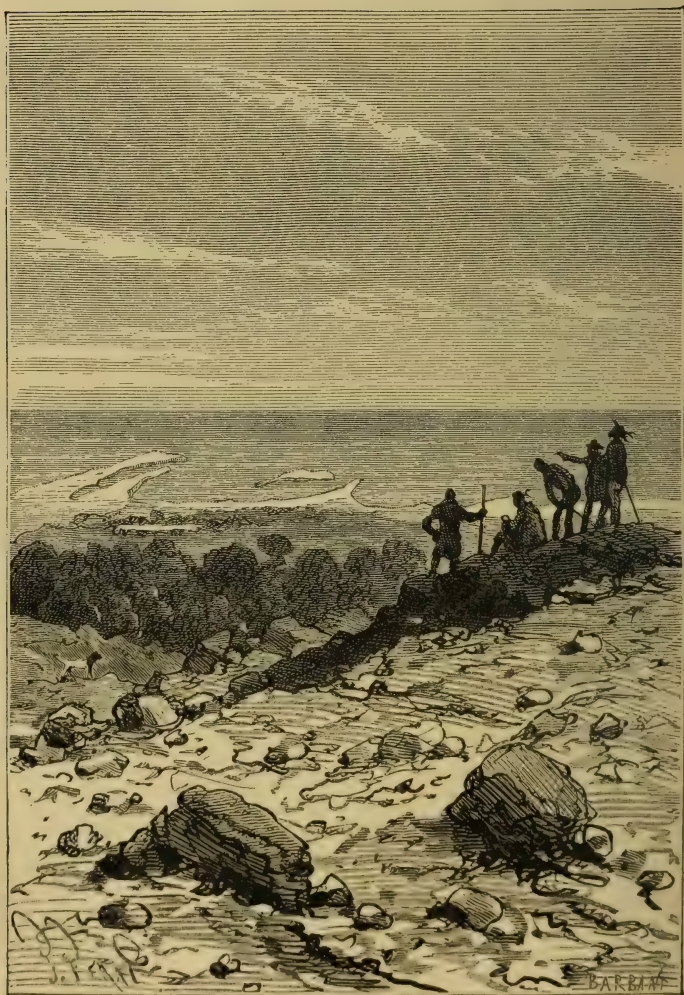
HALF an hour later Cyrus Harding and Herbert had returned to the encampment. The engineer merely told his companions that the land upon which fate had thrown them was an island, that the next day they would consult. Then each settled himself as well as he could to sleep, and in that rocky hole, at a height of two thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, through a peaceful night, the islanders enjoyed profound repose.

The next day, the 30th of March, after a hasty breakfast, which consisted solely of the roasted tragopan, the engineer wished to climb again to the summit of the volcano, so as more attentively to survey the island upon which he and his companions were imprisoned for life perhaps, should the island be situated at a great distance from any land or if it was out of the course of vessels which visited the archipelagos of the Pacific Ocean. This time his companions followed him in the new exploration. They also wished to see the island, on the productions of which they must depend for the supply of all their wants.

It was about seven o'clock in the morning when Cyrus Harding, Herbert, Pencroft, Gideon Spilett and Neb quitted the encampment. No one appeared to be anxious about their situation. They had faith in themselves doubtless, but it must be observed that the basis of this faith was not the same with Harding as with his companions. The engineer had confidence, because he felt capable of extorting



CLIMBING THE MOUNTAIN.



SEA, SEA EVERYWHERE.

from this wild country everything necessary for the life of himself and his companions; the latter feared nothing, just because Cyrus Harding was with them. Pencroft especially, since the incident of the relighted fire, would not have despaired for an instant, even if he was on a bare rock, if the engineer was with him on the rock.

“Pshaw!” said he, “we left Richmond without permission from the authorities! It will be hard if we don’t manage to get away some day or other from a place where certainly no one will detain us!”

Cyrus Harding followed the same road as the evening before. They went round the cone by the plateau which formed the shoulder, to the mouth of the enormous chasm. The weather was magnificent. The sun rose in a pure sky and flooded with his rays all the eastern side of the mountain.

The crater was reached. It was just what the engineer had made it out to be in the dark; that is to say, a vast funnel which extended, widening, to a height of a thousand feet above the plateau. Below the chasm, large thick streaks of lava wound over the sides of the mountain, and thus marked the course of the eruptive matter to the lower valleys which furrowed the northern part of the island.

The interior of the crater, whose inclination did not exceed thirty-five to forty degrees, presented no difficulties nor obstacles to the ascent. Traces of very ancient lava were noticed, which probably had overflowed the summit of the cone, before this lateral chasm had opened a new way to it.

As to the volcanic chimney which established a communication between the subterranean layers and the crater, its depth could not be calculated with the eye, for it was lost in obscurity. But there was no doubt as to the complete extinction of the volcano.

Before eight o’clock Harding and his companions were assembled at the summit of the crater, on a conical mound which swelled the northern edge.

“The sea, the sea everywhere!” they cried, as if their lips could not restrain the words which made islanders of them.

The sea, indeed, formed an immense circular sheet of water all around them! Perhaps, on climbing again to the summit of the cone, Cyrus Harding had had a hope of discovering some coast, some island shore, which he had not been able to perceive in the dark the evening before. But nothing appeared on the farthest verge of the horizon, that is to say, over a radius of more than fifty

miles. No land in sight. Not a sail. Over all this immense space the ocean alone was visible—the island occupied the centre of a circumference which appeared to be infinite.

The engineer and his companions, mute and motionless, surveyed for some minutes every point of the ocean, examining it to its most extreme limits. Even Pencroft, who possessed a marvellous power of sight, saw nothing; and certainly if there had been land at the horizon, if it appeared only as an indistinct vapour, the sailor would undoubtedly have found it out, for nature had placed regular telescopes under his eyebrows.

From the ocean their gaze returned to the island which they commanded entirely, and the first question was put by Gideon Spilett in these terms:—

“About what size is this island?”

Truly, it did not appear large in the midst of the immense ocean.

Cyrus Harding reflected a few minutes; he attentively observed the perimeter of the island, taking into consideration the height at which he was placed; then,—

“My friends,” said he, “I do not think I am mistaken in giving to the shore of the island an evolution of more than a hundred miles.”

“And consequently an area?”

“That is difficult to estimate,” replied the engineer, “for it is so uneven.”

If Cyrus Harding was not mistaken in his calculation, the island had almost the extent of Malta or Zante, in the Mediterranean, but it was at the same time much more irregular and less rich in capes, promontories, points, bays, or creeks. Its strange form caught the eye, and when Gideon Spilett, on the engineer’s advice, had drawn the outline, they found that it resembled some fantastic animal, a monstrous leviathan, which lay sleeping on the surface of the Pacific.

This was in fact the exact shape of the island, which it is of consequence to know, and a tolerably correct map of it was immediately drawn by the reporter.

The east part of the shore, where the castaways had landed, formed a wide bay, terminated by a sharp cape, which had been concealed by a high point from Pencroft on his first exploration. At the north-east two other capes closed the bay, and between them ran a narrow gulf, which looked like the half-open jaws of a formidable dog-fish.

From the north-east to the south-west the coast was rounded, like the flattened cranium of an animal, rising again forming a sort of protuberance which did not give any particular shape to this part of the island, of which the centre was occupied by the volcano.

From this point the shore ran pretty regularly north and south, broken at two-thirds of its perimeter by a narrow creek, from which it ended in a long tail, similar to the caudal appendage of a gigantic alligator.

This tail formed a regular peninsula, which stretched more than thirty miles into the sea, reckoning from the cape south-east of the island, already mentioned; it curled round, making an open roadstead, which marked out the lower shore of this strangely-formed land.

At the narrowest part, that is to say between the Chimneys and the creek on the western shore, which corresponded to it in latitude, the island only measured ten miles; but its greatest length, from the jaws at the north-east to the extremity of the tail on the south-west, was not less than thirty miles.

As to the interior of the island, its general aspect was this,—very woody throughout the southern part from the mountain to the shore, and arid and sandy in the northern part. Between the volcano and the east coast Cyrus Harding and his companions were surprised to see a lake, bordered with green trees, the existence of which they had not suspected. Seen from this height, the lake appeared to be on the same level as the ocean, but, on reflection, the engineer explained to his companions that the altitude of this little sheet of water must be about three hundred feet, because the plateau, which was its basin, was but a prolongation of the coast.

“Is it a freshwater lake?” asked Pencroft.

“Certainly,” replied the engineer, “for it must be fed by the water which flows from the mountain.”

“I see a little river which runs into it,” said Herbert, pointing out a narrow stream, which evidently took its source somewhere in the west.

“Yes,” said Harding; “and since this stream feeds the lake, most probably, on the side near the sea, there is an outlet by which the surplus water escapes. We shall see that on our return.”

This little winding water-course and the river already mentioned constituted the water-system, at least such as it was displayed to the eyes of the explorers. However, it was possible that under the

masses of trees which covered two-thirds of the island, forming an immense forest, other rivers ran towards the sea. It might even be inferred that such was the case, so rich did this region appear in the most magnificent specimens of the flora of the temperate zones. There was no indication of running water in the north, though perhaps there might be stagnant water among the marshes in the north-east; but that was all, in addition to the downs, sand, and aridity which contrasted so strongly with the luxuriant vegetation of the rest of the island.

The volcano did not occupy the central part; it rose, on the contrary, in the north-western region, and seemed to mark the boundary of the two zones. At the south-west, at the south, and the south-east the first part of the spurs were hidden under masses of verdure. At the north, on the contrary, one could follow their ramifications, which died away on the sandy plains. It was on this side that, at the time when the mountain was in a state of eruption, the discharge had worn away a passage, and a large heap of lava had spread to the narrow jaw which formed the north-eastern gulf.

Cyrus Harding and his companions remained an hour at the top of the mountain. The island was displayed under their eyes, like a plan in relief with different tints, green for the forests, yellow for the sand, blue for the water. They viewed it in its *toute-ensemble*, nothing remained concealed but the ground hidden by verdure, the hollows of the valleys, and the interior of the volcanic chasms.

One important question remained to be solved, and the answer would have a great effect upon the future of the castaways.

Was the island inhabited?

It was the reporter who put this question, to which after the close examination they had just made, the answer seemed to be in the negative.

Nowhere could the work of a human hand be perceived. Not a group of huts, not a solitary cabin, not a fishery on the shore. No smoke curling in the air betrayed the presence of man. It is true, a distance of nearly thirty miles separated the observers from the extreme points, that is, of the tail which extended to the south-west, and it would have been difficult, even to Pencroft's eyes, to discover a habitation there. Neither could the curtain of verdure, which covered three-quarters of the island, be raised to see if it did not shelter some straggling village. But in general the islanders

live on the shores of the narrow spaces which emerge above the waters of the Pacific, and the shore appeared to be an absolute desert.

Until a more complete exploration, it might be admitted that the island was uninhabited. But was it frequented, at least occasionally, by the natives of neighbouring islands? It was difficult to reply to this question. No land appeared within a radius of fifty miles. But fifty miles could be easily crossed, either by Malay proas or by the large Polynesian canoes. Everything depended on the position of the island, of its isolation in the Pacific, or of its proximity to archipelagos. Would Cyrus Harding be able to find out their latitude and longitude without instruments? It would be difficult. In the doubt, it was best to take precautions against a possible descent of neighbouring natives.

The exploration of the island was finished, its shape determined, its features made out, its extent calculated, the water and mountain systems ascertained. The disposition of the forests and plains had been marked in a general way on the reporter's plan. They had now only to descend the mountain slopes again, and explore the soil, in the triple point of view, of its mineral, vegetable, and animal resources.

But before giving his companions the signal for departure, Cyrus Harding said to them in a calm, grave voice,—

"Here, my friends, is the small corner of land upon which the hand of the Almighty has thrown us. We are going to live here; a long time, perhaps. Perhaps, too, unexpected help will arrive, if some ship passes by chance. I say by chance, because this is an unimportant island; there is not even a port in which ships could anchor, and it is to be feared that it is situated out of the route usually followed, that is to say, too much to the south for the ships which frequent the archipelagos of the Pacific, and too much to the north for those which go to Australia by doubling Cape Horn. I wish to hide nothing of our position from you—"

"And you are right, my dear Cyrus," replied the reporter, with animation. "You have to deal with men. They have confidence in you, and you can depend upon them. Is it not so, my friends?"

"I will obey you in everything, captain," said Herbert, seizing the engineer's hand.

"My master always, and everywhere!" cried Neb.

"As for me," said the sailor, "if I ever grumble at work, my

name's not Jack Pencroft, and if you like, captain, we will make a little America of this island! We will build towns, we will establish railways, start telegraphs, and one fine day, when it is quite changed, quite put in order and quite civilized, we will go and offer it to the government of the Union. Only, I ask one thing."

"What is that?" said the reporter.

"It is, that we do not consider ourselves castaways, but colonists, who have come here to settle." Harding could not help smiling, and the sailor's idea was adopted. Then he thanked his companions, and added, that he would rely on their energy and on the aid of Heaven.

"Well, now let us set off to the Chimneys!" cried Pencroft.

"One minute, my friends," said the engineer. "It seems to me it would be a good thing to give a name to this island, as well as to the capes, promontories, and water-courses, which we can see."

"Very good," said the reporter. "In the future, that will simplify the instructions which we shall have to give and follow."

"Indeed," said the sailor, "already it is something to be able to say where one is going, and where one has come from. At least, it looks like somewhere."

"The Chimneys, for example," said Herbert.

"Exactly!" replied Pencroft. "That name was the most convenient, and it came to me quite by myself. Shall we keep the name of the Chimneys for our first encampment, captain?"

"Yes, Pencroft, since you have christened it so."

"Good! as for the others, that will be easy," returned the sailor, who was in high spirits. "Let us give them names, as the Robinsons did, whose story Herbert has often read to me; "Providence Bay," "Whale Point," "Cape Disappointment!"

"Or, rather, the names of Captain Harding," said Herbert, "of Mr. Spilett, of Neb!—"

"My name!" cried Neb, showing his sparkling white teeth.

"Why not?" replied Pencroft. "Port Neb, that would do very well! And Cape Gideon—"

"I should prefer borrowing names from our country," said the reporter, "which would remind us of America."

"Yes, for the principal ones," then said Cyrus Harding; "for those of the bays and seas, I admit it willingly. We might give to that vast bay on the east the name of Union Bay, for example; to that large hollow on the south, Washington Bay; to the

mountain upon which we are standing, that of Mount Franklin; to that lake which is extended under our eyes, that of Lake Grant; nothing could be better, my friends. These names will recall our country, and those of the great citizens who have honoured it; but for the rivers, gulfs, capes, and promontories, which we perceive from the top of this mountain, rather let us choose names which will recall their particular shape. They will impress themselves better on our memory, and at the same time will be more practical. The shape of the island is so strange that we shall not be troubled to imagine what it resembles. As to the streams which we do not know as yet, in different parts of the forest which we shall explore later, the creeks which afterwards will be discovered, we can christen them as we find them. What do you think, my friends?"

The engineer's proposal was unanimously admitted by his companions. The island was spread out under their eyes like a map, and they had only to give names to all its angles and points. Gideon Spilett would write them down, and the geographical nomenclature of the island would be definitively adopted.

First of all, they named the two bays and the mountain, Union Bay, Washington Bay, and Mount Franklin, as the engineer had said.

"Now," said the reporter, "to this peninsula at the south-west of the island, I propose to give the name of Serpentine Peninsula, and that of Reptile-end to the bent tail which terminates it, for it is just like a reptile's tail."

"Adopted," said the engineer.

"Now," said Herbert, pointing to the other extremity of the island, "let us call this gulf which is so singularly like open jaws, Shark Gulf."

"Capital!" cried Pencroft, "and we can complete the resemblance by naming the two parts of the jaws Mandible Cape."

"But there are two capes," observed the reporter.

"Well," replied Pencroft, "we can have North Mandible Cape and South Mandible Cape."

"They are inscribed," said Spilett.

"There is only the point at the south-eastern extremity of the island to be named," said Pencroft.

"That is, the extremity of Union Bay?" asked Herbert.

"Claw Cape," cried Neb directly, who too wished to be godfather to some part of his domain.

In truth, Neb had found an excellent name, for this cape was

very like the powerful claw of the fantastic animal which this singularly-shaped island represented.

Pencroft was delighted at the turn things had taken, and their imaginations soon gave to the river which furnished the settlers with drinking water and near which the balloon had thrown them, the name of the Mercy, in true gratitude to Providence. To the islet upon which the castaways had first landed, the name of Safety Island; to the plateau which crowned the high granite precipice above the Chimneys, and from whence the gaze could embrace the whole of the vast bay, the name of Prospect Heights.

Lastly, all the masses of impenetrable wood which covered the Serpentine Peninsula were named the forests of the Far West.

The nomenclature of the visible and known parts of the island was thus finished, and later, they would complete it as they made fresh discoveries.

As to the points of the compass, the engineer had roughly fixed them by the height and position of the sun, which placed Union Bay and Prospect Heights to the east. But the next day, by taking the exact hour of the rising and setting of the sun, and by marking its position between this rising and setting, he reckoned to fix the north of the island exactly, for, in consequence of its situation in the southern hemisphere, the sun, at the precise moment of its culmination, passed in the north and not in the south, as, in its apparent movement, it appears to do, to those places situated in the northern hemisphere.

Everything was finished, and the settlers had only to descend Mount Franklin to return to the Chimneys, when Pencroft cried out,—

“Well! we are precious stupid!”

“Why?” asked Gideon Spilett, who had closed his note-book and risen to depart.

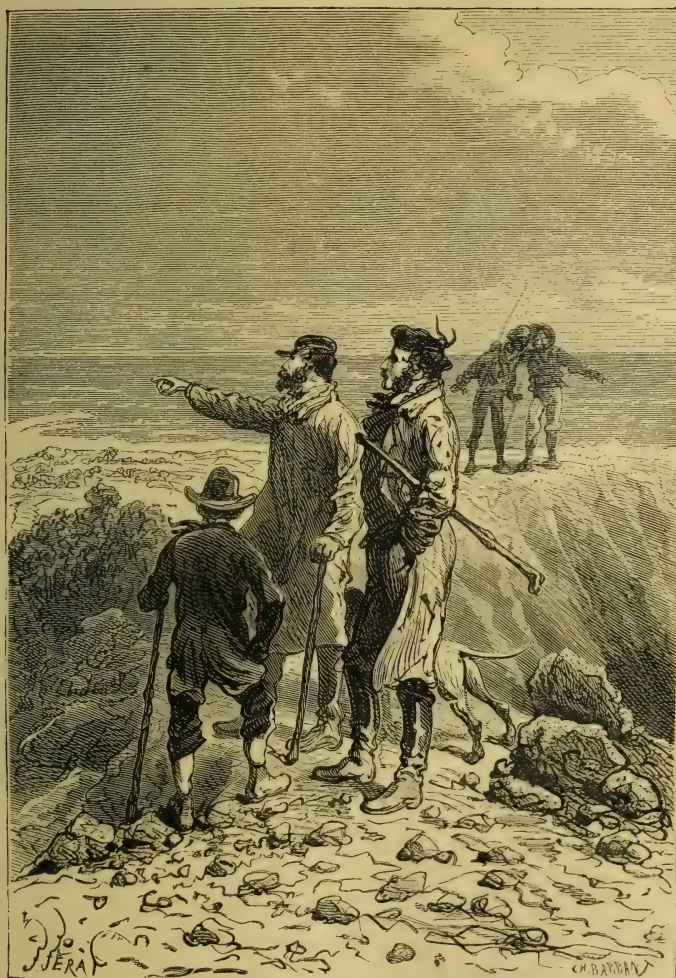
“Why! our island! We have forgotten to christen it!”

Herbert was going to propose to give it the engineer’s name, and all his companions would have applauded him, when Cyrus Harding said simply,—

“Let us give it the name of a great citizen, my friends; of him who now struggles to defend the unity of the American Republic! Let us call it Lincoln Island!”

The engineer’s proposal was replied to by three hurrahs.

And that evening, before sleeping, the new colonists talked of



NAMING THE ISLAND.

their absent country; they spoke of the terrible war which stained it with blood; they could not doubt that the South would soon be subdued, and that the cause of the North, the cause of justice, would triumph, thanks to Grant, thanks to Lincoln!

Now this happened the 30th of March, 1865. They little knew that sixteen days afterwards a frightful crime would be committed in Washington, and that on Good Friday Abraham Lincoln would fall by the hand of a fanatic.

CHAPTER XII.

REGULATING THE WATCHES—PENCROFT IS SATISFIED—A SUSPICIOUS SMOKE—COURSE OF RED CREEK—THE FLORA OF LINCOLN ISLAND—THE FAUNA—MOUNTAIN PHEASANTS—CHASING KANGAROOS—AN AGOUTI—LAKE GRANT—RETURN TO THE CHIMNEYS.

THEY now began the descent of the mountain. Climbing down the crater, they went round the cone and reached their encampment of the previous night. Pencroft thought it must be breakfast-time, and the watches of the reporter and engineer were therefore consulted to find out the hour.

That of Gideon Spilett had been preserved from the sea-water, as he had been thrown at once on the sand out of reach of the waves. It was an instrument of excellent quality, a perfect pocket chronometer, which the reporter had not forgotten to wind up carefully every day.

As to the engineer's watch, it, of course, had stopped during the time which he had passed on the downs.

The engineer now wound it up, and ascertaining by the height of the sun that it must be about nine o'clock in the morning, he put his watch at that hour.

Gideon Spilett was about to do the same, when the engineer, stopping his hand, said,—

"No, my dear Spilett, wait. You have kept the Richmond time, have you not?"

"Yes, Cyrus."

"Consequently, your watch is set by the meridian of that town, which is almost that of Washington?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Very well, keep it thus. Content yourself with winding it

up very exactly, but do not touch the hands. This may be of use to us."

"What will be the good of that?" thought the sailor.

They ate, and so heartily, that the store of game and almonds was totally exhausted. But Pencroft was not at all uneasy, they would supply themselves on the way. Top, whose share had been very much to his taste, would know how to find some fresh game among the brushwood. Moreover, the sailor thought of simply asking the engineer to manufacture some powder and one or two fowling-pieces; he supposed there would be no difficulty in that.

On leaving the plateau, the captain proposed to his companions to return to the Chimneys by a new way. He wished to reconnoitre Lake Grant, so magnificently framed in trees. They therefore followed the crest of one of the spurs, between which the creek¹ that supplied the lake probably had its source. In talking, the settlers already only employed the names which they had just chosen, which singularly facilitated the exchange of their ideas. Herbert and Pencroft—the one young and the other very boyish—were enchanted, and whilst walking, the sailor said,—

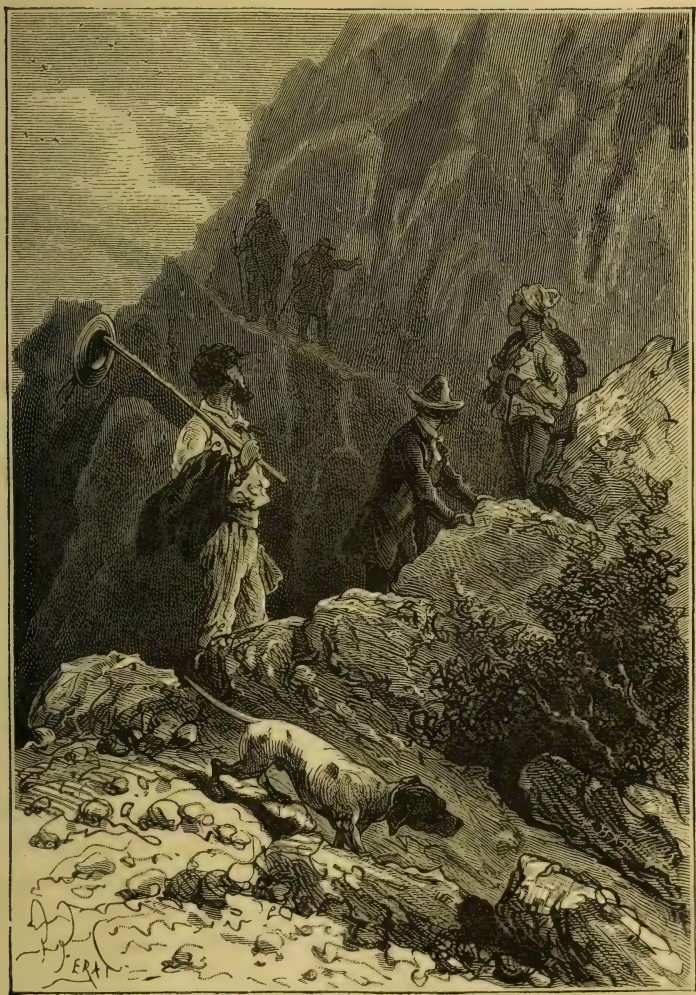
"Hey, Herbert! how capital it sounds! It will be impossible to lose ourselves, my boy, since, whether we follow the way to Lake Grant, or whether we join the Mercy through the woods of the Far West, we shall be certain to arrive at Prospect Heights, and, consequently, at Union Bay!"

It had been agreed, that without forming a compact band, the settlers should not stray away from each other. It was very certain that the thick forests of the island were inhabited by dangerous animals, and it was prudent to be on their guard. In general, Pencroft, Herbert and Neb, walked first, preceded by Top, who poked his nose into every bush. The reporter and the engineer went together, Gideon Spilett, ready to note every incident, the engineer, silent for the most part, and only stepping aside to pick up sometimes one thing, sometimes another, a mineral or vegetable substance, which he put into his pocket without making any remark.

"What can he be picking up?" muttered Pencroft. "I have looked in vain for anything that's worth the trouble of stooping for."

Towards ten o'clock the little band descended the last declivities

¹ An American name for a small water-course.



TOWARDS TEN O'CLOCK THE LITTLE BAND DESCENDED THE LAST
DECLIVITIES OF MOUNT FRANKLIN.

of Mount Franklin. As yet the ground was scantily strewn with bushes and trees. They were walking over yellowish calcinated earth, forming a plain of nearly a mile long, which extended to the edge of the wood. Great blocks of that basalt, which, according to Bischof, takes three hundred and fifty millions of years to cool, strewed the plain, very confused in some places. However, there were here no traces of lava, which was spread more particularly over the northern slopes.

Cyrus Harding expected to reach, without incident, the course of the creek, which he supposed flowed under the trees at the border of the plain, when he saw Herbert running hastily back, whilst Neb and the sailor were hiding behind the rocks.

"What's the matter, my boy?" asked Spilett.

"Smoke," replied Herbert. "We have seen smoke amongst the rocks, a hundred paces from us."

"Men in this place?" cried the reporter.

"We must avoid showing ourselves before knowing with whom we have to deal," replied Cyrus Harding. "I trust that there are no natives on this island; I dread them more than anything else. Where is Top?"

"Top is on before."

"And he doesn't bark?"

"No."

"That is strange. However, we must try to call him back."

In a few moments, the engineer, Gideon Spilett, and Herbert had rejoined their two companions, and like them, they kept out of sight behind the heaps of basalt.

From there they clearly saw smoke of a yellowish colour rising in the air.

Top was recalled by a slight whistle from his master, and the latter, signing to his companions to wait for him, glided away among the rocks. The colonists, motionless, anxiously awaited the result of this exploration, when a shout from the engineer made them hasten forward. They soon joined him, and were at once struck with a disagreeable odour which impregnated the atmosphere.

The odour, easily recognized, was enough for the engineer to guess what the smoke was which at first, not without cause, had startled him.

"This fire," said he, "or rather, this smoke, is produced by

nature alone. There is a sulphur spring there, which will effectually cure all our sore throats."

"Capital!" cried Pencroft. "What a pity that I haven't got a cold!"

The settlers then directed their steps towards the place from which the smoke escaped. There they saw a sulphur spring which flowed abundantly between the rocks, and its waters discharged a strong sulphuric acid odour, after having absorbed the oxygen of the air.

Cyrus Harding, dipping in his hand, felt the water oily to the touch. He tasted it and found it rather sweet. As to its temperature, that he estimated at ninety-five degrees Fahrenheit. Herbert having asked on what he based this calculation,—

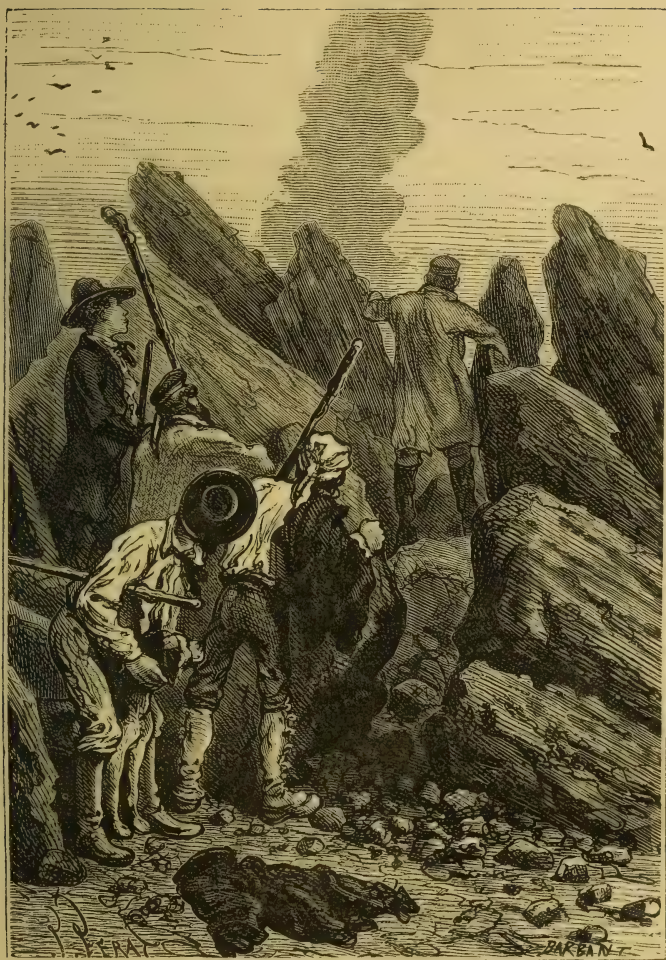
"It's quite simple, my boy," said he, "for, in plunging my hand into the water, I felt no sensation either of heat or cold. Therefore it has the same temperature as the human body, which is about ninety-five degrees."

The sulphur spring not being of any actual use to the settlers, they proceeded towards the thick border of the forest, which began some hundred paces off.

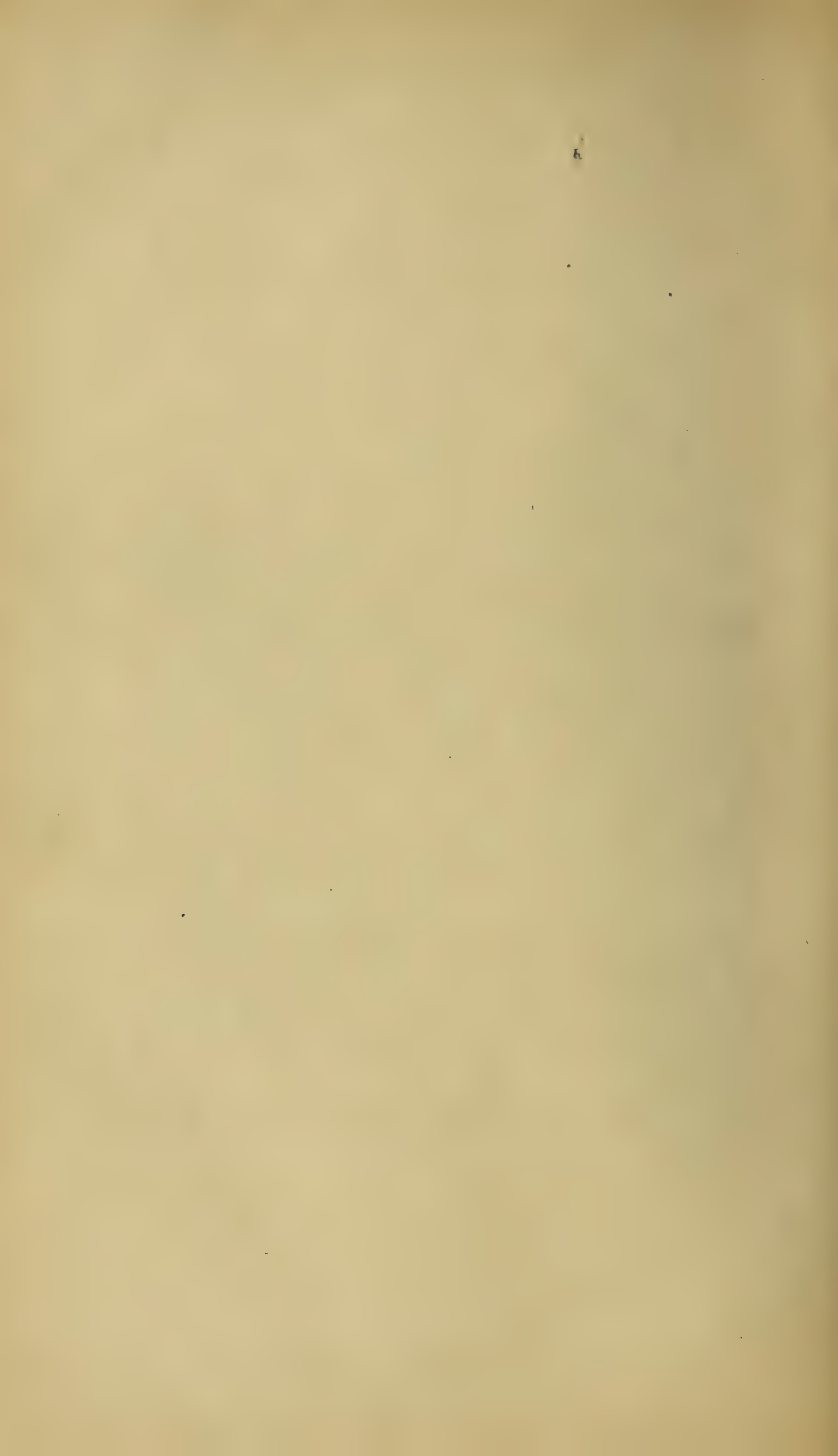
There, as they had conjectured, the waters of the stream flowed clear and limpid between high banks of red earth, of which the colour betrayed the presence of oxide of iron. From this colour, the name of Red Creek was immediately given to the water-course.

It was only a large stream, deep and clear, formed of the mountain water, which, half river, half torrent, here rippling peacefully over the sand, there chafing against the rocks or dashing down in a cascade, ran towards the lake, over a distance of a mile and a half, its breadth varying from thirty to forty feet. Its waters were sweet, and it was supposed that those of the lake were so also. A fortunate circumstance, in the event of their finding on its borders a more suitable dwelling than the Chimneys.

As to the trees, which some hundred feet downwards shaded the banks of the creek, they belonged, for the most part, to the species which abound in the temperate zone of America and Tasmania, and no longer to those conifers observed in that portion of the island already explored to some miles from Prospect Heights. At this time of the year, at the commencement of the month of April, which represents the month of October, in this hemisphere, that is, the beginning of autumn, they were still in full leaf. They consisted



PREPARING THE ENCAMPMENT.



principally of casuarinas and eucalypti, some of which next year would yield a sweet manna, similar to the manna of the East. Clumps of Australian cedars rose on the sloping banks, which were also covered with the high grass, called "tussac" in New Holland; but the cocoa-nut, so abundant in the Archipelagos of the Pacific, seemed to be wanting in the island, the latitude, doubtless, being too low.

"What a pity!" said Herbert, "such a useful tree, and which has such beautiful nuts!"

As to the birds, they swarmed among the scanty branches of the eucalypti and casuarinas, which did not hinder the display of their wings. Black, white, or grey cockatoos, paroquets, with plumage of all colours, kingfishers of a sparkling green and crowned with red, blue lories, and various other birds, appeared on all sides, as through a prism, fluttering about and producing a deafening clamour. Suddenly, a strange concert of discordant voices resounded in the midst of a thicket. The settlers heard successively the song of birds, the cry of quadrupeds, and a sort of clacking which they might have believed to have escaped from the lips of a native. Neb and Herbert rushed towards the bush, forgetting even the most elementary principles of prudence. Happily, they found there, neither a formidable wild beast nor a dangerous native, but merely half a dozen mocking and singing birds, known as mountain pheasants. A few skilful blows from a stick soon put an end to their concert, and procured excellent game for the evening's dinner.

Herbert also discovered some magnificent pigeons with bronzed wings, some superbly crested, others draped in green, like their congeners at Port-Macquarie; but it was impossible to reach them, or the crows and magpies which flew away in flocks.

A charge of small shot would have made great slaughter amongst these birds, but the hunters were still limited to sticks and stones, and these primitive weapons proved very insufficient.

Their insufficiency was still more clearly shown when a troop of quadrupeds, jumping, bounding, making leaps of thirty feet, regular flying mammiferæ, fled over the thickets, so quickly and at such a height, that one would have thought that they passed from one tree to another like squirrels.

"Kangaroos!" cried Herbert.

"Are they good to eat?" asked Pencroft.

"Stewed," replied the reporter, "their flesh is equal to the best venison!—"

Gideon Spilett had not finished this exciting sentence when the sailor, followed by Neb and Herbert, darted on the kangaroo's track. Cyrus Harding called them back in vain. But it was in vain too for the hunters to pursue such agile game, which went bounding away like balls. After a chase of five minutes, they lost their breath, at the same time all sight of the creatures, which disappeared in the wood. Top was not more successful than his masters.

"Captain," said Pencroft, when the engineer and the reporter had rejoined them, "Captain, you see quite well we can't get on unless we make a few guns. Will that be possible?"

"Perhaps," replied the engineer, "but we will begin by first manufacturing some bows and arrows, and I don't doubt that you will become as clever in the use of them as the Australian hunters."

"Bows and arrows!" said Pencroft scornfully.

"That's all very well for children!"

"Don't be proud, friend Pencroft," replied the reporter. "Bows and arrows were sufficient for centuries to stain the earth with blood. Powder is but a thing of yesterday, and war is as old as the human race—unhappily!"

"Faith, that's true, Mr. Spilett," replied the sailor, "and I always speak too quickly. You must excuse me!"

Meanwhile, Herbert, constant to his favourite science, Natural History, reverted to the kangaroos, saying,—

"Besides, we had to deal just now with the species which is most difficult to catch. They were giants with long grey fur; but if I am not mistaken, there exist black and red kangaroos, rock kangaroos, and rat kangaroos, which are more easy to get hold of. There are reckoned to be about a dozen species—"

"Herbert," replied the sailor sententiously, "there is only one species of kangaroo to me, that is, 'kangaroo on the spit,' and it's just the one we haven't got this evening!"

They could not help laughing at Master Pencroft's new classification. The honest sailor did not hide his regret at being reduced for dinner to the singing pheasants, but fortune once more showed itself obliging to him.

In fact, Top, who felt that his interest was concerned, went and ferreted everywhere with an instinct doubled by a ferocious appetite.

It was even probable that if some piece of game did fall into his clutches, none would be left for the hunters, if Top was hunting on his own account; but Neb watched him and he did well.

Towards three o'clock the dog disappeared in the brushwood, and gruntings showed that he was engaged in a struggle with some animal. Neb rushed after him, and soon saw Top eagerly devouring a quadruped, which ten seconds later would have been past recognizing in Top's stomach. But fortunately the dog had fallen upon a brood, and besides the victim he was devouring, two other rodents—the animals in question belonged to that order—lay strangled on the turf.

Neb reappeared triumphantly holding one of the rodents in each hand. Their size exceeded that of a rabbit, their hair was yellow, mingled with greenish spots, and they had the merest rudiments of tails.

The citizens of the Union were at no loss for the right name of these rodents. They were maras, a sort of agouti, a little larger than their congeners of tropical countries, regular American rabbits, with long ears, jaws armed on each side with five molars, which distinguish the agouti.

"Hurrah!" cried Pencroft, "the roast has arrived! and now we can go home."

The walk, interrupted for an instant, was resumed. The limpid waters of the Red Creek, flowed under an arch of casuarinas, banksias, and gigantic gum-trees. Superb lilacs rose to a height of twenty feet. Other aborescent species, unknown to the young naturalist, bent over the stream, which could be heard murmuring beneath the bowers of verdure.

Meanwhile the stream grew much wider, and Cyrus Harding supposed that they would soon reach its mouth. In fact, on emerging from beneath a thick clump of beautiful trees, it appeared all at once.

The explorers had arrived on the western shore of Lake Grant. The place was well worth looking at. This extent of water, of a circumference of nearly seven miles and an area of two hundred and fifty acres, reposed in a border of diversified trees. Towards the east, through a curtain of verdure, picturesquely raised in some places, sparkled an horizon of sea. The lake was curved at the north, which contrasted with the sharp outline of its lower part. Numerous aquatic birds frequented the shores of this little Ontario, in which the thousand isles of its American namesake were repre-

sented by a rock which emerged from its surface, some hundred feet from the southern shore. There lived, in common, several couples of kingfishers perched on a stone, grave, motionless, watching for fish, then darting down, they plunged in with a sharp cry, and reappeared with their prey in their beaks. On the shores and on the islets, strutted wild ducks, pelicans, water-hens, red-beaks, philedons, furnished with a tongue like a brush, and one or two specimens of the splendid menura, the tail of which expands gracefully like a lyre.

As to the water of the lake, it was sweet, limpid, rather dark, and by certain bubblings, by the concentric circles which crossed each other on the surface, it could not be doubted that it abounded in fish.

"This lake is really beautiful!" said Gideon Spilett. "We could live on its borders!"

"We will live there!" replied Harding.

The settlers, wishing to return to the Chimneys by the shortest way, descended towards the angle formed on the south by the junction of the lake's bank. It was not without difficulty that they broke a path through the thickets and brushwood which had never been put aside by the hand of man, and they thus went towards the shore, so as to arrive at the north of Prospect Heights. Two miles were cleared in this direction, and then, after they had passed the last curtain of trees, appeared the plateau, carpeted with thick turf, and beyond that the infinite sea.

To return to the Chimneys, it was enough to cross the plateau obliquely for the space of a mile, and then to descend to the elbow formed by the first *détour* of the Mercy. But the engineer desired to know how and where the overplus of the water from the lake escaped, and the exploration was prolonged under the trees for a mile and a half towards the north. It was most probable that an overfall existed somewhere, and doubtless through a cleft in the granite. This lake was only, in short, an immense centre basin, which was filled by degrees by the creek, and its waters must necessarily pass to the sea by some fall. If it was so, the engineer thought that it might perhaps be possible to utilize this fall and borrow its power, actually lost without profit to any one. They continued then to follow the shores of Lake Grant by climbing the plateau; but, after having gone a mile in this direction, Cyrus Harding had not been able to discover the overfall, which, however, must exist somewhere.

It was then half-past four. In order to prepare for dinner it was necessary that the settlers should return to their dwelling. The little band retraced their steps, therefore, and by the left bank of the Mercy Cyrus Harding and his companions arrived at the Chimneys.

The fire was lighted, and Neb and Pencroft, on whom the functions of cooks naturally devolved, to the one in his quality of negro, to the other in that of sailor, quickly prepared some broiled agouti, to which they did great justice.

The repast at length terminated, at the moment when each one was about to give himself up to sleep, Cyrus Harding drew from his pocket little specimens of different sorts of minerals, and just said,—

“My friends, this is iron mineral, this a pyrite, this clay, this lime, this coal. These articles nature gives us. It is our business to make a right use of them. To-morrow we will commence operations.”

CHARLES MACKAY.

THE education of the poet is two-fold ; partaking of a knowledge of the hidden and a knowledge of the revealed ; of palpable and impalpable truth. Such knowledge is perception, and by this perception the poet reads men's souls, transforms their shadowy impressions into solid entities, and thus renders intelligible what was else all vagueness and obscurity. Thus also with nature. By the assimilation of remote objects he discovers everywhere unity ; and unity is the soul of harmony. Philosophy or science would mar the poet here. His perception is not acquired by reasoning, by the laborious compilation of experiences. It is intuitive—it must be intuitive. His mission is to proclaim truth, and the world must spontaneously credit it, else it would be without avail ; for it is the business of science to teach, but of poetry to reveal.

Again, the mind of a poet should be as an æolian harp, upon which invisible fingers make sweetest melody. He must suffer Nature to proclaim herself through him, and for this he must hold constant communion with her, and converse with her in her every mood, until love grows up between them, when the offspring will be Truth.

This train of thought has been suggested by a careful perusal of the poetical works of Charles Mackay ; many volumes of various degrees of beauty, but of one invariable degree of merit. Their first and most striking feature is the uniform vigour of intellect they display throughout. We are impressed with a sense of constant strength, with a power at once penetrating and diffused. He ransacks the broad heavens for new illustrations, or turns the minute pebble over in the search for new facts. Nothing escapes him. Everything is rendered tributary to his genius. He snatches a grace where others would see but vacuity, and illustrates his truths by images constantly fresh and unexpected. Perhaps not the smallest merit of his thoughts is their lucidity. The simplest understanding can comprehend him, though his conceptions impart

knowledge to the most comprehensive mind. His secret is Boileau's: he is the poet of Reason.

This, in an age when thought is sublimated to obscurity, when well-known truths are attenuated or negatived by misapplication, when alliteration is mistaken for genius and involutions of phrases for opulence of wit, if it does not add to his glory renders him at least conspicuous for propriety of taste. It discovers a mind capable of discerning between the false and the true, between classic elegance and Grub-street bathos.

It is not without much consideration that I have arrived at the conclusion, that the present age will be remarked by posterity as being the most vain-glorious in the annals of English history. By those who shall read it, it is only natural to suppose that this assertion will be received with indignation; nevertheless I feel confident in being supported by the opinions of all reflective men. It is, I know, an old and hackneyed cry, that of depreciating the present by opposing to it the greatness of the past; by degrading *what is* by an undue exaltation of *what was*. But whether it is that the extraordinary rapidity with which science has latterly progressed, leads us to suppose ourselves in possession of an intellect incomparably superior to all that has preceded it, it is certain that the present age surveys the past with a very unjust contempt, ridicules those glorious old memories which, by their variety and extent, belong no less to the world than to ourselves, and hedges itself with a twenty or thirty years' divinity beyond which all is barbarous, dull or contemptible. So the heir of some wealthy tradesman, who has attained his majority and the possession of his father's fortune, changes his name, and obliterates from the surface of the earth his parents' grave. Of science, let us claim if we will all the honour of discovery, and hurry into oblivion the names of those laborious pioneers, of whose patience and industry we are now reaping the reward. But in literature let us at least accord some merit to those giants of the past—those geniuses who each concentrates in himself the intellect of a century, and in whom is contained the Alpha and Omega of intellectual excellence. Surely we can afford some trifle from the wealth of praise that we are habitually bestowing on our living legion of novelists!

In Charles Mackay we survey one of the few links that connect us with the past; an author who, whilst he maintains all the independence of an original genius, can yet afford to admire the elegance of an Addison or the loftiness of a Milton, the purity of a

Goldsmith or the fire of a Cowley; and this, too, with a due appreciation of what talent there is to admire, or what originality there is to applaud in the present.

Perhaps it is that to this reverence of the classic past his poetry owes something of the sweetness, and something of the lucidity, by which it is so eminently distinguished. There is no contemporary poet who combines with his powers of penetration so complete an absence of all obscurity. He gilds no gold, and decorates no flower; but as Nature has made them so he represents them. As an instance of this take the following:—

“ ‘Alas!’ said Arthur, ‘it defies all art
To paint such living loveliness as hers.
Not one expression or one soul divine
Has my belovèd—but a thousand souls
All peering through the splendour of her eyes,
And each, ere you can fix it in your thought,
Sparkling away to one more lustrous still.
Pity and Charity, and infinite Love,
Sweet Mirth, and sweeter Sadness, on her lips,
Follow each other in one throb of time.
Art would reflect them; but its mirror, dull
As the breeze-ruffled bosom of a lake,
Unresting, insufficient, fails to show
The evanescent, multitudinous charms
That live, and change, and die, and live anew
On all the radiant landscape of her mind.’ ”

To unravel the complex web of human passions, to reveal the mysterious organization of the human mind, to delineate the various emotions that interpenetrate and crowd the human heart, is at once the business and the glory of the poet. He has to extract from the natures of things their beauty and their spirit. The minutest atom in the womb of Nature, or the loftiest mountain that attempts the skies, is with him an image of the supernal truth, whose might and majesty and loveliness he sings. Mystery from which he must evoke gladness, incongruity in which he must trace perfection, are around and within him. Condensed into one essence—Love—it must breathe through his spirit and animate his song, and make

“ A music in itself,
Or if not music, joy.”

So the mission of the poet would seem divine. He would seem to

stand the link between Man and Nature, preaching each to each the other's truth. He would seem to catch the celestial spark from heaven, and illumine the world by its intelligence.

Such is the design; but what have we of the result? Is it in the melody of verse that lies its power, or in the invisible spirit that pervades and animates it to music? Where sleeps the spirit of Song that it shall be awakened by the thrill of fingers over strings? Is it the turning of pegs and the reading of notes, or is it Nature singing through the harp, and making divinest music to the spell-bound spirits?

Men borrow from each other, and speak old truths, and sometimes show us the obverse and sometimes the reverse of the same old coin, whose mind was the master-mind of some famous genius. So Homer and Dante and Plato and Shakspeare publish facts upon which whole generations enlarge; and he that amplifies the most is the poet of his age. But is this poetry? Is this the study of Nature, or is it a mere knowledge of Homer, and of Dante, and of Shakspeare? Is this the voice of Heaven and Earth speaking through us, or of the "Iliad," or of "Macbeth," or of the "Inferno"? Oh, let them stand as monuments of the Nature they enshrine, perfect master-pieces always to be adored! But let us look into the human heart, and into the human mind, and into the deep ocean and deeper firmament for more truths and for more facts. Nature has not yet communicated to Man all her mysteries.

The reach of Mackay's power lies in a calm confidence of his own strength, which, glancing neither to the right nor to the left, looks Nature boldly in the eye, and in that mystical mirror sees the operations of the soul within. Perhaps no writer of the present day owes less to his contemporaries than he; certainly none is more independent of the past. This is testified in a cast of thought constantly original and always impressive, which, scorning the beaten track along which so many progress, deviates into unfrequented by-paths and unexplored labyrinths. The result of this is vigour and copiousness, power of delineation, and variety of illustration.

In his poem, "A Man's Heart," this strength is especially remarkable. The tale, which is simple, has for its theme love, with all its vicissitudes of hope, disappointment, and fear. In some parts it is highly pathetic. The aim of the author seems rather psychological than ethical; content with displaying the passions, and leaving them to point their own moral. Its conclusion is written

with an energy of description that in all parts equals, and in some parts excels the very head and front of descriptive poetry itself—Wordsworth.

A narrative, whether in prose or verse, to be justly estimated, should be read through. Each succeeding line gathers from association with that which has preceded it a fresh interest or a new beauty; and therefore it is that, though some particular parts of a production may be distinguished for their elegance or for their purity, the reader of quotations seldom gets a knowledge of either the author's purpose or the author's genius. The following extracts—indeed all that occur in this notice—have therefore been selected with care and attention, as affording specimens of the author's style without violating his meaning. Nevertheless it is just to say that he affords infinitely happier examples:—

“Up! up again! There's work that must be done—

The knees of Nevis may be clad in flowers,

His waist may wear a girdle of the pine,

His shoulders may be robed in heath and fern,

But his broad back and high majestic head

Are steep and bare—and he who'd climb must toil!

Noon on the mountains! glowing, glorious noon!

And they have reach'd the very topmost top

Of Britain's Isle; the crown above all crowns

Of royal Bens! Oh, wild sublimities!

None can imagine you but those who've seen;

And none can understand man's littleness

Who has not gazed from such dread altitudes

Upon the world a thousand fathoms down,

O'er precipice of perpendicular rock,

Which but to look at makes the brain to reel,

And fills it with insane desire for wings

To imitate the eagle far below,

And free itself of earth! And here they stand,

Awe-stricken and delighted; great, yet small;

Great, that their souls may dare aspire to God,

To whom the mountains and the universe

Are but as dust on the Eternal shore;

Small in the presence of those ancient hills

Which stood the same, and evermore the same,

When Abraham fed his flocks on Shinar's plain,

And Job beheld Arcturus and his sons ;—
 The same—the same—and evermore the same—
 Unweeting of the whirl and spin of Time,
 And heedless of the fall of states and kings
 And mighty monarchies, that dared to blow
 Through slavish trumpets the blaspheming boast—
 ‘The seasons pass—but we endure for aye!’
 Where are they now? Let Rome and Carthage tell,
 And Babylon answer!”

And a little further on we find the following eloquent passage :—

“Entranced they stand
 As angels might have stood on earth’s first morn
 Upon the mountain peaks of Paradise,
When Chaos, disappearing, trail’d his robes
Of shapeless mist the last time o’er the world,
 That hail’d his absence with her brightest smile,
 And leap’d to be released.

But creeping slow,
 Unseen, unnoticed ’mid their ecstasy,
 A cloud that might have cover’d half the Isle,
 Down sailing from the far-off northern seas,
 O’er Grampian summits, clad them round about
 So densely, that the ground on which they trod
 Became invisible, and their outstretch’d hands
 Faded away into the *hungry space*.”

(The italics are my own.)

If we may venture to make any distinction between productions uniformly excellent, “Egeria” I should pronounce as the finest of Mackay’s poems. In this work is displayed a combination of beauties such as will warrant posterity ranking it side by side with the “Julian and Maddalo” of Shelley, and the “Hyperion” of Keats. It abounds in passages nobly conceived and eloquently expressed, with thoughts sometimes sublime and always elevated. The accompanying selection, for the polish and harmony of its numbers, and for the repose and beauty of its colouring, may be classed among the choicest utterances of the English Muse :—

“Deep in the shade of high o’erarching trees,
 Birches and beeches, elms and knotted oaks,

A fountain murmur'd with a pleasant sound,
Not often through those thick umbrageous leaves
Pierced the full glory of the noon-day sun ;
Not often through those pendulous branches hoar
Glitter'd the mellow radiance of the moon.
A cool dim twilight, with perpetual haze,
Crept through the intricate byways of the wood,
And hung like vapour on the ancient trees.
The place was musical with sweetest sounds,
The fountains sang a soft, monotonous song ;
The leaves and branches rustled to the wind
With whisper'd melody ; the waving grass
Answer'd the whisper in a softer tone ;
While morn and eve, the midnight and the noon,
Were listeners to the rapturous minstrelsy
Of lark and linnet, nightingale and thrush,
And all the feather'd people of the boughs.

In this calm nook, secluded from the world,
The marble statue of a nymph antique
Stood in the shadow. Radiant were her limbs
With modesty ; her upturn'd face was bright
With mental glory and serene repose ;
The full round arms and figure to the midst
Display'd the charm of chastest nudity ;
A flowing drapery round her lower limbs
In ample folds conceal'd the loveliness,
The majesty, and glory of the form.
One hand was raised and pointed to the stars,
The other resting on her snow-white breast,
Seem'd as it felt the pulsing of her heart ;
She stood the symbol of enraptured thought
And holy musing. At her feet an urn
Pour'd in a marble fount a constant stream
Of limpid water ; sacred seem'd the place
To philosophic and religious calm ;
The very wind that stirr'd the upper boughs
Seem'd as attuned to choral harmonies.
Upon the pedestal these words inscribed,
In Grecian character, reveal'd her name,
' Egeria '—he who seeks her here shall find,
' Love be his light and purity his guide.' "

The plan of "Egeria, or, the Spirit of Nature," is airy and elegant. In this poem the poet discusses, through his characters, a variety of subjects, not in the mystical language of the dreamer or the speculatist, but with the calm assurance of ascertained truth. He perplexes the judgment by no remote inquiries; obstructs it by no metaphysical subtleties; wearies it by no long *resumés* of worn-out theories. He discourses in the clearest language of the newest truths, whilst over all is shed the sunlight of the poetic mind, mellowed by the dreamy beauties of sensibility and love. He that shall think my encomiums hyperbolic, let him take "Egeria" into some quiet nook and peruse it for himself.

In this poem are displayed the prominent characteristics of Mackay's genius. His love of truth, his contempt of all assumption, his detestation of all sanctimonious hypocrisy are all shadowed forth distinctly in this fine production. "Who," he cries—

" Who shall escape
The thralldom of his country and his time?
Who shall be wiser than the living age?
* * The unhappy Jews
Who crucified the Lord of Heaven and Earth,
Were but the types of modern prejudice;
For were the ' Saviour ' to descend again
Amid the money-changers of our marts,
To preach the doctrine that He taught before,
The self-adoring hypocrites would swarm
In every market-place, and shout His name
With curses on His innovating creed.

* * * *
Where is the Christian of our Christendom?
Eyes cannot see him—sense discover him.
The very Christian in all deed and thought
Existed in this wretched world but once,
And He was hated, scourged, and crucified!"

Than the following definition of Piety, what can be more eloquent, more just, or more pure?—

" She is not rigid as fanatics dream,
But warm as Love and beautiful as Hope,
Prop of the weak, the crown of humbleness,
The clue of doubt, the eyesight of the blind,
The heavenly robe and garniture of clay!

He that is crown'd with this supernal crown
Is lord and sovereign of Himself and Fate,
And angels are His friends and ministers.

Clad in this raiment, ever white and pure,
The wayside mire is harmless to defile,
And rudest storms sweep impotently by.

* * * *

The noblest domes, the haughtiest palaces,
That know her not, have ever open gates
Where Misery may enter at her will.

But from the threshold of the poorest hut
Where she sits smiling, Sorrow passes by,
And owns the spell that robs her of her sting."

I would willingly cull more of the numberless flowers that adorn this poem ; but by doing so I anticipate, or perhaps mar the future enjoyment of the reader. Nevertheless, I cannot forbid myself the pleasure of quoting the following lines :—

" Amid the water-lilies of the lake
A boat sped noiselessly. The rowers twain
Lay on their oars. Most lovely was the night.
The round full moon reflected on the breast
Of those calm waters her unclouded orb ;
The mountain tops were bathed in silver sheen ;
A holy silence, a divine repose,
Slept on the waters, on the hills and skies.
Nought but the ripple lapping on the boat
Broke on the stillness. All the winds were hush'd ;
A deep serenity pervaded air.
The silent stars revolving evermore
With ceaseless motion through the Infinite,
Preach'd to the soul their holy homilies,
Of little Time, and great Eternity."

The "Legends of the Isles" are a series of poems and ballads, "illustrative," to use the author's own words, "of the romantic scenery and history of the Hebrides, and the adjoining mainland of Scotland."

Unlike Burns, the perusal of whose poems is constantly interrupted, and sometimes marred by the labour of glossarial reference, Mackay sings to us in the purest English, enlivened by descriptions

of distant scenes and narrations of unfamiliar events. Powerful in all he undertakes, these lyrics glow with a concentrated strength of passion, that finds no equal save in the effusions of his notable predecessor, Burns. Here the artifice of rhythmical sweetness is strikingly manifest. The flow and musical movement of the stanzas sing to us songs that seem to well forth from its own intrinsic melody, irrespective of the sentiments it conveys, or the glorious old Scotch traditions it enshrines. Sense and sound were never more harmoniously combined. That they should have promoted the love and reinvigorated the enthusiasm of the "canny Scot" for his native hills and sublime histories; that they should have exercised an almost surprising influence over the minds of those capable of discriminating between native excellence and imitated charms; and that they should have given birth to many echoes—some not wholly unworthy of the cause that conspired to provoke them, will surprise none to whom these poems may be familiar. In them malignity can find nothing to denounce nor envy to oppose. They are written with no ambition of elegance, with no ostentation of grandeur. They are paraded before us with no prefatorial encomiums; nor are we harassed by the repetition of tedious well-known truths. Whatever elegance there is, like the perfume of the flower, is innate, and eminently appertaining to the spirit that endows their vitality; whatever grandeur there is, is born with the imagery with which the fertile and vigorous mind of the poet renders impressive all that he portrays.

Scotland has had many poets. Thomas of Ercildoune, Barbour, Dunbar, Drummond, Mickle, Ramsay, Beattie, Macpherson, Burns, Campbell, Scott, Aytoun, are names which the world will not willingly let die. To this list must be added Charles Mackay: if not the greatest, certainly second to none amongst them all.

Mackay is great in description. He stands, like a magician, upon some lofty eminence—upon one of the heaven-kissing peaks of his native land—and points to an array of scenery magnificently wild and stern. The "Highland Ramble" trembles beneath this opulence of description. Lakes, mountains, skies, the

"Mighty boulder-stone,
Roll'd from a precipice to stand alone—
Memento of convulsions that had wrung
The hills to agony when earth was young;"

are all here grouped together with the hand of a master. It is

the word-painting of a poetic Salvator Rosa. We breathe the "difficult air" of the mountain top, peer over the rude and rugged edge of the precipice, survey with him the placid lake and the graceful seagulls who, plumed in snowy-white,"—

"Follow the creaming furrow of the prow
With easy pinion pleasurable slow."

Yonder is the western sky,—

"Belted with purple—lined with amber—tinged
With fiery gold—with blushing purple fringed."

"Most lovely!" he exclaims,—

"Oh, most beautiful and grand
Were all the scenes of this romantic land!
Isle after isle with grey empurpled rocks,
Breasted in steadfast majesty the shocks
Stupendous, of the wild Atlantic wave!
Many a desolate sonorous cave
Re-echoed through its inmost vaults profound
The mighty diapason and full sound
Of Corryvreckan—awful orator!—
Preaching to lonely isles with eloquent roar."

The "Highland Ramble" as a descriptive poem—it aims at no further excellence—is simple and beautiful. It is valuable as a record of genuine poetic feelings awakened to enthusiasm by scenes ennobling and majestic.

The "Legends of the Isles" abound in many little exquisite touches of Nature. They are like flowers constantly springing up in your path as you advance. In this power of associating what is just and good in man with what is striking and exalted in nature, is easily discerned the genius of the *Humanist*; of the poet who sees throughout all nature one great link—one supreme bond; a unity that reconciles the vast with the minute; the mountain with the atom; Nature with Man. He creates a sympathy between all things; a mutual dependence amongst all things. Man exists not for himself alone: he lives for Nature and Nature lives for him. The invisible agents of the world minister to him; their genial influence operates upon his heart; he lives and moves in an atmosphere of love, and Purity;—Perfection, Religion are the results.

Of the beauties of these poems the Scotch doubtless have a keener appreciation than ourselves. Redolent as they are with the

fresh fragrance of the heath-clad North, they must necessarily wield a subtler influence over the hearts of those whose memories throng with Gaelic tradition, and whose enthusiasm is always alive to Scotland's glory. Nevertheless, as fragments of Scottish Song, England ranks them among the sweetest echoes of the Northern Muse.

Of our author's remaining works the "Salamandrine" will by some be esteemed his masterpiece. Its fiction is graceful and pleasing, its numbers rich and melodious, and its sentiments pure and impassioned. Since the days of Moore, Love has never found so harmonious an advocate. It has all the poetic colouring and dreamy voluptuousness of the "Fire-worshippers," and in its higher flights we are sometimes reminded of the majesty and grandeur of the muse of Byron. To the truth of this the following stanzas sufficiently testify :—

" Happy the lot of those who cannot see
Down the dark vistas of futurity ;
But happier far who never seeks to know
What God in mercy hides from men below !
And oh, most sad, most miserable lot,
To know the future, though we wish it not ;—
To read our fate's enigma in the gloom,
Yet have no cunning to avert the doom !
To see the phantoms, though we shut our eyes,
And grow more wretched as we grow more wise !

* * * * *

Now from his eastern couch the sun,
Erewhile in cloud and vapour hidden,
Rose in his robes of glory dight ;
And skywards, to salute his light,
Upsprang a choir, unbidden
Of joyous larks, that, as they shook
The dew-drops from their russet pinions,
Peal'd forth a hymn so glad and clear,
That darkness might have paused to hear—
Pale sentinel on Morn's dominions—
And envied her the flood of song
Those happy minstrels pour'd along.

The lovers listen'd. Earth and heaven
Seem'd pleas'd alike to hear the strain ;

And Gilbert, soften'd by the song,
 Forgot his momentary pain.
 'Happy,' said he, 'belovèd maid,
 Our lives might flow 'mid scenes like this;
 Still eve might bring us dreams of joy,
 And morn awaken us to bliss.
 I could forgive thy jealous brother;
 And Mora's quiet shades might be,
 Bless'd with the love of one another,
 A Paradise to thee and me.

'Yes, peace and love might build a nest
 For us amid these vales serene,
 And Truth should be our constant guest,
 Amid these pleasant wild woods green.
 My heart should never nurse again
 The once fond dreams of young Ambition;
 And Glory's light should lure in vain,
 Lest it should lead to Love's perdition;
 Another light should round me shine,
 Belovèd, from those eyes of thine!' "

Though the elegance of fiction may please the fancy, it yet requires penetration of thought to impress the heart. That poetry appeals in vain to the feelings which comes recommended only by melody of rhythm or artifice of construction. It may amuse for awhile, but it certainly will not last. Like the notes of those refrains that catch the ear and become popular for an hour, such airiness is constantly giving way to new levities; for men, like children, always thirst for something new.

But the poet of Nature, he who penetrates and records the operations of that mighty spirit which is ever living and moving around us, builds his thoughts upon truths durable as the world itself. Nature is his mistress, and Nature he imitates; and the more faithful is his imitation the longer is his chance of being remembered; for the hills and the sky, and the rivers and the flowers, and men's passions and human emotions, are always before us; yet we never tire of them, nor do we ever tire of him who represents them to us as they are.

This position, infinitely older than Aristotle, and known to those giants who stand to our retrospection marking the epochs of human

intelligence in the past, Mackay seems to have comprehended and accepted. The result is a series of compositions in which Nature, human and inanimate, finds itself copiously reflected; the result, also, a constant dignity of thought attained by a steady commune with Nature; for Nature, whenever she speaks, always utters a profound truth.

But it is the art of the poet to make music of these truths which fall so harshly and laconically from Nature's lips. He weds them to the choicest melody, and

"So they fall upon the ear,
And slide into the soul."

Mackay has, therefore, told us truths in numbers of which the richness and variety, whilst they add something to the importance of his teaching, equally discover him the master of a style masculine, correct, and copious. Of this many of his songs bear ample evidence. The following will suffice to display its smoothness:—

"Leave me alone one day with Nature's beauty,—
One day—one night—an alien to my care:
The needful rest will nerve my soul to duty,
And give me strength to struggle and to bear.

"If it be true that Love is born to sorrow,
That Hope deceives, and Friendship fades away,—
Let the sad wisdom slumber till to-morrow,
Nor stand between me and this summer-day."

His songs recall that freshness and *naïveté* that distinguish the early ballads of this country. Their homeliness is delightful, and they smack of all the ripe honesty of a man who sings with a purpose. What this purpose is, his songs themselves declare. They are eminently adapted to the precise end which they seek to attain; and if they do not always rise to the higher strains of poetry, they are certainly never degraded by the coarse or by the familiar. His object apparently, in the greater number of his songs, is to make mankind contented with their lot; not by that strange philosophy which exalts or softens the state of one man by a comparison with the misery of another, but by letting the poor labourer know that, whilst he has a wife to cheer him and a cottage to shelter him, children to love him and a Father to pray to, he is wealthy in spite of the opinion of the iron world without.

One of the characteristics of the times, and one [by which

posterity will very readily discern the present age, is our great love of teaching. We are, each to each and all to all, instructors. We all conceive ourselves to be ministers sent upon this ball of earth, each the deputed executor of—to use a cant word of the day—a “mission.” Never was England in possession of so many philosophers as it has now. We are saturated with ethics. Morality lurks in every crevice, peeps out of every corner. Whether it be a poem or an essay, a magazine or a novel, a newspaper article or a critical review, Morality is behind it, holding it with “Mission” stamped upon her brow. Wise men account for this in the extraordinary influx of female writers in the domains of literature. Be this as it may, the fact is singular and, in a measure, amusing.

That there is a purpose in Mackay’s songs none will deny; but that he writes as if he had a “mission” to perform, cannot without injustice be advanced. No living author is more free from all cant, from all assumption of superiority, from all impertinence of constant indoctrination. As a child that

“Singing, dancing to itself,”

fills the mind of a beholder with gladness, and thus points a lesson beyond the reach of art or words; so his songs by the very music of their cheerfulness imparts joy to the heart of the reader, mutely teaching him content whilst they busily advocate the Right—and this free from the tedium of an ethical code, or the hackneyed maxims of an orthodox creed. How superior this is to the rhyming cant of our moral versifiers posterity will decide.

But his songs yet claim a higher recognition than that of poetic beauty or of metrical harmony. Wedded to the melodies of Henry Russell—a man who for originality of conception, felicity of execution, and power and breadth of dramatic pathos and effect, may be justly ranked among the first of English musicians—many of his songs have exercised an influence over the public mind such as has been seldom or never equalled by other writers. His “Cheer boys, cheer!” “There’s a Good Time Coming,” “To the West,” “Far, far upon the Sea,” “The Dream of the Reveller,” are compositions which, allied to Russell’s melodies, find an echo in all men’s hearts, and are as familiar in the wilds of Australia or America as they are in the streets of London. Indeed, to many of these songs the United States and our colonies owe a large proportion of the populations which have converted desert plains into stately cities.

Of our author’s remaining works I have but little room to speak.

“Under Green Leaves” is the title of a collection of minor poems, mostly displaying the grace and polish that distinguish his longer productions. One especially recommends itself by the energy of its diction and the originality of its thoughts. It is called “Thor’s Hammer,” and the moral it conveys is unexpected and impressive. In the following verses will be discovered something of the ease and felicity of Pope or Campbell:—

“To sin and prosper made the world a friend ;
To lie was venial—if it served an end ;
’Twas wise to cringe ; ’twas politic to bend.

“To steal for pence was dastardly and mean ;
To rob for millions, with a soul serene,
Soil’d not the fingers—all success was clean.

“Each needy villain haggled for his price ;
The base self-worship spawn’d with every vice,
Its love was lust, its prudence avarice.

“Its courage cruelty ; its anger hate ;
Its caution lies ;—the little and the great
Denied the gods and dared the blows of Fate.”

Of Mackay’s other poems I need make no analysis. The “Lump of Gold,” “Voices from the Mountain,” “Sketches from the Antique,” all belong to that high order of merit which the readers of his previous works had a right to anticipate.

Throughout all his poetry we trace an imagination copious and original ; a mind discriminating and just ; a heart generous and true. He is the vindicator and supporter of all that is good, as he is the contemner and foe of all that is ignoble in our nature. He belongs to an order of men of whom England and English literature may be justly proud ; those who in each age have contributed to the advancement whilst they have purified the manners of their contemporaries.

OBITUARY OF THE MONTH.

May 30th.—M. Van der Weyer, who so long held among us the post of Belgian Ambassador, died recently at his house in Arlington Street, aged 72. He was almost as much identified with the kingdom of Belgium as King Leopold himself, and his career demands a special notice, which is well supplied by the following account taken from the *Standard* :—“ When quite a young man, M. Van der Weyer attached himself to the party that advocated a separation from Holland and the erection of the States into a separate and independent kingdom. The first energetic outburst of insurrection against Dutch authority alarmed what were then the absolute Powers of Europe, and the insurgents were glad to place themselves under the joint protection of England and France, and to accept any king of their election. The result showed that they would hardly have chosen for themselves so well. The sagacity, tact, and moderation of their king obtained for the little country a consideration among the great Powers of Europe far beyond its own pretensions. Among the earliest opportunities Leopold had for the display of those qualities was the choice of his ambassadors, and in selecting M. Van der Weyer as his representative at the English Court he gave an eminent proof of his judgment and knowledge of men. The minister was in fact a reflex of the king, with the same cool and clear judgment, the same enlarged views, the same kindly disposition, superadded to a genial and gracious manner which is wanting for the most part in the cold and stately princes of the House of Coburg. M. Van der Weyer had a difficult part to play in his new sphere. By the English Ministers he was of course received with the distinction which was due to the monarch he represented and to the kingdom which they had so large a share in setting up; but there were many Englishmen who regarded the creation of the Belgian kingdom as a mere preliminary to its final absorption into France, and a reversal of all that had been done with so much pains at the Congress of Vienna to prevent that country from again becoming the arbitress of Europe. By the

absolutist Governments on the Continent the upstart State was regarded with undisguised dislike, and their foreign Ministers faithfully reflected the feelings of their respective Courts. It was against difficulties such as these that the Belgian Minister had to make his way when he first came amongst us. He was not long, however, in establishing his position. He never forgot what was due to his own dignity, or rather that of the State which he served ; but his firmness in this respect was combined with so much tact, temper, and delicate address, all resting upon a solid substratum of good sense, that the consideration which was at first coldly conceded to the Minister was soon cheerfully given to the man ; and the influence which he exercised over the members of the diplomatic body, owing to the opinion they formed of his personal judgment, was gradually and insensibly extended to the kingdom whose interests he had to guard. And so it came to pass that by slow degrees, and as the result of many years' patient, conscientious, and unobtrusive labour, M. Van der Weyer had earned for himself an esteem and for his country a consideration which were not always accorded to Ministers and to countries of much higher pretensions. His residence in London commenced in 1830. Five years later the retirement of the Nothomb Ministry necessitated his recall, and he became head of the new Government, with the title of Minister of the Interior. This post he held until 1846, when he resigned in consequence of the differences between the Liberals and the Catholics on the question of public instruction. He returned to London as Ambassador in 1851, and retained the post until 1867. M. Van der Weyer, during his residence in London, did not confine himself merely to the discharge of his official duties. In his younger and more vigorous days he was often to be found on the platforms of meetings for the moral welfare of the people or for the advancement of the interests of art and science, and, more than three parts Englishman as he had become, he was an effective speaker there. It need not be added that in the more social gatherings of art and literature he was a welcome guest. Like his colleague and friend, Baron Bunsen, he was on intimate terms with the most eminent men of the day ; and all this time he was discharging his diplomatic duties so fully and satisfactorily that King Leopold reposed the fullest confidence in him, and there was never any question of his recall. He remained at his post till advancing years and increasing infirmities warned him to retire to that quiet retreat to which his faithful service of more than thirty years had fully entitled him. He did

not, however, seek for his retreat in his native country. A liking for the people, the manners, and the habits of this country had insensibly grown upon him during his long residence, and he resolved to end his days where the best years of his life had been spent." It should be stated that M. Van der Weyer married an English lady, the daughter of the late Mr. Joshua Bates. His remains were interred at Braywood Church, Winkfield, near Windsor. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and Prince Christian attended the funeral. The Queen was represented at the ceremony by Sir Thomas Biddulph, and her Majesty sent a wreath of flowers, which was placed on the coffin of the deceased statesman.

June 17th.—Suddenly, Sir Stephen Glynne, Bart., of Hawarden, Flint, aged 67. He was walking from the Shoreditch Station when he was seized with illness, which shortly terminated in death. Sir Stephen Glynne, who was a brother of Mrs. Gladstone, the wife of the late Premier, was the 9th Baronet, the honour having been first conferred on Sir William Glynne, son of Lord Chief Justice Glynne of the Commonwealth. He was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, and succeeded his father in the baronetcy in 1815. From 1832 to 1837 he represented Flint (Borough), and from 1837 to 1847 sat for the County in Parliament. This ancient baronetcy, by his melancholy death, becomes extinct. The family of Glynne is one of high antiquity in Wales, deriving its origin from Cilmin-Troed-Dhũ, founder of the fourth noble tribe of North Wales, who flourished about the year 850.

June 20th.—The death of Sir Charles Fox, C.E., is announced, aged 64. He was the youngest son of Dr. Fox, of Derby, and in early life studied for the medical profession, but relinquished it and became an engineer. He assisted Ericsson at the trial of locomotive engines on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway in 1829, and afterwards was attached to the staff in constructing the London and Birmingham Railway. In 1850 he built the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, and afterwards built the Crystal Palace. Since 1857 Sir Charles Fox has practised in London as a Civil and Consulting Engineer. On the opening of the first Exhibition he had the honour of Knighthood conferred on him, together with Sir William Cubitt and Sir Joseph Paxton.

EDITH DEWAR ;

OR,

GLIMPSES OF SCOTTISH LIFE AND MANNERS IN
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY COLIN RAE-BROWN,

AUTHOR OF "THE DAWN OF LOVE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

PAPAL AND OTHER POLITICS.

DURING the last few days of the otherwise pleasant sojourn at Chamouni, Edith had been almost a close attendant at Miss Allan's bedside. The Glasgow heiress was subject, though at long intervals, to acute nervous headache, and this visitation proved unusually severe. Madame Dessenon and Mrs. Roberts were most assiduous in their attentions, and were admirable sick-nurses; but Edith gave them little or no opportunity of fairly taking charge of the patient; this was a duty which she thought devolved on her, not only by the right of companionship, but in consequence of the unremitting attention which she had experienced at Mabel's hands prior to leaving the Rue de la Paix. It was only in the forenoon of the day which preceded that on which they began the return journey that Mabel could be considered at all convalescent; and during the evening, and throughout Dr. Guthrie's animated description of his visit to the Oberland and Zwingli's monument, it required all her tact to appear a thoroughly pleased and deeply interested listener.

She was far from being thoroughly well when the party started for Paris on the following morning, and, under other circumstances, would have preferred remaining yet a few more days at Chamouni, but she had become possessed by a certain feeling of disquiet and

uneasiness—as yet undefinable to herself—which continually prompted change of place and circumstances as a means of relief, and which enabled her to bear the necessary fatigue of travel with comparative complacency: Edith being as attentive as ever, notwithstanding the presence of a certain gentleman who heartily wished for Mabel's speedy return to complete convalescence.

On reaching Paris the ladies drove direct to the *pension*, while the gentlemen proceeded to the Hôtel de Lisle et d'Albion, Dr. Guthrie bidding his fair companions good-bye, it being his intention to start for London very early on the following morning.

It was Melville's first visit to the "gayest capital in Europe," but he experienced none of that ecstasy which, under similar circumstances, so many travellers have described as being their predominating state of mind. Rightly or wrongly, he had formed no great estimate of French character or progress.

Deeply read in her history from the very earliest periods, he looked upon

"Beautiful France! romantic, smiling land!"

as having been long the prey of selfish factions: now monarchical, now priestly, now democratic, and now sanguinary; and he attributed all these phases of national life to an entire absence of true patriotism. He had, in short, come to the definite conclusion that but very few modern Frenchmen were patriotic enough to love their country better than themselves. Strangely enough, while strolling in the garden of the Hotel at Geneva, he had made the acquaintance of a gentleman who had once been mayor of an important town in the north of France, and who, in the course of conversation regarding the Empire—how it had re-risen, and what was likely to be its future—frankly made the following admission:—

"I know your country well, and England too; I have not only read much of their past history, but I have lived in each of them for months at a time. *You British have always been, and I believe still are, patriots for your country's sake; but in my country almost every man is a patriot for himself.* If he cannot make himself great, he will not sacrifice much for his country!"

National pride and vanity, coupled with habits which have resulted in the most reprehensible dissipation of "golden time," and, latterly, crowned Folly and Fashion on the highest pedestals of Fame were, in Melville's opinion, the chief characteristics of modern France.

Few if any of the associations of Paris possessed anything like real

fascination for either of the gentlemen who had just taken up their quarters in the Rue St. Honoré. They were not, however, insensible—far otherwise—to the many architectural beauties with which Paris abounds, or to such unrivalled Art treasures as the Louvre and the Luxembourg contain; but they had no sympathy with the more than questionable wall decorations at Versailles, which, in full scenic style, display the yet more questionable and ever-bloody “glory of la Belle France.” In this Walhalla, one huge canvas after another serves but to make plain the rocks on which modern France has split again and yet again. Glory followed by disaster—Vanity ending in humiliation.

No vast triumphs of science, or of political or social progress, have ever been chronicled as French products; and, of late years, the soil has become more famous than ever for the growth of refined Vice.

France, politically, religiously, and socially considered, became a theme of conversation with the trio of Scotsmen that evening.

Dr. Guthrie said he hoped that he would never be set down as a bigot, but confessed to the holding of views in every way antagonistic to what he called “papal politics.”

“Wherever,” he added, “these politics prevail the country seems accursed. No branch of the original Catholic Church—not even the somewhat crude Greek offshoot—practises the deceitful arts or fulminates the noxious dogmas which distinguish the Roman Catholic section. They are simply subversive of all the obligations of the creature to his Creator, and set up one miserable man—supported by hordes of crouching satellites—as the possessor of divine attributes, and the dispenser of absolute forgiveness for crimes of the deepest dye. It is painful enough to see the educated followers of this religion crossing their foreheads with consecrated water, or sucking similarly sanctified wafers, or kissing mimic crucifixes; but when we find them purchasing absolution—sometimes before their misdeeds are committed—common sense revolts and indignantly scouts the notion that such planned conspiracies against religion and morality are to be tolerated as ‘mere fanaticism.’ I had known not a little of ‘papal politics’ from actual experience in Scotland, but never until I perused Michelet’s admirable work, ‘Priests, Women, and Families,’ had I formed any adequate idea of the influence which the clericals exercise in the domestic circles of those countries where the Romish religion exists in force. Where the priest is in power, the father of the family is simply a nonentity in

every sense of the term. Throughout Spain, Italy, and France, plots and counterplots, revolts and revolutions, radiate forth from the nursery to the entire fabric of the bodies social and political, establishing anarchy and bloodshed as component elements of the very air that is breathed in these otherwise smiling lands. If such things come of a necessity from clerical influence and the Christian religion, how much better the world would have been without the one or the other !

“ It is more than monstrous to think that the arbitrary powers of this Roman priesthood in Ireland should mainly be attained through the ignorance of their infatuated people ; but so it is. The lower orders of them are absolutely sunk in the deepest depths of mental and physical debasement, and emit most pestilential influences wherever they congregate. Want, misery, and crime are their sole heirlooms from generation to generation ; but ignorant, degraded, and degrading though they are, we may not lay the blame at the miserable doors of these poor deluded creatures. The intelligence of the priesthood has brought them to this pass—that intelligence which prophesies the speedy downfall of their Church when knowledge shall run down the streets and the light of reason stream in through every chink and cranny. As matters are at present, and have been for ages past, the “ lower Irish ” are born, bred, and buried in absolute ignorance. Loud in their cry for freedom from the yoke of Britain, whose industry and order feeds them, they suffer the treasonable chains of Rome to be forged round soul and body.

“ There never is permanent rest where papal politics are dominant, and I much fear that this very France is presently having the foundations of her enforced peace thoroughly sapped through the insidious waves of Roman influence. The Vatican is all powerful in the boudoir of the Empress, who is said to be the most faithful daughter of Holy Mother Church. And what must be the offshoot of such a faithful one’s friendship ? We shall ere long see some fresh effort to render France the Monarch of Nations, so that the Father of the Daughter may be enabled to move the world by its invulnerable aid and vast *prestige*—and perhaps the result may be more than ever disastrous to the peace and prosperity of this fair land, than which no other country under the sway of civilization has been so drenched with bloody baptisms. When, in its state of childlike indecision, freed from the throes of the sanguinary Revolution, she sprang into the arms of the clever Corsican, France little knew what a sea of horrors was, through her agency, about

to overflow Europe. I have no hesitation in saying that the advent of Napoleon proved more disastrous to Europe than a thousand plagues. If ever a dynasty is doomed to the pitiless obloquy of a cool-judging future it is that of the Buonapartes. There is not one redeeming feature in the whole career of the first Napoleon—not one—and the second of the name now in power will have to achieve more than the mere brilliance and fashion which distinguish this same Paris before he wipes out the blood-stains, or cools the heart-burnings of that murderous Coup-d'Etat. In God's providence it seems we are to have periodical scourges of one kind and another—results of moral and intellectual shortsightedness—and of a verity, the world has had a fearful example of such in these same Napoleons. Once gone, may we never look upon their like again!”

Melville and Lade showed many little proofs of their entire coincidence with the foregoing pithy utterances during their rapid delivery, and both gave it as their decided opinion that the present prosperity of France was more seeming than real or permanent.

“I am strongly of opinion,” said Melville, as he and Lade bade good-bye to Dr. Guthrie—it being now bedtime, “that the present magnificent state of things here covers a rotten state of moth-eatenness at the core. The heads of the State are not allowed all this profusion without sharing liberally with those swarms of princes, marshals, generals, and the like—a general state of effeteness which must ruin discipline. Where would France be were a war to overtake her now? She would be as helpless as a drunken man aroused for battle in the night.”

Mutually arranging to “foregather” with the reverend gentleman before long in Scotland, the two young men bade him a cordial good-night, and wished him a pleasant homeward journey.

CHAPTER XXII.

GOING NORTH: ON THE CLYDE.

THE following morning Lade and Melville called at the *pension* according to arrangement. Greatly to their astonishment and much to their delight—the delight of one of the gentlemen in particular—they found that Edith had received a letter from Kildonald, awaiting her arrival in Paris, requesting her to take up

her abode for some months with Mrs. Macdonald, formerly Ellen Macneill, at Dunoon, Argyleshire. Her father gave as his reason for making this request the fact of his having been appointed by the last General Assembly to visit Canada in connexion with certain interests of the Church of Scotland. Mabel had previously arranged to return home with her cousin, and was uncertain till they reached Paris whether Edith would accompany her to Scotland. It has since been said that her uncertainty bore some resemblance to a wish that Edith might *not* be going North just yet. Be that as it may, she exhibited nothing short of exuberant joy at the prospect of their all returning together. Moreover, her parents were now living at their marine residence in the vicinity of Dunoon, and she knew how delighted her father would be to find such an opportunity had turned up of making acquaintance with "good people." Ellen Macneill's husband, now Colonel Macdonald, belonged to a very aristocratic "county family;" and, altogether, Mabel thought her sojourn in France—not forgetting the run to Chamouni as well—had turned out one of the very best of her father's arrangements for getting his daughter "put forward in the world." The little woman was quite happy in turning over and over in her busy brains the multitudinous schemes with which it had become filled; the centre object of them all—round which everything moved, and to which all things were ultimately to converge—being *herself*.

Not a few personages of both sexes, and of widely different ages, were to take part in the little dramas which her active mind was shaping forth in outline for future performance, and she took upon herself the managerial duties with the utmost complacency, looking upon all the "characters" she had to bring forward as the merest puppets in her hands. And provided Mabel had had only to do with people like her own father and mother—with all their penny-wise shrewdness—she would have proved the controlling and direct power wherever she established herself in society. Mr. and Mrs. Allan were entirely governed by their sharpwitted and particularly selfish daughter, but they did not know it. One of her plans, and that which she meant to develope first of all, was the taking of Edith by storm, before the latter had allowed Melville to make any lasting impression on her good opinion.

Mabel calculated thus: "If Edith sees that I am really in earnest, any little sensation of 'liking' for him will vanish. She knows that I am very determined when I fairly make up my mind to

carry out a resolve, and she will never dare to set herself up in opposition to me. She would be thoroughly afraid of the worry which such a state of things would entail upon her, and give him up at once. Or"—this was her other strong point—"Edith's gentle nature will constrain her to make some little sacrifice (it cannot yet be a great one, if one at all) to secure my future happiness. She is thoroughly soft in that respect (much softer, she might have added, than me) and would feel acute pain if she thought any act of hers would render another person miserable for life. I shall, therefore, make her my confidante without much further delay, and she will then be in a position which will effectually prevent those consequences which I so greatly dread."

Such were the cogitations of the Glasgow heiress when she found what were the contents of Dr. Dewar's letter. She was all ambition, as the reader already knows, and fate could not have put in her way a better stepping-stone to its goal than the highly connected, wealthy, and handsome Minister-to-be. Through a marriage with him she might mix with the very *élite* of society; penetrating to exclusive circles which the best of mercantile people never reach.

She already flattered herself that she had, at all events, made some "impression" on Melville through trotting out her father's extensive business connexions at home and abroad, their town and country establishments, carriages, &c., &c.—she considered all clergymen more or less mercenary—and, partly with the view of letting Edith see how the land lay, but more especially because she could not help it, she had recently taken to saying the most flattering things about Melville.

Madame Dessenon quietly thought to herself that Miss Allan would meet with a disappointment, she saw what was passing in the little woman's mind, but Edith only felt pleased to hear eulogium after eulogium passed on one whom she herself considered the "pink of perfection"—no other feeling having made itself plain to her inner consciousness as yet—and she heartily expressed her entire approval of every word which Mabel uttered in Fabian's praise.

While all parties were discussing the preliminary arrangements for leaving Paris on the following day, Madame Dessenon's servant handed in a visitor's card. Madame at once passed it over to Mabel, whom it seemed almost to petrify with astonishment.

"Papa here?" she exclaimed, "I was never so astounded by anything in my life. Here he comes."

As the old gentleman entered, Mabel gave him quite an affectionate salute, and so soon as he was free to do so, he paid his respects to the other ladies, and received an introduction to Melville through his friend Lade.

"I have taken you all by storm," he said; "and really I was so taken myself two days ago in consequence of a telegram which I received regarding some weighty business matters at Marseilles. I am now on my way there, and mean Mabel to accompany me, then she and I can return together to Scotland. We shall not be detained more than a fortnight. It will be a fine trip for you, Mab, won't it?"

But Mabel, as may well be supposed, thought very differently, though there were many reasons why she could not say what her thoughts were. She knew that Colonel Macdonald was already remaining at Dunoon longer than he had intended—his military duties in London requiring frequent personal attention—so as to keep Mrs. Macdonald company till Edith arrived, and she also knew that both of the young gentlemen had made definite arrangements in Scotland during the ensuing week, so that neither Edith nor they could well delay starting for the North on the following day. She felt thoroughly checkmated, and her dreams that night were far from being pleasant or consolatory. In fact, she had suddenly become intensely jealous of Edith, her worthy father contributing not a little to this result. After speaking aside and confidentially to Mabel regarding family affairs, the old gentleman had made Edith's appearance the subject of a few pungent remarks.

"I never," he said, "saw any young lady changed so much for the better, in so short a time, as your friend Miss Dewar. She was little better than a lath when I last left you and her in this very parlour two years ago, and now she has grown into quite a fine—I may say—quite a noble-looking woman. If I was a young fellow I would be out o' the body about her."

All Mabel could afford to say in return was that her friend had certainly got "much stouter," and was "not so hysterical as she used to be."

Every word her father had uttered in praise of Edith went to her heart like a knife.

"If," she argued with herself, "an unimpressible person like my father is so struck with Edith, what must be Melville's idea of

her. For my own part I see nothing wonderful about her, but men—there's no knowing men at times!" Mabel was miserable. She passed a restless, miserable night, and rose to pass a yet more miserable day.

David Allan and his daughter left Paris for Marseilles at four p.m. Edith, Melville, and Lade departed for Calais at six the same evening, and Madame Dessenon went to bed very early, quite disconsolate; she never knew till they all had gone how much she had become attached to "chère Edith."

The journey by train from Paris to Calais gave birth to no incidents greatly calculated to interest the reader. Suffice it to say, that the principal buffets on the line were liberally patronized by the young gentlemen, and that their gallantry was evinced by unremitting attention to Edith in every possible way.

Lade was an inveterate smoker, however, and every spare minute that he possibly could steal with a good grace was devoted to his meerschaum. Fabian had, therefore, no lack of opportunity, of which he took liberal advantage, to speak words of softer import than those even he had before uttered. Never fell words more welcomely on woman's ear than those of Fabian. They were tender if not impassioned, but freighted with so much warm sincerity and good sense that had Edith's heart been ten times more invulnerable it must at length have surrendered: even if it had not, as in this case, unconsciously done so already.

Calais to Dover. The lady below, the gentlemen on deck, all the way. A breezy, yet pleasant and quick passage for average good sailors, landed our travellers at the pier in good health and spirits. From Dover to London, equally rapid and agreeable.

Safely housed in the Euston Square Hotel, Edith helped to do the honours of a most *recherché* little supper—that over, all retired for the night. Next morning they started by mail train for Liverpool, from which they were to sail for Greenock, on the Clyde, the same evening.

Busy, bustling, mammon-worshipping Liverpool, looked even dingier than usual that grey October afternoon; but the cabin of the "Princess Royal," with its Eastern elegancies of furniture and decoration, added to real British comfort, soon diffused that cordial glow of pleasure which so wonderfully enhances the "romance of travel"—let hardship-hunters say what they will of the pleasure which results from overcoming dangers and difficulties. Some of my readers may not have enjoyed a thoroughly Scottish tea on board

one of the renowned Glasgow and Liverpool steam-fleet of those days, and it may not be out of place to describe the one which was provided in the "Princess Royal," a craft long to be remembered as one of the finest Clyde-built steamers which has ever plied between Glasgow and the Mersey.

On the evening referred to, some fifty passengers partook of this cheering and most social of all meals. The captain presided over a plenteous supply of fried white fish; at the opposite end of the table were chops and steaks in abundance, the side dishes were composed of cold roast fowl, sausages, and spiced beef. Marmalade and jellies had their places between the substantials. The toast and rolls were abundant, and the tea was of the finest quality. Such a feast, served with handsome services of plate, and all on a groundwork of damask, pure and stainless as virgin snow, proved wondrously inviting—especially as the sea was calm to stillness—and ample justice was done to the good things so munificently provided for the comparatively small sum of two shillings per head. The proprietors of those noble steamers were merchant princes—and they were wont to carry out all their arrangements in a truly princely style.

Railway competition has not improved the structure or conveniences of the once famous "Liverpool and Clyde steamers." There are no such floating palaces on that route now.

The travellers reached Glasgow—having come on by rail from Greenock—next afternoon. Edith was about to visit an old lady in the vicinity, for two days, before proceeding to Dunoon.

On the morning of the third day the two gentlemen met her, by appointment, to say "good-bye" at the steamboat wharf.

The parting between Edith and Fabian was somewhat constrained, Charlie had not yet been made a confidante. Nevertheless, where there is a will the way is easily found. At all events, they managed to arrange for a regular correspondence till the next happy meeting should take place. Edith had faith in one of the old servants at the Manse, and through her, letters might come with safety. In the meantime, she could easily get her letters at Dunoon.

As the steamer "Iona" glided gracefully through the crafts crowded at the busy Broomielaw of Glasgow, Edith's eyes and those of Fabian met in fond, straining looks, that fain would have annihilated the too rapidly increasing distance between them, and when at length each had faded from the other's sight, the outward world

became to both but chaos—the inner, a region of pleasantly-memorial regret.

Edith buried herself in a nook of the ladies' cabin, nor sought the deck again till the steamer was abreast of Dumbarton Castle, some fourteen miles below Glasgow. The sight of the venerable and no less renowned rock, recalled associations which had taken deep root from early readings in Scottish history, and they served for the time to drive away thoughts which had become too heavy to bear.

Her mind reverted to the eventful and chequered past of her native land—to the long, arduous, and death-crowned efforts of the heroic Wallace—to the never-forgotten infamy of his execrable betrayer, Monteith—to the marvellous perseverance and chivalrous achievements of Bruce—and back to the peaceful present, with the yet recent (first) visit of her Majesty to the Clyde and the Leven.

The morning was clear, and the great head and broad towering shoulders of Ben Lomond—his crown hidden in the mist—seemed those of a veritable Atlas, bearing up a universe of cloud.

Doing nearly twenty miles an hour, the gallant steamer sweeps past the long, low shores of Cardross, while the din of a thousand hammers tells of those enterprising shipbuilders, the Dennys, whose magnificent crafts have literally “bridged the ocean.”

Anon, bustling, grimy, rainy Greenock is reached, its noble Custom House discoursing of anything but government parsimony. However, it is only the old town and the old harbours of Greenock that are bustling and grimy, and, in spite of its damp reputation, it does not *always* rain there. In answer to a cockney querist who once asked a Greenockian if it did, the native quaintly replied, “No, sir, it sometimes snaws.” Greenock, or Greenaig—a sunny place,—must have had a drier character once on a time, and it still gives abundant proof now and then that the spirit of beauty has dwelt there. Visit its esplanade, studded with smiling villas, in May or June; behold the magnificent panorama of hill-encircled sea, the woods of Roseneath and Gareloch, and the sunny rays that light up the hill-tops as with gold, and then you have the Greenaig as in the days when it was named by the fishermen of the Western Highlands, its earliest settlers.

Opposite Greenock are the smiling villages of Helensburgh and Kilreggan—Strone and Blairmore to the left light up the hill-flanked shores of Lochlong; steamers go and come in rapid succes-

sion, crowded with passengers; majestic ships are anchored in the roadways; and, altogether, a more lively or exhilarating sight than that witnessed from the west end of Greenock—*on a dry day*—can scarcely be surpassed in any other part of her Majesty's dominions.

As the "Iona," having left Greenock quay, approached Gourrock Point, Lochlong opened up and displayed the grand old hills which guard Lochgoil, and, further up, the venerable peaks known as the "Cobbler and Wife:" stone deities, who are esteemed the guardian-angels, the Gog and Magog of Arrochar. Hunter's Quay, Kilm, and Dunoon, are now in the near distance, studded with charming villas, nestling in the brushwood which clothe the hill-sides, while no apparent outlet to the main sea is perceptible. At this point it was that Sheridan Knowles, when a resident of Bute, and a frequent traveller to and from Glasgow, was wont to raise up his hands and enthusiastically exclaim,—

"The hill, the loch, the rock, the sea,
Are glories, O my God, of Thee!"

Looking backwards, the traveller describes the peaks of ancient Dunbritton, and the whole panorama becomes so rich in charms as to warrant the enthusiasm of the native poet who says,—

"Beauty's blithe spirit breathes divinely here,
Clothing in smiles the landscape far and near:
Dumbarton's ancient twain-cleft rocks I see—
A noble monument of ancient chivalry—
Below, the shores of Cardross and Ardmore
Bask in the sunbeams as in days of yore:
The smiling village next, with life a throng,
Enlivens the fair scene—just as the song
That follows a rich, eloquent display
Yields a fresh charm, nor drives the old away.

"Embosom'd in a forestry of green,
The Ardencaple turrets here are seen—
Confronting modestly the bolder towers
Argyll hath reared above the lovely bowers
Of fair Roseneath—that simply sweet retreat
Where Nature's richest charms, commingling, meet.

"Inlets and bays indent Kilreggan shore,
Where smugglers oft their hard-earn'd booty bore:

Lochlong is opening up—as round I gaze—
 Its rugged peaks, hid by the morning haze,
 Sublimely tower above the point of Strone—
 O'er shores, once bare, now fully flank'd with stone :
 Close-pack'd, in one long range, the villas stand,
 Some rattled up at random, others plann'd.

“ Kilmun, I know, lies snugly round the way,
 Frequented still, though rather in decay ;
 Sandbank, on Hafton shore, the eye can reach—
 Its mimic mansions and its long, flat beach :
 Below, the Lazaretto house still stands,
 Though some rude knaves with sacrilegious hands,
 Have pull'd the quaint old Lazaretto down—
 To form upon its site a villa town.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

DUNOON, ARGYLESHIRE.

THE combination of mountainous and marine scenery which presents itself to the eye on approaching Dunoon from the north-east, has few, if any, equals in Europe, or elsewhere. Such is the oft expressed opinion of the “ oldest salts,” who have traversed almost every inch of ocean ; and more intellectual—though more circumscribed—travellers of both sexes have fully endorsed their verdict.

The shore on this part of the Clyde coast is generally covered with coarse shingle, though, in some places, such as the West Bay of Dunoon, there are redeeming expanses of beautiful sand well suited for bathing purposes. A back fringe of bold shelving rocks—a mingling of grey and white broken masses—form, with the shingle and occasional tracts of shining sand, a charming contrast in front of the rich woody greenery which clothes the interior of the district ; and from out of which specimens of Gothic, Norman, Baronial, and all the other orders of villa architecture may be seen peeping forth. Here and there, also, an aspiring turret displays a bit of bright scarlet bunting, and now and again a flashing, gilded spire reflects the sun's rays, the general effect being one elo-

quently expressive of "*Dulce, dulce domum*," as established at the sea-side.

As the steamer nears the pier, something like the ruins of an old fort may be distinguished on the summit of that conical green hill close to the shore, on the left. These remains are, comparatively, but a handful, yet they are the veritable mementos of that ancient castle of Dunoon which was held by King Robert the Bruce, of most august, patriotic memory, in the fourteenth century, and in which he ultimately established a descendant of the great MacCallum More, by name Campbell, as hereditary Governor or Baron. The present Duke of Argyll still claims the barony, though he has no property in the immediate neighbourhood. The Argyll of the ancient stronghold, in these early days, seems to have been seized with a somewhat similar ambition to that which more recently characterized the present heir of the Dukedom, having married the daughter of James the Fifth, a lady who, had she been born in lawful wedlock, would have been sister to the beautiful, oft betrayed, and finally murdered, Mary Queen o' Scots. In her happy days—alas! that they were so few in number—the Scottish Queen is said to have enjoyed the chase from Dunoon to Cowal, the still green and inviting hills of the latter district having then borne great reputation for their abundance of exciting sport.

When Edith had sailed "up the Clyde," on her way to Paris, some two years previous, her grief at parting with her mother had been too great and too recent to admit of her leaving the ladies' cabin till compelled to do so by the arrival of the steamer at Glasgow in the evening.

This was, therefore, her first near view of Dunoon and its immediate surroundings, and she felt as if she was approaching quite a smiling paradise. Colonel and Mrs. Macdonald met her on the pier, at the end of which their carriage waited, and the motherly greeting of the lady, together with the more "military" but unmistakably genuine welcome of the Colonel, served to enhance the beauties of nature with which she was everywhere surrounded.

As the carriage rolled along the shoreway, drawn by a pair of magnificent greys which seemed to revel in the fresh sea breeze that was playing round them, the opposite shore of the Clyde, also studded with gem-like structures, and the Cumbræ Islands and Lighthouse, added fresh charms to the ever unfolding panorama, calling forth eulogium after eulogium from the enraptured and irre-

pressible Edith, who yet had time, amidst all her expressions of delightful wonderment, to wish that a certain student of Sheridan Knowles had been by her side.

At Rossdhu House they were met on the broad white steps of the stately old mansion by Miss Macdonald, a young lady about Edith's own age, and the only child of the host and hostess.

Mary Macdonald was the very impersonation of Wordsworth's lowlier-stationed maid, of whom he said,—

“ Sweet Highland girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower ! ”

with this difference, that the heiress of Rossdhu numbered nearer thrice than “ twice seven summers.” Like Edith, she was tall, statuesque in figure, and gracefully developed ; but she was more “ brilliant ” in expression than her new companion, and full of glee and sparkle, such an one as would produce sunshine in the shadiest of all shady places. When but a child, with her golden tresses waving and flashing over shoulders of ivory, and her bright mirthful blue eyes darting forth rays of magic light, she had been called “ the sunbeam,” and was the one bright particular feature of the household which no visitor could ever forget. As she grew up, all the finer feelings of humanity were developed in her inner nature in due proportion with those exquisite charms of person which now attracted the immediate attention, and called up the most unqualified admiration of every beholder.

Rossdhu was situated at the base of a gently-sloping hill which rose up from the centre of a magnificently-wooded park of considerable extent. The park fronted the shore-roadway at a short distance from all that remained of Dunoon Castle, and the windows of the mansion commanded a splendid view of the famous Firth of Clyde and its adjacent points of interest.

The Macdonalds had only recently purchased the small estate to which their handsome residence appertained, and the reader cannot possibly be put in possession of a more faithful description of its “ surroundings ” than that which is graphically given in the following letter, sent to a brother officer in London by Colonel Macdonald shortly after the latter had taken possession of the property :—

“ Rossdhu, Dunoon, Argyleshire, 15th June, 1856.

“ MY DEAR MONCRIEFF,—You ask me to send you a few lines

descriptive of my late 'aquisition.' I am in a 'sketching-off' mood to-day, and write you exactly what I see and feel sitting here at my drawing-room window. If my picture does not induce you to join us here in the autumn, then am I an unfortunate hand at pen-and-ink painting, and not worthy of being called an artistic as well as a hospitable 'Highland laird.'

"It is an hour beyond noon; the rays of the sun are intensely hot and flashing all around like great swords of flaming fire, yet the atmosphere is so wonderfully clear that I can distinctly see the Craig of Ailsa, some thirty miles off, with all its bold, rugged conformations in sharp outline. From this point of view the Firth of Clyde seems a magnificent loch entirely surrounded by hills, with the exception of the channel between the islands of Cumbrae and Bute, and at this distance that opening has all the appearance of being but a mere outlet for the waters of this ideal lake. Some thirty yachts of various dimensions are becalmed off the Cumbrae Lighthouse, situated fifteen miles to the south-west.

"With a small but very fine opera-glass (a *Thezard de Paris*), I can distinctly see the lines of their hulls, their snowy sails, tidy spars, and neat rigging. They seem like so many swans of different breeds floating almost motionless on the calm, shining expanse. Indeed, but for my knowledge of yesterday's regatta at Bute, I must have estimated the appearance of this fairy-looking fleet as nothing short of an illusion. It is high tide, and several larger craft are stationed directly opposite my window; they could not be more immovable were they lying at anchor.

"Every stitch of sail is set, as if in jest, or to tempt the languid wind to bestow a soft kiss, or to breathe even a gentle sigh on their pure, stainless bosoms. There each of them lies calm and motionless; ship and shadow equally perfect in outline, even to the minutest detail. Between me and a large noble-looking yacht—exquisite in build, and altogether as symmetrically beautiful as aught inanimate can be—rises up a stately pillar of smoke from the roof of a cottage on the shore. As I am pencilling out my sketch, it begins to assume the appearance of a wreathed column, such as Paul Veronese has given to the gate called 'Beautiful.' In the sun's rays this filmy column seems nearly white, and is so vaporously transparent that through it the mast, sails, and spars of the vessel, before which it rises up, are plainly discernible. As I gaze on the calm waters, where she so gracefully floats, the beautiful lines of her long, low, and intensely black hull are therein

so faithfully portrayed as to produce a perfect *fac-simile*. In that huge mirror of inversions the mast, spars, rigging, and sails are also reflected ; so is the filmy column of white smoke, which slightly obscures the snowy purity of the inverted main-sheet, and ever moves downwards before it, with a screw-like motion, as if busily performing some great boring operation in the bowels of the deep.

“Turning my eyes towards the south, I am struck by the appearance of a bright line stretching across the Firth, from the shore of Ardgowan to that of Dunoon, like a floating marine telegraph, flashing its electric spark in unbroken succession from shore to shore.

“This remarkable and—to this extent—rare phenomenon, produced by the reflection of a powerful sun-ray falling on one of the windows of Ardgowan House, lies quivering on the watery expanse like a silver cord stretched to its utmost conceivable point of tension. From the glazed summit of the Cloch Light Tower, from Leven House, and from every window in Ashton, smaller specimens of similar phenomena are flashing on the river ; the greyish-brown hills, fringed with belts and clumps of dark fir, forming a magnificently sombre background, and throwing out in full and striking relief the houses on the shore and the vessels on the Firth. How graceful and inviting the gentle slopes of these lower Ashton Hills towards the river ! Nature seems to have moulded their bosoms for neat villas, terraced gardens, winding walks, and cool sequestered nooks ; forming quiet and balmy summer nurseries of health for those who, during the winter months, are pent up amidst the smoke and pernicious vapours of the western metropolis. But, alas ! the lord of the manor will not have it so, though the sites referred to are all but destitute of cultivation, and so neither useful to man nor beast.

“From this digression the booming of a cannon recalls my attention to this noble Firth, its villa-clad shores, its yachts, and other innumerable objects of grace and beauty, but more particularly to the magnificent screw-steamer ‘Edinburgh,’ now gallantly steaming past the Cloch Lighthouse.

“There she is, a splendid monument to the genius of Watt and Bell ! a grand example of the enterprise of our Glasgow merchant princes ! a splendid specimen of Clyde ship-building, and a floating link between us and that great Western World which the yet undeveloped and unappreciated advantages of the Atlantic Telegraph

is destined to unite more closely than ever to the mother-country, in thought, word, and deed.

"There she is, with her living freight, as varied in their individual aims and circumstances as in their ages and constitutions.

"There may be the lean, wiry speculator, with hundreds of Great Westerns or Grand Trunks of Canada at his disposal. He has heard of a 'starting' market here, and wants to realize a 'smash-down,' and guesses he knows of a thing or two to invest in—that a 'rise' can be taken out of by the time he gets home again.

"There, also, may be some go-ahead New Yorker, open for calicoes, gingham, and muslins to any extent. There the general merchant from Upper Canada, with a foolscap-quire order-list of sundries: needles to ploughs, threads to cables, nutmegs to knockers, penknives to pit-saws, fish-hooks to flails, pencils to pig-iron, and a thousand and one miscellaneous items, et ceteras, and so forth,—as the old saying has it, 'too varied and numerous to mention.'

"There, also, I can well fancy, is one of those lucky gold-diggers, whose good fortune has enabled him to afford a homeward trip *vid* Chagres and New York, and a run up to Niagara Falls, *en route* for old Scotland, flush with his notes of exchange to make himself and his friends happy for life; and chuckling over his choice store of tiny bags of gold-dust, and bits of sparkling quartz, as presents for his old chums, and bright remembrances of his darling El Dorado. Hearts happy and hearts heavy she bears along; letters teeming with joy to some—with deep and sudden grief to others.

"Fain would I enlarge my sketch, for the subject is ample and inviting, but the sun has become so insufferably hot that I must bring my pleasant labours to a close before they become harassing.

"Ever yours,

"CHARLES MACDONALD."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

Two or three years ago, the writer of this paper happened to have a seat at a public dinner in London between two members of Parliament. One of the toasts brought up Mr. John Bigelow, of New York, lately American Minister in Paris. When his name was announced, one of the members of Parliament said, "I am so glad to see him; I admire his 'Biglow Papers' so much." It being explained to him that Mr. Bigelow and the author of the "Biglow Papers" were not identical, the other M.P. frankly declared that he never could have made the mistake, for the good reason that he had never heard of Author or Papers before. This was, doubtless, a singular chance, and it is not likely that many members of Parliament were even then in the same condition of hazy half-knowledge, or blank ignorance, about the "Biglow Papers;" and since then both our great Universities have, so to speak, put the customs'-mark of British recognition on the author of the Papers, and thus given him permission to be received and circulated among us, along with our own. But even despite the University mark and the decided popularity which the "Biglow Papers" made for themselves, and the "complete editions" of the author's Poems which have lately been issued, it may be doubted whether Mr. James Russell Lowell obtains in England anything like the recognition which he has everywhere among his own countrymen, and to which he is fairly entitled. In popular estimation here, he is regarded as the author of some comic poems, in New England dialect, and is hashed-up, in some people's recollection, with Artemus Ward and Mark Twain. Those who get beyond that stage, understand that there were some political meanings in his poems which were of significance and efficacy in their day, but have since faded almost into unintelligibility. Then, of course, there are readers who know him as a poet of graver verses than the "Biglow Papers," and as a scholar and essayist besides; and there are the selecter few who know all about him. But it is certain

that for one Englishman who is familiar with what Lowell has written, thousands are familiar with Longfellow and Mrs. Stowe.

Yet there is much in Lowell which one might have thought well qualified to domesticate his works in English literature. There is something very English-looking in Lowell himself; he has nothing of what we in this country regard as the American type about him. His strong square form, his massive head, with the bright cheery expression, and the quiet, good-humoured eyes, are almost exactly what people think a genuine Briton ought to have. His appearance naturally surprises, at first, those who had known him beforehand only through his books. There is so much delicacy and subtleness in his graver poems and his essays; his criticisms and his thoughts are alike so finely traced out, that we are not prepared for so robust and vigorous a type of man. We had formed in our minds the idea, perhaps, of a pale and deep-eyed scholar, and we see a broad-shouldered, full-bearded, strong and cheery Anglo-Saxon. Yet, after a while, the idea begins somehow to restore and reassert itself. There is a certain suggestion of easy and meditative indecision about the eyes and mouth of the strongly-built scholar which helps us to recognize the author of the over-thoughtful poems, and the exquisitely poetic essays. In the course of a rather protracted trial, about which people in this country were in the habit of talking a little lately, a lady called as a witness to identity observed that she did not at first exactly recognize the rightful heir in the stout personage who stood before her, but that she seemed to see the rightful heir somehow hovering about him. One who first sees Lowell is perhaps in a somewhat similar condition; there before you is the author of the "Biglow Papers" plainly enough—stout, strong, and ready to fight against any manner of sham—but where is the poet of "The Cathedral," and, "Under the Willows"—where is the author of the refined and poetic essays? But when he speaks, and the light of varying expression passes over his face, one begins to see the poet and the scholar hovering about Hosea Biglow somehow. One soon learns to understand how it was that Hosea Biglow had so much fancy and poetry in his fibrous nature, and how the enthusiast of the "Commemoration Ode" could sometimes stop to think, amid the fervour of all his patriotic emotion.

I know Mr. Lowell's age without consulting the useful "Men of the Time," for I was in the United States when he gathered a select circle of his friends around him to celebrate his fiftieth birthday.

The celebration took place at Lowell's house, Elmwood, near Cambridge, Massachusetts. The New York *Galaxy* had a pretty poem on the event by one of his friends, Mr. Cranch, in which, with a literal truth not always to be found in poetic compliment, Mr. Lowell is described as

"Still young in wit and song ;
His hair unbleach'd, his eye undimm'd, his frame
Robust ; a scholar ripe, a teacher strong."

The poet and scholar is now in his fifty-sixth year, but would be set down by any stranger for at least ten years younger. There is not a great deal to be said about the history of his quiet life. He was born in 1819, and he comes of a family distinguished in Massachusetts. His father was eminent as a divine. One of the family founded the thriving city of Lowell ; another founded the Lowell Institute at Boston. One of James Russell Lowell's nephews, a young officer of great promise, was killed when leading a charge of cavalry against the Southern Secessionists in 1864. I believe, indeed, that a second nephew of Lowell's also lost his life in the war ; and I cannot forget having heard Mr. Lowell speak more in melancholy than in actual bitterness, of the feelings awakened within him when, immediately after he had learnt what his family had sacrificed to the country, he received an English paper with a leading article informing its readers, that the men of the Northern States kept back from the war themselves, and had all the fighting done for them by "the scum of Europe." Mr. Lowell graduated at Harvard and was admitted to the bar, but very soon renounced law and published his first collection of poems in 1844. This volume contains several poems of a considerably older date, and most of them have to be regarded as the work of a very young man. Mr. Lowell's maturer writings—his poems composed when he was fifty years old—have not only far greater grace and strength, but even, as it seems to me, a much deeper poetic feeling and a richer fancy than the products of his youth. Readers, especially in this country, have often asked whether Lowell is in very truth a poet, or only a man of high thought and exquisite culture, moulding his sentiments into verse. I certainly should be disposed to declare him a genuine poet on the strength of his later productions only. There is a great deal of original thought, for instance, in the "Prometheus," which bears date 1843, and considering what men had already dealt with that eternal theme, it was a remarkable feat to give it novelty and

freshness once more. It is curious how poor Prometheus on his rock has been gradually changing and modernizing with the poets who take up his cause. The Prometheus of Æschylus would not know himself in the passionate young iconoclast and devotee of modern Liberty whom Shelley pictured. "I reverence thee?" says Goethe's Prometheus indignantly addressing Zeus, "Wherefore? Hast thou ever lightened the load of the heavily-laden, or dried the tears of the anguished?" There we have a Prometheus after Goethe's own heart and out of Goethe's own head; a Prometheus who troubles himself little about the grand words of Liberty and Humanity, and the scorn of priestcraft and tyranny, which soothe the monotony and bondage of Shelley's Titan, and is only concerned about man's peace, happiness, and culture. But Lowell's Prometheus is a Boston transcendentalist, and an out-and-out abolitionist. He has evidently heard Theodore Parker and Emerson. He talks of the true, and "the sure supremeness of the beautiful," and proclaims that tyranny is always weakness. "Thou and all strength shall crumble except Love," is a fine line, with a really poetic ring in it; but we seem to lose the Titan and come back to Boston, where we find Prometheus claiming to be

"A great voice,
Heard in the breathless pauses of the fight
By Truth and Freedom ever waged with wrong."

There is more genuine poetry, perhaps, in the "Legend of Britany," published at the same time. These two verses, for example, are surely poetry—

"As if a lark should suddenly drop dead,
While the blue air yet trembled with its song,
So snapp'd at once that music's golden thread
Struck by a nameless fear that leapt along
From heart to heart, and like a shadow spread
With instantaneous shiver through the throng,
So that some glanced behind, as half aware,
A hideous shape of dread were standing there.

"As when a crowd of pale men gather round,
Watching an eddy in the leaden deep,
From which they deem the body of one drown'd
Will be cast forth, from face to face doth creep
An eager dread that holds all tongues fast bound,
Until the horror, with a ghastly leap,

Starts up, its dead blue arms stretch'd aimlessly,
Heaved with the swinging of the careless sea."

But in truth the political emotions of the time when Lowell was young had a good deal to do with the lack of genuine inspiration of a poetic kind which is to be observed in many or most of these earlier productions. It is to the unfading honour, however, of Lowell's character that the slavery struggle filled his soul too much to allow him to be a mere poet. Instead of poetry he threw off passionate leading articles in verse. What Wendell Phillips would have spoken with that marvellous voice, ranging over all the moods of pathos, scorn, pity, and anger, from the platform of Faneuil Hall; what Theodore Parker would have preached from his pulpit, that Lowell put into verse. Indignation against slavery made verse for him, but sometimes unmade poetry. "Weary on the war!" says the good dame in "Old Mortality;" "many's the fair cheek it has spoiled." Weary on slavery, we might say, were it for nothing but the fair poetic fancies it must have spoiled. It seems terrible and cruel waste now that burning-up of so much precious poetic material, to make the fire of popular indignation blaze against that national sin. The Carthaginian girl lending her hair to make bow-strings with, does not seem to have sacrificed so much to her cause as the poet who, in his youth, gives out his inspirations to be cut up into lengths of rhythmic leading articles.

Lowell, however, did not believe he was making any sacrifice, and even if he did would never have heeded it. He lent all his energy and his anger to the cause. He turned away from law, and practically even from literature, and became one of the agitators of the great new movement. In fact, Lowell began his career in active life—if such a life as his can properly be called active—as an anti-slavery politician. There is a curious notion accepted in this country about the cultivated intellect of America keeping always aloof from politics. I suppose the meaning is that highly educated Americans do not often go into Congress. That is true to a great extent, though not to anything like the extent that people here commonly believe. But that highly-educated Americans keep away from participation in political life because they are highly educated is not true; is indeed, as Carlyle would say, curiously the reverse of the truth. I presume a man can hardly be said to hold aloof from politics who conducts a political journal and takes part in the political organization of his party. I suppose a man who for years

and years is an incessant writer of political articles will hardly be said to keep aloof from politics. Congress does not constitute the great political platform of the United States to anything like the degree that Parliament constitutes the great political platform of this country. But I am inclined to think that if on the one hand there is, or lately was, a greater proportion of highly-educated men in Parliament than in Congress, on the other hand, there is a larger proportion of highly-educated Americans engaged in politics outside Congress, than of highly-educated Englishmen similarly engaged outside Parliament. I do not suppose there is in America any culture higher than that represented by Mr. Bryant, Mr. George William Curtis, Mr. Bayard Taylor, Mr. Parke Godwin, and other political journalists and writers of New York; or that represented by Mr. Motley, Mr. Wendell Phillips, and the late Mr. Charles Sumner of Boston, or Mr. Wentworth Higginson of Newport. I must not forget Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Marsh, and Mr. Boker, all now, or until recently, engaged in the diplomatic service. I have already casually mentioned Mr. John Bigelow, and I might add the name, well known now to so many Londoners, of Mr. Stillman, lately American Consul in Crete. All these gentlemen, and many more whom I could name, are precisely among the number whom any intelligent American would pick out as representing the intellectual culture of his country; and they are politicians far more properly so called than half the members of our House of Commons, for probably, at least, half of our representatives have been returned to Parliament by this or that interest, of family, land, railway, trade, or other influence, quite independent of political services, or even political predilections. In this sense, therefore, Mr. Lowell may be fairly said to have begun his career as a politician, and a very earnest one. I confess that I do not greatly admire the graver poems which he contributed to the anti-slavery struggle—as poems, that is to say. “The Present Crisis,” written in December, 1845, is said to have produced a profound sensation through all the Northern States. Under the circumstances one can well believe it. But as we read the strong imperious lines now—the lines that with such fervour called upon America to decide for good or evil, for or against slavery—we find great eloquence but little poetry in them. Mr. Lowell, however, soon found a way to give expression to some of the very rarest qualities of his genius in his rhymed leading articles against slavery, its politics, and its politicians. He turned his indignation into humour. Pascal might have preached many a

noble sermon against the Jesuits, which would seem cold enough to the long posterity that delights in the satire of the "Provincial Letters." Voltaire's finest contributions to the "Encyclopédie" would never have kept his memory green like "Zadig" and "Candide." Not many readers, probably even in America, are greatly interested now in Lowell's Anti-Slavery Poems of the graver class. But the "Biglow Papers," by far the greatest humorous and satirical poem (we may view the whole collection as one humorous epic), struck in their day a tremendous blow as a political weapon, and have been ever since admired with increasing admiration as a literary masterpiece. They are indeed the Provincial Letters of the controversy that ended in the extinction of slavery.

The "Biglow Papers" it is not necessary to criticize, even if this paper were meant for an elaborate literary criticism, which it is not, being much rather a string of remarks about the author himself than about his works. But in any case a writer might now be held as fairly exempt from the necessity of analyzing the merits of the "Biglow Papers," as from pointing out the humours of Sam Weller, or expounding the satirical purpose of the "Tale of a Tub." Hosea Biglow took the English mind wonderfully, when we remember how many of the names and allusions, and even of the historical events to which he refers, are darksome mysteries to the ordinary British reader. The broad features of the conflict between slavery and freedom were, of course, intelligible to everybody, and challenged at once sympathetic attention. But how many persons, in an ordinary English drawing-room, or a lecture-room, know anything about the history of the Mexican War in which the spirited "Birdofredum Sawin," at first so readily and hopefully engaged, or have any clear idea what way their sympathies ought to go? How many youths who at the Oxford and Cambridge Middle-class Examinations compete for distinctions could give any intelligible account of John C. Calhoun, and what he did, and why the author of the "Biglow Papers" does not seem exactly to have approved of his career? The very names of places must often have been a puzzle. The English edition of the "Biglow Papers" with which I am acquainted is provided with a copious glossary at the back, and has explanatory notes on every page. The glossary sometimes seems to trouble itself about giving instruction which is surely rather superfluous. Even a very unimaginative and literal reader might guess that "airth" means "earth," that "argify" meant to

argue; "argufy," I fancy, is common enough in England to-day, and is certainly familiar enough in Dibdin's sailor songs; that "bimeby" is intended to represent "by-and-by," and that "aree" stands for "area." I do not know what nation the glossary writer can himself belong to, who supposes that an English reader needs the information that "all my eye" is "an ejaculation of incredulity," that "chockful" means "brimful"—Mrs. Gamp would probably require to be told that "brimful" meant "chockful"—that to "blurt out" is to "speak bluntly," and that to be "done brown" is to be victimized or humbugged. I have taken all these illustrations of superfluous instruction from the very first page of the glossary, and I have been discouraged from going any further by perceiving that on the next page the glossary explains for the benefit of its English readers a recondite allusion of Hosea Biglow's to "Day and Martin" by mentioning that these are the names of "the eminent London blacking-merchants." I feared to go any farther lest I should find an account of the Three Tailors of Tooley Street, or have to learn from a glossary of the New England dialect that "roast beef" is a dish frequently served in England the old. But it is certain that there are allusions and expressions in almost every page of the Biglow Papers which no ordinary English reader could be expected to understand. I do not mean merely the satirical personal allusions, although these are numerous enough to form a serious stumbling-block to most admirers. When the gallant Birdofredum Sawin is prevented by a sentinel from straggling out of camp in Mexico, he indignantly replies,—

"You ain't agoin' to eat us,
Caleb hain't no monopoly to court the seenoritas."

It would probably puzzle even some American readers now to explain the allusion to a distinguished living diplomatist, once a brigadier-general, which is contained in the remonstrance. But even apart from personal allusions, how many Englishmen can be supposed to know what "hoorawin in ole Funnel" means? "Ole Funnel" is Faneuil Hall, the famous place of public meeting in Boston, named after the merchant who presented it to the city; the "cradle of liberty," as it is called, because so many of the great meetings of citizens were held there at the time of the Declaration of Independence, and the cradle of liberty in another sense also, because it was there that Theodore Parker and Charles Sumner, and Garrison and Wendell Phillips so often declaimed

against Southern slavery. Difficulties like this bristle for the English reader upon every page and almost in every line. Yet in spite of all these difficulties the "Biglow Papers," when once they got a hearing here at all, forced themselves into the minds and hearts of English readers. Mr. Bright and other speakers quoted from them in the House of Commons, and made the shrewd and homespun wit of Hosea Biglow familiar soon to all ears. We all learned how "a merciful providence" had fashioned some people "holler, o' purpose that we might our principles swaller." We were reminded that liberty's "a kind o' thing that don't agree with niggers," and that certain politicians could show that we must not be too pedantic in our adherence to the principles of the New Testament, for "they didn't know everything down in Judee." Sometimes people were a little alarmed at the seeming irreverence of Hosea's way of putting a thing, as in his famous declaration that—

"Ef you take a sword and dror it,
An' go stick a feller thru,
Guv'ment ain't to answer for it,
God 'll send the bill to *you*."

Or his assurance that—

"God hez sed so plump an' fairly ;
It's ez long ez it is broad,
An' you've got to git up airly
Ef you want to take in God."

But people very quickly saw the genuine reverence of meaning under the seeming irreverence of expression. Scriptural allusions in the New England States are frequently handled in a rough and odd way even by preachers of the most serious mind. The Rev. Homer Wilbur, the kind, true-hearted, pedantic minister whom Mr. Lowell invented to be spiritual godfather to Hosea Biglow, observes that "He who readeth the hearts of men will not account any dialect unseemly which conveys a sound and pious sentiment." "Saint Ambrose affirms," pursues the worthy divine, "that *veritas a quocunque* (why not then *quomodocunque* ?) *dicatur a Spiritu Sancto est.*" Digest also this of Baxter: "The plainest words are the most profitable oratory in the weightiest matters."

Lowell himself has said that when the "Biglow Papers" first made their fame, his graver poems were almost unread in his own country. Their success here and there has indeed overshadowed

everything else he has written in whatever style. Much less known, for example, in England, and even in America, is the "Fable for Critics," the audacious little satire which Lowell threw before the public in 1848. The "Fable for Critics" is a sort of attack all round upon the poets, scholars, and essayists whom America was just then delighting to honour. Perhaps it is not quite fair to call it an attack, for in many instances the authors described receive the most liberal and genuine praise; and in no instance is there a tinge of bitterness or ill-nature. It is more, perhaps, in the spirit of Goldsmith's series of poetical epitaphs upon his friends than anything else one can think of. It analyzes with racy irreverence every person and reputation. In the preface, which, though printed as prose, is itself in rhyme, "the excellent public is hereby assured that the sale of my book is already secured." Here is the reason. "Now I find by a pretty exact calculation, there are something like ten thousand bards in the nation of that special variety whom the Review and Magazine critics call lofty and true, and about thirty thousand (this tribe is increasing) of the kinds who are termed full of promise and pleasing." Of course each poet, the author assumes, will take a copy or two to see himself spoken of, and his neighbours and rivals abused; and if any names are found to be omitted, it is promised that each new edition shall contain one name left out of former issues. The whole thing is a satire upon the manner in which American critics at that time hoisted up to lofty pedestals here, there, and everywhere, each "poor singer of an idle day." The poem is a very stream of droll conceits, fantastic puns, and brilliant satirical touches. Among numberless keen sayings which since then have been ascribed to all manner of persons, and represented as arising out of every variety of conditions, take the following:—

"If he boasted, 'twas simply that he was self-made,
A position which I, for one, never gainsaid,
My respect for my Maker supposing a skill
In his works, which our hero would answer but ill."

The poem is a *purée* of genius, animal spirits, drollery, humour, and genuine critical power. Some of the literary portraits are admirable. That of Theodore Parker is true and very high art. Every one may read, even now, with interest the sketches of Emerson, Whittier, and Bryant—the latter a little unjust, though not ill-natured—and Cooper, and the wonderful picture in little of

Hawthorne. But there are not many Englishmen who would appreciate the vivacious sketch of John Neal, of Maine, or "Harry Franco" (Mr. Charles Briggs, of New York, an author and journalist, who once wrote under that *nom de plume*), or even Halleck, Brownson, and Dana. Perhaps the sharpest touches are bestowed upon "Miranda," an authoress who seems to have had a terrible effect upon Lowell's nerves, and in whom it is to be presumed we must recognize the late Margaret Fuller:—

"Miranda meanwhile has succeeded in driving
Up into a corner, in spite of their striving,
A small flock of terrified victims, and there
With an I-turn-the-crank-of-the-universe air,
And a tone which, at least to my fancy, appears
Not so much to be entering as boxing your ears,
Is unfolding a tale—of herself I surmise—
For 'tis dotted as thick as a peacock with I's."

Very clever, too, is the brief description of

"Poe, with his raven, like Barnaby Rudge,
Three-fifths of him genius, and two-fifths sheer fudge!"

Of course Lowell did not propose to acknowledge the authorship of the satire by leaving himself out of the game; and I do not know how criticism could deal more justly with his own defects than he has done himself when he says that

"The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching,
Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and preaching;
His lyre has some chords that would ring pretty well,
But he'd rather by half make a drum of the shell!"

Years went on, however, and the political crisis intensified, and at last the war came, and Hosea Biglow rattled his drum this time around the ears of Old England; and then, when slavery passed away in the battle-smoke, Mr. Lowell subsided into the quiet scholar and poet we have known of later days. He had meanwhile been an assiduous literary worker; had been one of the editors of the *North American Review* and a constant writer for the *Atlantic Monthly*, and had succeeded his friend Longfellow as Professor of Modern Languages and Belles Lettres in Harvard University. Lowell is one of the few, one of the last of the genuine

critics—the men with whom criticism is a culture and an art. I know no reading more delightful than his volume of essays called “Among my Books,” or that rather fantastically entitled “My Study Windows.” I remember being particularly charmed with a little essay of Lowell’s which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and was quaintly named “On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners.” There is a light sub-acid flavour in this little essay which makes it none the less good reading even for Englishmen. Those who have seen Lowell and other Americans as distinguished and as gifted blandly patronized by third-class members of our British Parliament, during their six weeks’ tour in the United States, will enjoy all the more the quiet humour of this paper.

It would be superfluous to say that Lowell has for more than twenty years been—perhaps not always to his own satisfaction—one of the celebrities of Boston and its neighbourhood. Truly Boston is a place in which a reputation is worth having. The community is not too large to know its celebrities. A good thing said by a man echoes all round his sphere of existence; the men of letters all know each other, and are friends; the whole school of poets, philosophers, and humourists dine together frequently at one table; the “Saturday Club” gathers them all at its pleasant board. Boston seems to me to be a good deal like what Edinburgh must have been in its best days of literature. In London, and even to some extent in New York, people have to live in cliques and *coteries*. This is so even where they belong to the same profession, and would be friendly if they could. There are only local acquaintanceships and fellowships in a metropolis like ours. No fervour of friendship could conquer our distances; it is morally impossible that Kensington and Belsize Park could have frequent and familiar intercourse. But Boston is of delightful smallness; even if we take in Cambridge, it is still of charmingly convenient dimensions. Literary men can really know each other there, and have sympathies and friendships. There is something peculiarly friendly about the very aspect of the place. Its literary people, and indeed its people generally, are said to be rather conceited on the subject of their city and its dignity. The journals of other cities are never weary of making jokes about the Bostonian’s faith in the theory that the world takes its time from Boston. It is commonly averred throughout many States of the Union that a Massachusetts’ man regards the Frog-pond on Boston Common as the noblest expanse of water in existence. “And now Mr. —,”

said a chief of Boston letters to an author from New York, who had just made a great literary success, "now, when are you coming to live in Boston?" The assumption was, of course, that as soon as a man had done anything to give him a genuine reputation, he must think himself entitled to live in Boston, and must take steps for settling there forthwith. A good many of the jokes about Boston exclusiveness and conceit come, as the Boston people do not fail to remark, from places which have no literature and no culture. The stranger finds Boston a genial, hospitable, and thoroughly delightful place. I fear the time is not far distant when its supremacy in letters and scholarship will have become a tradition. As London swallows up all the independent literary life of Edinburgh and Dublin and makes it her own, so New York is doing with Boston. The literature goes where the money is in the long-run. A New York publisher has already, I believe, bought up the monthly magazine which for so many years was Boston's special pride, and which would have done credit to any city in the world. But while the present generation of Boston celebrities endures, no New York can eclipse or even pretend to rival her fame. New York has not Emerson and Longfellow, and Lowell and Wendell Holmes, and Wendell Phillips and Edward Whipple. Agassiz and Charles Sumner have too lately passed away not to leave the prestige of their memory still shining over Boston.

The working lifetime of Mr. Lowell has been passed among Boston people. I have said that he succeeded Longfellow as Professor of Modern Languages and *Belles Lettres* at Harvard University, and Harvard is at Cambridge, a pretty village so near to Boston that it might, with a little allowance for exaggeration, be said to lie under the sheltering shadow of the monument on Bunker Hill. Mr. Lowell's home is but a stone's throw from that of Mr. Longfellow. I am not going to describe the homes of American gentlemen who have been kind enough to open their doors to me; but I may say that a quiet student and thoughtful poet could hardly have a more genial retreat than either of these can enjoy. Mr. Lowell has indeed been absent from his home for nearly two years. On the marriage of his only daughter he put in execution a long cherished design of revisiting Europe and spending some time among its old books and its Art collections—the treasures that no energy, wealth, or ambition can confer upon the newer world. He is a man of secluded habits; friendly to genuine warmth with those whom he knows, but shunning the crowd wherever he can.

His life in Europe has therefore been that of a retiring student. When in Paris he lived on the south side principally, away from the glitter and noise of the American and English quarter; at home and happy among old libraries, and delighted, as Charles Sumner used to be, in hunting out quaint and rare editions among those fascinating bookstalls that line the quays. Even when at home among his own people, Lowell's life has been one of a certain kind of seclusion—I do not mean seclusion in the sense of isolation or retirement, for no one could have mingled more freely with his friends; but he was not easily to be drawn into general society of any kind, and wherever there was a crowd it would be safe not to look for him. I have not heard of his attending public meetings or delighting in the delivery of speeches anywhere; and although he is an accomplished and successful lecturer among a community where lecturing is one of the indispensable things of existence, he has seldom been persuaded to appear on the public platform. A Boston friend wrote to me three years ago or thereabouts, while Lowell was still in his home: "Longfellow and Holmes I see often, but Lowell does not come out of Cambridge this season much. He can't leave the birds long enough for a stay in town."

In conversation with Mr. Lowell people are sometimes surprised to find that there is not more of the Radical in his political views. He never could have been a fanatic, but I cannot help thinking that a certain Conservative tendency, so hard to keep off from advancing years, is already and prematurely showing itself in Mr. Lowell's views of life. His country has had to pass through so many terrible ordeals in his time that perhaps he is more anxious that for a while she should rest and be thankful than do anything else. A man with such a mind and temperament as his could have but little sympathy with some of the rather aggressive and enterprising forms in which new ideas have lately manifested themselves now and then in the United States. I have no doubt that he thought the process of pouring the new wine into the old bottles had been carried on with rather too liberal and reckless a hand in the sudden elevation of the negro population to full citizenship everywhere over the States; and he must have found some of the Woman's Rights "developments" rather trying occasionally. Perhaps he thinks America has had lately more sentiment of all kinds than was quite good for her. Certainly his conversation on political and social subjects seems of a much shrewder and less enthusiastic kind than one might have expected who remembered

the early apostrophes to Lamartine and Kossuth, and the fervour, hardly veiled even in sarcasm, of the "Biglow Papers." Without suggesting any comparison between two men and two careers so unlike, I cannot help thinking that Mr. Lowell holds now, with regard to the politics of the United States, something like the views which Mr. Bright is understood to entertain with regard to those of England. Each is content with a great good done, but sees that it cost trouble and sacrifice to do it, and is not anxious that any new enterprises should soon be undertaken. People who have lately conversed with Mr. Bright, and had only known him before through newspapers, are always telling us how surprised they were to find him so conservative in his opinions. I can easily understand that the same thing might be said of Mr. Lowell.

But whatever this person or that may think of the particular views he happens to express, I, for myself, very much doubt whether Mr. Lowell is ever more brilliant and delightful than he shows himself in conversation. He is not, by any means, what people would have called some years ago a great talker; he never keeps all the talk to himself, or pours forth long and flowing sentences, or showers down the sparkling spray of witticisms over an admiring and watchful company. He is not in the least like a Coleridge or a Macaulay; nor does he rush along in unbroken monologues like his countryman, the late Mr. Seward; nor has he the overpowering conversational energy of another countryman of his, the late Mr. Charles Sumner. The charm of Mr. Lowell's conversation is, that it is conversation and not soliloquy, or sermon, or the elaborate display of the professional wit. Mr. Lowell talks, in fact, after the fashion of ordinary people, except that he always talks well; that when most others of us say commonplace things, he says something brilliant, or deep, or thoughtful, or sometimes poetic, or not uncommonly paradoxical. He suggests, perhaps, some new and odd way of looking at an old subject; he extracts some humorous conceit from a very familiar thought or fact; he draws at will upon the rich resource of a scholarship the most varied and liberal. Few Englishmen are so well acquainted, I should think, with English literature at its best periods, and he appears to have a not less thorough acquaintance with the literature of Greece and Rome, of France and Germany, of Italy and Spain. Nothing is more perilous than any effort to reproduce in cold blood some bright thoughts suggested in passing conversa-

tion ; and I almost fear to do Mr. Lowell an injustice by attempting to describe the impression produced on me by this or that phrase or suggestion of his. Two or three points, however, I feel tempted to recall. He talked once of collisions at sea, suggested by some recent casualty, and he mentioned how much he had been struck by a passage he had read in the evidence of a man saved from such a calamity. The man stated that the vessel in which he sailed ran right into another vessel, literally cutting her in two ; and all he could tell of the passengers in the destroyed ship was, that he became conscious of seeing a person who was lying in his berth reading a newspaper by the light of a lamp, and this person looked up startled for a moment, and no more was seen of ship or passengers. Mr. Lowell made, in a few words, and without any appearance of either painting or moralizing, a wonderful picture of this little incident, of the quiet reader suddenly startled from his paper, and meeting in the gleam of light the pale, horrified face of his innocent destroyer, and then gone for ever into the darkness. Another time he told us of some wine of marvellous price, of which he had drunk one glass for the sake, as he put it, of swallowing so much liquid wealth ; and the number of quaint conceits which he caused to come up like bubbles on the surface of that precious glass, the variety of ways in which he illustrated the possible value of the draught, might have either delighted an Epicurean or a teetotaller according as one chose to look at it, or according as he supposed Mr. Lowell to be in jest or earnest. His love of paradoxes made a visitor from England once say that he felt reminded, while listening to him, of some of Mr. Lowe's more remarkable speeches. Oddly enough, Mr. Lowell mentioned the fact that he once crossed the Atlantic with Mr. Lowe, and found the conversation of the latter peculiarly interesting and congenial. Speaking of English poets, Mr. Lowell observed of one of them, that he " started with a finer outfit " than any other, but that his stock got so crowded up, he became less able to use it to any purpose the longer he went on. Of a certain tendency in the modern poetry of England, he quietly observed, " I don't believe true art ever goes about patting the passions on the back."

Mr. Lowell, it will probably occur to the reader, is more of a literary man than most of our living English poets, and more of a poet than most of our literary men. He is more fully rounded, one might say, than most of his English peers and rivals. I have said hardly anything of Mr. Lowell's later poems, although some of these,

I think, make a truer claim for him to the title of poet than the more impulsive and ambitious efforts of his younger days. But, as I have observed before, this sketch does not pretend to be a criticism, and I shall only say that I think in "The Cathedral" and "Under the Willows," are some of the finest poetic passages their author has written. It is true that they are sometimes over-weighted with thought, and that the ray of pure poetry struggles here and there through cloud-masses of meditation; but the ray is there, and it makes the cloud-masses beautiful. It is true, too, that the great variety of Mr. Lowell's reading expresses itself sometimes in allusions, and even in phrases, which to many readers come in like citations from a foreign tongue, and must give to certain passages the appearance of something pedantic, or at least too purely professorial. These are but occasional defects; the poet is often as simple in language as he is true in thought. I do not know of anything more entirely pathetic than the verses entitled, "After the Burial," in which the familiar conventionalities of consolation are firmly and sadly repelled:—

" In the breaking gulfs of sorrow,
 When the helpless feet stretch out,
 And find in the deeps of darkness
 No footing so solid as doubt.

" Then better one spar of Memory,
 One broken plank of the Past,
 That our human heart may cling to,
 Though hopeless of shore at last.

" To the spirit its splendid conjectures ;
 To the flesh its sweet despair ;
 Its tears o'er the thin, worn locket,
 With its anguish of deathless hair !

" Console if you will ; I can bear it ;
 'Tis a well-meant alms of breath ;
 But not all the preaching since Adam
 Has made Death other than Death ! "

In this country, I know, many well-qualified critics still hold that Mr. Lowell is only a poet in the limited sense which allows the title to George Eliot and Dr. Newman—the author that is, of fine thoughts put into verse. I shall not enter into the question—a vague and barren one I think—as to the possibility of defining the

exact difference between a great poetic thinker and a poet. I shall only record my own belief that Mr. Lowell has, in many of his works, proved his title to be placed in the higher rank. The distinction of which we have all lately been reading between poetry and eloquence—that the latter is heard while the former is overheard—must apply, I presume, to lyric poetry only. It could not well apply to Homer or to Dante, to say nothing of the dramatic poets. One can hardly imagine the “*Iliad*” poured forth as a mere cry to the wandering stars, or the story of Francesca called aloud to solitude. But as lyric poems some of Lowell’s seem to me fairly to answer the terms of the definition—they are overheard; they come straight from spirit and sense, sent directly forth into the air, because the poet must give them out, and with no thought of audience. I have heard Americans compare Lowell with Wordsworth. In the “*Fable for Critics*” Lowell himself has rather sharply complained of admiring countrymen calling some New World singer the “*American Wordsworth*,” and adds, that

“Wordsworth

Is worth near as much as your whole tuneful herd’s worth.”

I shall not make the comparison, being well convinced that there is room for a very genuine poet a good many degrees below Wordsworth. But there is this much resemblance between Wordsworth and Lowell—that in both alike thought and not passion is the habitual source of inspiration. If one may make any comparison of names, however, I should say that Lowell seems to me not a lower Wordsworth but a higher Matthew Arnold—a robust Matthew Arnold, with genius.

WHAT CAN BE SEEN IN THIRTY DAYS.¹

BY CYRUS W. FIELD.

“BOSTON, *Wednesday, April 29, 1874.*

“TO-DAY I listened to the eulogy of the late Charles Sumner, which was pronounced by Senator Carl Schurz. There were present—Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Charles Francis Adams—to say nothing of Governors and ex-Governors, and politicians of every grade and hue. Carl Schurz, although a German by birth, spoke with a pathos and an eloquence which produced an electrical effect upon the assembly. He did ample justice to the sentiment of reverence which New England will ever cherish for the memory of its illustrious Senator; but, at the same time, he reprobated in scathing language the resolutions passed by the Legislature of Massachusetts, censuring Sumner for having proposed to erase from the flags of the army all mementos of the civil war. These resolutions were rescinded by the Legislature which passed them; and by a singular, and, at the same time, happy coincidence they were read in the Senate of the United States on the last occasion Sumner was present in the Capitol—the day before his death. Returning to New York, spent the next few days in arranging for our journey to California, and in entertaining at Delmonico’s, Senator Schurz, the Hon. George Brown, of Toronto, and other gentlemen who were interested in the Canadian Reciprocity Treaty.

“*Wednesday, May 6.*

“Left New York at nine o’clock in special car, with a party of twelve ladies and gentlemen bound for California. The day was spent in passing through the beautiful scenery on the line of the Erie railway. At about ten p.m. we all retired to our sleeping apartments in Pullman’s car; and the universal testimony was,

¹ By the kind permission of Mr. Cyrus Field, these extracts have been transferred from his private journal to the pages of the “St. James’s Magazine.”

that neither on a steamship, nor at any hotel, could we have enjoyed a more comfortable night's rest. About one o'clock in the morning, when we were in a state of happy unconsciousness, our car was separated from the Chicago train, and, on awaking in the morning, we found ourselves stationary at Niagara.

"Thursday, May 7.

"We spent the day in viewing the Falls, both on the Canadian and on the American side. After dinner we went by special train over the Canadian Southern Railway to Hamilton, a great shipping port and manufacturing town on Lake Ontario. Our inspection of this thriving place led me to the conviction that it was ultimately destined to become one of the most important centres of commerce in the Dominion.

"Friday, May 8.

"By special train we were whisked over the Canadian Southern Railway to Detroit, Michigan, a great portion of the distance at the rate of fifty-five miles per hour. This is a new railway, which, besides uniting Canada to Detroit, is intended to connect Buffalo, in the state of New York, with Chicago. Over ninety-six per cent. of this railroad will be in a straight line, and the heaviest gradient is only fifteen feet per mile. The effect will be to shorten the distance between Chicago and New York over fifty miles, and greatly to diminish the cost of freight as well as the time occupied in the journey.

"DETROIT, Saturday, May 9.

"This is one of the most beautiful cities of the North West. The commerce of the great lakes passes down the river, and perpetually adds to the prosperity of Detroit. Lovers of the picturesque will regret that the old French parts of the city have entirely disappeared, but what is lost to the antiquarian is more than made up by the increased comfort and elegance of the place. The quaint buildings which formerly gave to Detroit the aspect of an old French town have been replaced by broad avenues, handsome streets of shops and private houses, and public buildings of considerable pretensions.

"CHICAGO, Sunday, May 10.

"Here Mr. Hume Rothery, special Fishery Commissioner from England at Washington, Mrs. Rothery, and Mr. Albert Rutson, late private secretary to Lord Aberdare, joined our party. As one of the clergymen of the city was on his trial on a charge of heresy,

we went to hear him, but we were unable to discover any trace of those perilous doctrines which had excited the alarm of Chicago orthodoxy. The change which has already been wrought since the great fire is magical. Hotels equal to any in the world—gigantic buildings, some of which will accommodate a thousand guests—have sprung up on the site of the city which so recently disappeared in smoke and flame. Two-thirds of the area occupied by the fire has been rebuilt. The energy of the Chicago people cannot be better illustrated than by an anecdote. While a store was in process of being burnt, its owner telegraphed to his partner in New York—‘Warehouse burning. Shall I commence rebuilding? Answer by telegraph.’

“*Monday, May 11.*

“Left Chicago for the West. The veritable Mr. Pullman came to the depôt to see us off: all day we were travelling at rapid speed across the prairies, over the Mississippi and other rivers, and we arrived at Omaha, in Nebraska, on the following morning.

“*OMAHA, Tuesday, May 12.*

“Canon Kingsley and his charming daughter joined our party to-day. They came direct from St. Louis, having made a tour through some of the south-western states. Here our special car was again ‘switched’ off, and we remained for twenty-four hours to give me an opportunity to visit some farms I own, about 100 miles north on the Missouri river. From this land the produce can be shipped by steam-boats down the Missouri and Mississippi rivers to New Orleans, a distance of about 1800 miles; and in the opposite direction—that is to say, up the Missouri river,—the same operation can be performed for a distance of over 2000 miles, without breaking bulk. Omaha is a new and thriving town on the west bank of the Missouri river. The houses, at present, are mostly built of wood. Ultimately it will be a great entrepôt for the produce of the surrounding districts.

“*Wednesday, May 13.*

“We again started on our western journey, arriving at Ogden on Friday evening, the 15th inst. The three days were spent in passing over the Prairies, and in crossing the Rocky Mountains. The railroad climbs up to a height of over eight thousand feet. The head grows dizzy with attempting to gaze into the depths of those stupendous precipices which yawn beneath, while the imagination is kindled into perfect rapture by the contemplation of the snow-

capped peaks of the mountains, which tower to the skies on every side. At the same time the most prosaic traveller cannot fail to pay a tribute to the engineering skill which enabled us to travel in safety by day and night through a region which, not many years ago, was regarded as an inaccessible solitude. Our party were constantly amused with the quaint humour of the people we met at the stations where the train stopped for wood, water, and refreshments. At one place, where we were over seven thousand feet above the sea, I asked a gentleman on the platform if it was healthy there, and without a moment's hesitation he answered, 'Healthy, sir, ever since I came here we have been trying to found a graveyard. Recently we imported some old people from the East, but it's so healthy here that even they won't die.'

" OGDEN, *Friday evening, May 15.*

"This is a point where a branch road leads to the Salt Lake city. Here our car was detached from the California express, and we were soon speeding on our way down to the city of the Saints. Almost immediately after leaving Ogden, Mr. J., one of Brigham Young's Apostles, came into our car, and introduced himself to me. He said that the President had heard that our party was coming, but regretted that he was absent from the city, having gone to his country residence for the benefit of his health. Mr. J. offered in the kindest manner to do anything he could for us; and in the name of the President he tendered us his private car to carry us to any point we might desire to go to on the railway, which extends from Ogden to Salt Lake city, and from thence fifty miles south, into the heart of Utah. This offer we accepted for the ensuing day. We arrived at the city about eight o'clock p.m., and put up at the Walker House, the principal Gentile hotel in the city, its proprietor being an ex-Mormon. We walked through the streets of the Mormon capital, and were impressed far more by the majestic scenery which surrounds it, and the high state of cultivation which irrigation has produced in some of the land in the neighbourhood, than by the aspect of the town. The latter presents no architectural features of interest, except the Temple, which contains sitting room for ten thousand people, and is, therefore, considerably more capacious than the Albert Hall, and twice the size of Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle.

" CITY OF THE SAINTS, *Saturday, May 16.*

"This morning we were up betimes, walking about the city. We visited a great establishment belonging to a few of the leading

Mormons, who supply the Saints with all kinds of goods, from a paper of pins to a plough, and including every conceivable article, both ornamental and useful. They informed us that their sales last year amounted to over six millions of dollars (1,200,000*l.*)—a remarkable proof of the great industrial activity of the Mormons. At nine o'clock we were in the special train on our way to Brigham Young's country retreat. We were accompanied by half a dozen of the leading saints, and several of the ladies of their families, including two of President Young's daughters. We conversed freely with all the members of the party on the peculiar tenets of Mormonism, and I am quite sure from what was said that the ladies then present will never consent to be married except in accordance with the good old Christian practice of a husband sticking to one wife. Some of the Mormon ladies were quite emphatic on this point, and spoke so strongly as to convince us that if the existence of polygamy depended upon the women of Utah its doom was already sealed. On our arrival at the terminus of the road, one of Brigham Young's sons met us at the depôt, and escorted us to his father's residence, where we were cordially received by the President, and invited to remain to lunch. The reader can imagine better than I can describe our feelings at sitting down to a hospitable repast with Brigham Young, and several of his principal male apostles; and especially at our being waited upon by one of his numerous wives, a lady between forty and fifty years of age, and by the two daughters who had travelled with us from Salt Lake City. In our conversation about various matters I asked Brigham Young what book I could buy which would give me the most accurate information concerning the Mormon religion. He answered pat, 'The Bible.' I then asked what was the next best book, and he mentioned a work written by a well-known literary saint. During our conversation one of President Young's sons, a young man about twenty, asked if he might go up with us to Salt Lake City, and hear Canon Kingsley preach on the following day. The father consented at once, simply requesting his son to return on Monday morning. Not far from his house, which is a modest two-story structure, built near the principal street, he has erected a large steam factory for the manufacture of all kinds of woollen fabrics. After spending a pleasant hour or two with the veteran Mormon chief, who I may add is a rather stout-built man, of apparently about seventy years of age, and the expression of whose countenance is peculiarly keen and shrewd, we returned to the city, stopping by the way at one station to visit the great American

Kanyon, and at another to inspect the works where a large portion of the silver ore found in Utah is brought for smelting purposes. On our arrival at the city we visited the theatre with a Mormon, who, besides being one of Brigham Young's official colleagues, is a man of great wealth, and who told us that he hailed from Birmingham in England. The theatre, which was built by the President, was moderately filled, and the audience greatly applauded the actors, an English company, who certainly did their utmost to entertain the people.

"Sunday, May 17th.

"We attended service at the beautiful Episcopal Church, when eleven clergymen, including Canon Kingsley, the Bishop of Colorado, and the Bishop of Utah, officiated. In the afternoon we went to the great Mormon tabernacle. One of the elders preached, and he urged the people to practise habits of economy that they might give more liberally to the Lord; the Lord's representative in Utah being Prophet Brigham Young. It was estimated that ten thousand people were present. One half of the congregation consisted of men, and no attempt was made to divide the sexes. The organ is one of the largest and finest in the United States, and was built entirely in Utah. It was evidently played by an experienced musician. In the evening we heard Canon Kingsley preach in the Episcopal Church. The crowd was so great that many persons were unable to procure admission. The sermon produced a profound impression upon all who had the good fortune to hear it, and I am sure that the distinguished preacher had no more appreciative listeners than the American clergymen who were present.

"Monday, May 18th.

"Visited the Mormon schools and museums, and called upon some of the members of President Young's family, and other leading persons who had shown us attention. The commander of Fort Douglas, Utah, told me that they kept an accurate register of the fall of water, and that it was more than three times greater now than it was when the fort was first established in the territory,—a singular circumstance, which he attributed to the cultivation of land and the plantation of trees. I left Utah with the conviction that polygamy will die with Brigham Young. My impression is that the Mormons generally do not possess a high order of intelligence. They are drawn mainly from the poorer classes of Europe,

and the secret of the Prophet's influence over them is that they are supplied with the necessities of life in far greater abundance than it is possible for them to procure those blessings in any European country. No one will ever believe that an intelligent woman can be happy under a system which not only denies her equality with her husband, and exposes her to the rivalry of other members of her sex, but keeps her in a painful state of domestic subordination. At three p.m. we bade adieu to the City of the Saints, and proceeded on our journey towards the setting sun.

“ Wednesday, May 20th.

“ At about one a.m. we arrived at Reno, where we were detached from the Pacific express, and drawn by a special locomotive to Carson city, the capital of Nevada. At nine a.m. we left this place for Virginia city, where we saw the famous gold and silver mines, from which over one hundred and fifty millions of dollars' worth of the precious metals have been extracted during the last ten years. These mines are situated at an altitude of about ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. The railway from Carson city to the mines ascends up the mountain the whole way, and is a remarkable piece of engineering. Another novelty is that it is owned exclusively by a very few private individuals, who, therefore, are responsible to no public corporation or company. After spending a pleasant day in this excursion we returned to Reno.

“ Thursday, May 21st.

“ Our car was joined to the California express at one a.m. We breakfasted at the summit of the Sierra Nevada mountains, the snow round the house in which we partook of that meal being fifteen feet deep. We passed from the train to the house under snow-sheds, and thus suffered no inconvenience from the weather. A large bear, chained near the entrance to the hotel, bowed and smiled a welcome. After breakfast the train literally rushed down the mountains under about sixty miles of snow-sheds. We caught beautiful glimpses of the scenery through the openings, and occasionally, where the snow does not drift in large quantities, we had the advantage of a perfectly open prospect. The change as we descended into the Sacramento Valley was marvellous. Leaving the raw cold of the upper regions of ice and snow, we entered into a fairy land, where roses bloomed, and tropical plants breathed their perfume, and the whole atmosphere was that of midsummer in England. At one p.m. we arrived at Sacramento city, the capital of

California, where we received a warm welcome from old friends, one of whom I knew twenty-five years ago as a poor boy, but who now is a man of large fortune. Our car stopped here, to enable Canon Kingsley to lecture to the inhabitants on Westminster Abbey. I need hardly say that he had a very appreciative audience. At midnight we again entered our car, and started with a special locomotive to Mercead, the nearest railway station to Yosomette Valley.

"Friday, May 22nd.

"At six a.m. bade adieu, with regret, to the Pullman car in which we had spent so many days and nights of pleasant family life. After breakfast I sent a telegraphic message to Dean Stanley, informing him that Canon Kingsley was well, and would preach for us in the Valley on Sunday. During the entire day we were driving across the prairies in covered waggons, admiring the wild flowers which grow so luxuriantly in that region, and breathing the exhilarating air which sweeps over the plains from the Pacific on the west, and the Sierra Nevada on the east. We slept the same night at a little ranche, and at six on Saturday morning, May 23rd, we were mounted on our horses or mules for our long day's ride. The journey was exciting in the extreme. At one hour we were ascending almost perpendicular heights, and at another descending with equal abruptness into narrow valleys, where we walked Indian file over the slight wooden bridges which span the streams, or, up to our waists in water, forded rivulets which had been swollen by the melting snow from the high mountains. The result was that, although we were worked into a state of not unpleasurable excitement, we arrived at our hotel about eight p.m., drenched to the skin with a series of involuntary cold baths, having been in the saddle over twelve hours. During the journey some of the more fatigued members of our party suggested the expediency of resting till the next day on the ground, but no more was heard of the proposal when our guide mildly hinted that rattle-snakes were very plentiful in these parts, and that the warm weather of the last two days had brought them out in large numbers. This warning, which was the fruit of our guide's active imagination, had a magical effect in accelerating the movements of the party.

"YOSOMETTE VALLEY, Sunday, May 24th.

"This valley is about ten miles long, and from half a mile to a mile and a quarter wide. It winds between perpendicular cliffs more than three thousand feet high, over which, at intervals, waterfalls

pour down hundreds of feet into the river which runs through the valley, producing a roar which can be heard at a great distance. One of these falls, immediately opposite our hotel, descends perpendicularly seventeen hundred feet, and then strikes a rock and makes another terrific leap of about eleven hundred feet. The valley is filled with pines of enormous growth, many of them being not far from three hundred feet high. Nature exists here in truly gigantic proportions. There being no church in the valley, Canon Kingsley preached in the parlour of the hotel. He gave us a very eloquent sermon, in which he dwelt upon the fact that the Almighty was most impressively speaking to each one of us in the grand works which He had created in that valley. The congregation was composed of the persons who were staying at the three hotels which are opened in the summer months for visitors. The valley has only been known during the last few years, and, in fact, was discovered by a party of Volunteers in California, who followed to this spot a band of Indian depredators. This year a waggon-road from the nearest railway station to the valley will be brought to completion.

“Monday, May 25th.

“All day in our saddles, riding through the valley and up and down the mountains. We visited various falls, and other points of interest.

“Tuesday, May 26th.

“We rode from the valley to “Clark’s,” a well-known hotel near the Big Trees. We were on horseback for about ten hours, travelling through a mountainous and highly picturesque country, and fording many streams. At noon we lunched in a wood close to a running brook, our table being a large flat rock.

“Wednesday, May 27th.

“Early in the saddle, with Mr. Clark, to visit the Big Trees. These trees are believed, not without reason, to be the largest in the world. They are nearly three hundred feet in height, and the reader may form some idea of their circumference from the following fact. One of these unwieldy monarchs of the forest which had fallen to the ground had been sawn in two places—one about fifty feet from the roots, and the other about the same distance nearer the branches. The inside having decayed, it formed from end to end a perfect tunnel, like the railway bridge which spans the St. Lawrence; and through this opening our whole party rode on

horseback, sitting erect, without our hats touching the upper rim of the prostrate trunk. The largest of these enormous trees, which number some six hundred, are believed to be over two thousand years old.

“ Thursday, May 28th.

“ Rode all day in covered waggon from Clark’s to Mercead. During the latter part of the time we crossed several beautiful cultivated farms of thousands of acres each, many of which are owned by men who left the Eastern States in that spirit of adventure which still characterizes the Puritans of New England.

“ SAN FRANCISCO, Friday, May 29th.

“ Left Mercead by railway at 5.30 a.m., arriving at San Francisco soon after noon. This evening Canon Kingsley repeated his lecture on Westminster Abbey to an audience composed of the most intelligent people of the city. I need not describe San Francisco, which has been visited by so many travellers; but it may be interesting to mention that this city contains a population of about twenty-eight thousand Chinese, and that we went to the Chinese theatre—a moderately-sized building, in which we found about five hundred ‘pigtailed.’ The action of the play was excessively grotesque, the speeches of the actors being enlivened, and our ears deafened, by the most hideous music. It would appear that the Chinese are content to see the same performance repeated any number of times without satiety. A more instructive incident was the visit we paid to the University of California, which has been erected a few miles from San Francisco across the bay. This university, which is only a few years old, is under President Gilman’s efficient management. Nearly two hundred students receive here an admirable collegiate training. It has been endowed by the State with land which has a capitalized value of about a million and a half of dollars. I was delighted to find that the leading men in the State are taking a great interest in this important educational institution.

SUMMER DREAMING.

IN the meadows, when Midsummer flush'd the earth with glowing
dyes,

And the flower-cups drain'd the dewdrops 'neath the blue un-
clouded skies,

When from ripple, breeze, and bird-note, music through the wood-
land peal'd,

When the south wind stole the fragrance from the purple clover
field—

Grey the upland in the distance, gold the corn heaps at our feet,
And the Ammersee's still waters sparkled out in silver sheet—

As with earth's entrancing beauty spell-bound, sat my friend and I;

Brown and scarlet-wing'd there hover'd over us a butterfly,

Nearer came in fluttering circle, seem'd as if 'twould fain alight—

Flew away, yet quick returning, yet again half stay'd its flight,

Seem'd to lure us on to follow, since with us it might not stay;

Once more circled round, then upward, higher, higher wing'd its
way.

Softly spake one to the other, "Fancies strange such days have birth;
Is the butterfly from angel hand sent down to earth?

Who can tell but 'tis a token that the parted spirits know

Something of the earth, and watch o'er mortal weal and mortal
woe?"

Musing in the Castle-chapel, sudden rose into the air

Sounds as though a voice were singing some old church *chorale*
rare,

Whence it came none e'er could tell me, no one knew the voice,
and I

Dream'd perchance it was the spirit of some loved one passing by,

Sending unto earth a token that the parted spirits know

Something of the earth, and watch o'er mortal weal and mortal woe.

Once more in the Chapel when a prison'd bird began to sing,
Sweet and clear its carol sounded with a strange unearthly ring,
And I call'd to mind the legend how the monk enraptured heard
As he paced the cloister-garden wondrous warblings of a bird—
But a moment seem'd it to him as he wander'd on and on,
Till awaking from his dream he found a hundred years were gone—
Then he knew the bird from heaven to his soul a message brought,
And the while he reverent listen'd, lo! a miracle was wrought.
Then again I fell to musing as the bird sang loud and clear,
If perchance it were a token that the parted ones are near—
That the soul-link is unbroken, that loved angels hover near,
Luring, comforting, and guarding, guiding to that other sphere—
Who can tell? Then wherefore doubt it—is it strange if spirits
 know
Something of the earth, and watch o'er mortal weal and mortal
 woe?

JULIA GODDARD.





THE POTTERY.

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHAT IS FOUND UPON TOP—MANUFACTURING BOWS AND ARROWS—
A BRICK-FIELD—A POTTERY—DIFFERENT COOKING UTENSILS—THE
FIRST BOILED MEAT—WORMWOOD—THE SOUTHERN CROSS—AN IM-
PORTANT ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATION.

“WELL, Captain, where are we going to begin?” asked Pencroft next morning of the engineer.

“At the beginning,” replied Cyrus Harding.

And in fact, the settlers were compelled to begin “at the very beginning.” They did not possess even the tools necessary for making tools, and they were not even in the condition of nature, who, “having time, husbands her strength.” They had no time, since they had to provide for the immediate wants of their existence, and though, profiting by acquired experience, they had nothing to invent, at least they had everything to make: their iron and their steel were as yet only in the state of minerals, their earthenware in the state of clay, their linen and their clothes in the state of textile material.

It must be said, besides, that the settlers were “men” in the complete and higher sense of the word. The engineer Harding could not have been seconded by more intelligent companions, nor with more devotion and zeal. He had tried them. He knew their abilities.

Gideon Spilett, a talented reporter, having learned everything to be able to speak of everything, would contribute largely with his head and hands to the colonization of the island. He would not draw back from any task: a determined sportsman, he would make a business of what till then had only been a pleasure to him.

Herbert, a gallant boy, already remarkably well-informed in the natural sciences, would render great service to the common cause.

Neb was devotion personified. Clever, intelligent, indefatigable, robust, with iron health, he knew a little about the work of the forge, and could not fail to be very useful in the colony.

As to Pencroft, he had sailed over every sea, a carpenter in the dockyards at Brooklyn, assistant tailor in the vessels of the state, gardener, cultivator, during his holidays, &c., and like all seamen, fit for everything, he knew how to do everything.

It would have been difficult to unite five men, better fitted to struggle against fate, more certain to triumph over it.

"At the beginning," Cyrus Harding had said. Now this beginning of which the engineer spoke, was the construction of an apparatus which would serve to transform the natural substances. The part which heat plays in these transformations is known. Now fuel, wood or coal, was ready for immediate use, an oven must be built to use it.

"What is this oven for?" asked Pencroft.

"To make the pottery which we have need of," replied Harding.

"And of what shall we make the oven?"

"With bricks."

"And the bricks?"

"With clay. Let us start, my friends. To save trouble, we will establish our manufactory at the place of production. Neb will bring provisions, and there will be no lack of fire to cook the food."

"No," replied the reporter; "but if there is a lack of food, for want of instruments for the chase?"

"Ah, if we only had a knife!" cried the sailor.

"Well?" asked Cyrus Harding.

"Well! I would soon make a bow and arrows, and then there would be plenty of game in the larder!"

"Yes, a knife, a sharp blade—" said the engineer, as if he was speaking to himself.

At this moment, his eyes fell upon Top, who was running about on the shore. Suddenly Harding's face became animated.

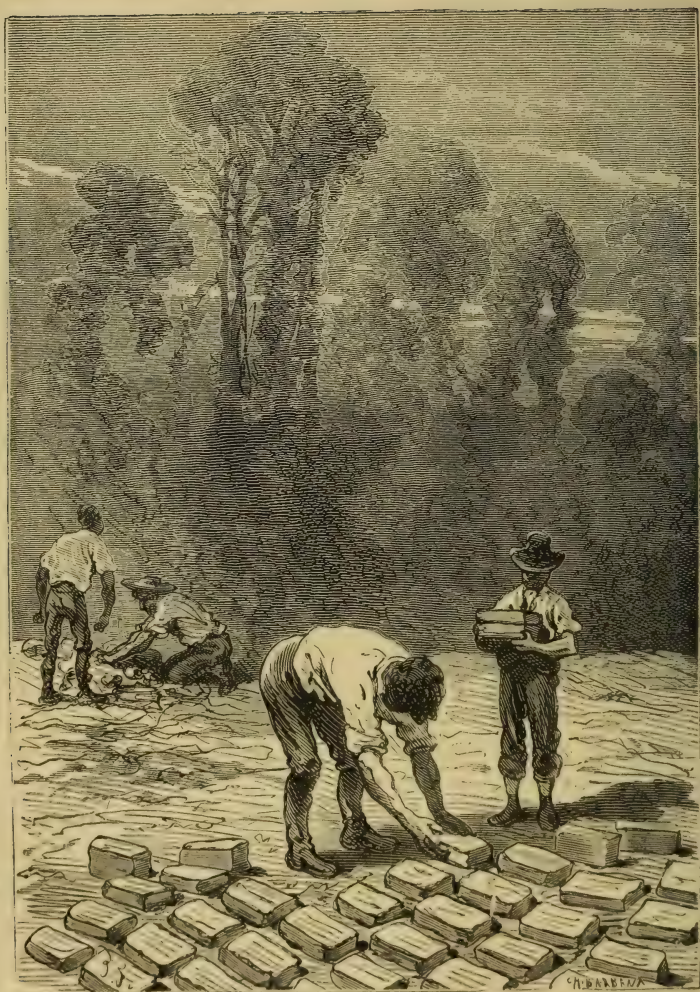
"Top, here!" said he.

The dog came at his master's call. The latter took Top's head between his hands, and unfastening the collar which the animal wore round his neck, he broke it in two, saying,—

"There are two knives, Pencroft!"

Two hurrahs from the sailor was the reply. Top's collar was

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BRICK-MAKING .

made of a thin piece of tempered steel. They had only to sharpen it on a piece of sandstone, then to raise the edge on a finer stone. Now sandstone was abundant on the beach, and two hours after the stock of tools in the colony was composed of two sharp blades, which were easily fixed in solid handles.

The production of these their first tools was hailed as a triumph. It was indeed a valuable result of their labour, and a very opportune one. They set out. Cyrus Harding proposed that they should return to the western shore of the lake, where the day before he had noticed the clayey ground of which he possessed a specimen. They therefore followed the bank of the Mercy, traversed Prospect Heights, and after a walk of five miles or more, they reached a glade, situated two hundred feet from Lake Grant.

On the way, Herbert had discovered a tree, the branches of which the Indians of South America employ for making their bows. It was the crejimba, of the palm family, which does not bear edible fruit. Long straight branches were cut, the leaves stripped off; it was shaped, stronger in the middle, more slender at the extremities, and nothing remained to be done but to find a plant fit to make the bow-string. This was the "*hibiscus heterophyllus*," which furnishes fibres of such remarkable tenacity that they have been compared to the tendons of animals. Pencroft thus obtained bows of tolerable strength, for which he only wanted arrows. These were easily made with straight stiff branches, without knots, but the points with which they must be armed, that is to say, a substance to serve in lieu of iron, could not be met with so easily. But Pencroft said, that having done his part of the work, chance would do the rest.

The settlers arrived on the ground which had been discovered the day before. Being composed of the sort of clay which is used for making bricks and tiles, it was very useful for the work in question. There was no great difficulty in it. It was enough to scour the clay with sand, then to mould the bricks and bake them by the heat of a wood fire.

Generally bricks are formed in moulds, but the engineer contented himself with making them by hand. All that day and the day following were employed in this work. The clay, soaked in water, was mixed by the feet and hands of the manipulators, and then divided into pieces of equal size. A practised workman can make, without a machine, about ten thousand bricks in twelve hours; but in their two days' work the five brickmakers on Lincoln

Island had not made more than three thousand, which were ranged near each other, until the time when their complete desiccation would permit them to be used in building the oven, that is to say, in three or four days.

It was on the 2nd of April that Harding had employed himself in fixing the orientation of the island, or, in other words, the precise spot where the sun rose. The day before, he had noted exactly the hour when the sun disappeared beneath the horizon, making allowance for the refraction. This morning he noted, no less exactly, the hour at which it reappeared. Between this setting and rising twelve hours twenty four minutes passed. Then, six hours, twelve minutes after its rising, the sun on this day, would exactly pass the meridian, and the point of the sky which it occupied at this moment, would be the north.¹

At the said hour, Cyrus marked this point, and putting in a line with the sun two trees which would serve him for marks, he thus obtained an invariable meridian for his ulterior operations.

The settlers employed the two days before the oven was built in collecting fuel. Branches were cut all round the glade and they picked up all the fallen wood under the trees. They were also able to hunt with greater success, since Pencroft now possessed some dozen arrows armed with sharp points. It was Top who had furnished these points, by bringing in a porcupine, rather inferior eating, but of great value, thanks to the quills with which it bristled. These quills were fixed firmly at the ends of the arrows, the flight of which was made more certain by some cockatoos' feathers. The reporter and Herbert soon became very skilful archers. Game of all sorts in consequence abounded at the Chimneys, capybaras, pigeons, agoutis, grouse, &c. The greater part of these animals were killed in the part of the forest on the left bank of the Mercy, to which they gave the name of Jacamar Wood, in remembrance of the bird which Pencroft and Herbert had pursued when on their first exploration.

This game was eaten fresh, but they preserved some capybara hams, by smoking them above a fire of green wood, after having perfumed them with sweet smelling leaves. However, this food, although very strengthening, was always roast upon roast, and the party would have been delighted to hear some soup bubbling

¹ Indeed at this time of the year and in this latitude the sun rises at 33 minutes past 5 in the morning, and sets at 17 minutes past 6 in the evening.

on the hearth, but they must wait till a pot could be made, and, consequently, till the oven was built.

During these excursions, which were not extended far from the brick-field, the hunters could discern the recent passage of animals of a large size, armed with powerful claws, but they could not recognize the species. Cyrus Harding advised them to be very careful, as the forest probably enclosed many dangerous beasts.

And he did right. Indeed, Gideon Spilett and Herbert one day saw an animal which resembled a jaguar. Happily, the creature did not attack them, or they might not have escaped without a severe wound. As soon as he could get a regular weapon, that is to say, one of the guns which Pencroft begged for, Gideon Spilett resolved to make desperate war against the ferocious beasts, and exterminate them from the island.

The Chimneys during these few days was not made more comfortable, for the engineer hoped to discover, or build if necessary, a more convenient dwelling. They contented themselves with spreading moss and dry leaves on the sand of the passages, and on these primitive couches the tired workers slept soundly.

They also reckoned the days they had passed on Lincoln Island, and from that time kept a regular account. The 5th of April, which was Wednesday, was twelve days from the time when the wind threw the castaways on this shore.

On the 6th of April, at daybreak, the engineer and his companions were collected in the glade, at the place where they were going to perform the operation of baking the bricks. Naturally this had to be in the open air, and not in a kiln, or rather, the agglomeration of bricks made an enormous kiln, which would bake itself. The fuel, made of well-prepared fagots, was laid on the ground and surrounded with several rows of dried bricks, which soon formed an enormous cube, to the exterior of which they contrived air-holes. The work lasted all day, and it was not till the evening that they set fire to the fagots. No one slept that night, all watching carefully to keep up the fire.

The operation lasted forty-eight hours, and succeeded perfectly. It then became necessary to leave the smoking mass to cool, and during this time, Neb and Pencroft, guided by Cyrus Harding, brought, on a hurdle made of interlaced branches, loads of carbonate of lime and common stones, which were very abundant, to the north of the lake. These stones, when decomposed by heat, made a very strong quicklime, greatly increased by slacking, at

last as pure as if it had been produced by the calcination of chalk or marble. Mixed with sand, the lime made excellent mortar.

The result of these different works was, that on the 9th of April, the engineer had at his disposal a quantity of prepared lime and some thousands of bricks.

Without losing an instant, therefore, they began the construction of a kiln to bake the pottery, which was indispensable for their domestic use. They succeeded without much difficulty. Five days after, the kiln was supplied with coal, which the engineer had discovered lying open to the sky towards the mouth of the Red Creek, and the first smoke escaped from a chimney twenty feet high. The glade was transformed into a manufactory, and Pencroft was not far wrong in believing that from this kiln would issue all the products of modern industry.

In the meantime what the settlers first manufactured was a common pottery in which to cook their food. The chief material was clay, to which Harding added a little lime and quartz. This paste made regular "pipe-clay," with which they manufactured bowls, cups moulded on stones of a proper size, great jars and pots to hold water, &c. The shape of these objects was clumsy and defective, but after they had been baked in a high temperature, the kitchen of the Chimneys was provided with a number of utensils, as precious to the settlers as the most beautifully enamelled china. We must mention here that Pencroft, desirous to know if the clay thus prepared was worthy of its name of pipe-clay, made some large pipes, which he found charming, but for which, alas! he had no tobacco, and that was a great privation for Pencroft. "But tobacco will come, like everything else!" he repeated, in a burst of absolute confidence.

This work lasted till the 15th of April, and the time was well employed. The settlers having become potters, made nothing but pottery. When it suited Cyrus Harding to change them into smiths, they would become smiths. But the next day being Sunday, and also Easter Sunday, all agreed to sanctify the day by rest. These Americans were religious men, scrupulous observers of the precepts of the Bible, and their situation could not but develope sentiments of confidence towards the Author of all things.

On the evening of the 15th of April they returned to the Chimneys, carrying with them the pottery, the furnace being extinguished until they could put it to a new use. Their return was marked by a fortunate incident; the engineer discovered a

substance which replaced tinder. It is known that a spongy, velvety flesh is procured from a certain mushroom of the genus polyporous. Properly prepared, it is extremely inflammable, especially when it has been previously saturated with gunpowder, or boiled in a solution of nitrate or chlorate of potash. But, till then, they had not found any of these polypores or even any of the morels which could replace them. On this day, the engineer, seeing a plant belonging to the wormwood genus, the principal species of which are absinthe, balm-mint, tarragon, &c., gathered several tufts, and, presenting them to the sailor, said,—

“Here, Pencroft, this will please you.”

Pencroft looked attentively at the plant, covered with long silky hair, the leaves being clothed with soft down.

“What’s that, captain?” asked Pencroft. “Is it tobacco?”

“No,” replied Harding, “it is wormwood; Chinese wormwood to the learned, but to us it will be tinder.”

When the wormwood was properly dried it provided them with a very inflammable substance, especially afterwards when the engineer had impregnated it with nitrate of potash, of which the island possessed several beds, and which is in truth saltpetre.

The colonists had a good supper that evening. Neb prepared some agouti soup, a smoked capybara ham, to which was added the boiled tubercles of the “*caladium macrorrhizum*,” an herbaceous plant of the arum family. They had an excellent taste, and were very nutritious, being something similar to the substance which is sold in England under the name of “Portland sago;” they were also a good substitute for bread, which the settlers in Lincoln Island did not yet possess.

When supper was finished, before sleeping, Harding and his companions went to take the air on the beach. It was eight o’clock in the evening; the night was magnificent. The moon, which had been full five days before, had not yet risen, but the horizon was already silvered by those soft, pale shades which might be called the dawn of the moon. At the southern zenith glittered the circumpolar constellations, and above all the Southern Cross, which some days before the engineer had greeted on the summit of Mount Franklin.

Cyrus Harding gazed for some time at this splendid constellation, which has at its summit and at its base two stars of the first magnitude, at its left arm a star of the second, and at its right arm a star of the third magnitude.

Then, after some minutes' thought—

"Herbert," he asked of the lad, "are we not at the 15th of April?"

"Yes, captain," replied Herbert.

"Well, if I am not mistaken, to-morrow will be one of the four days in the year in which the real time is identical with average time; that is to say, my boy, that to-morrow, to within some seconds, the sun will pass the meridian just at mid-day by the clocks. If the weather is fine I think that I shall obtain the longitude of the island with an approximation of some degrees."

"Without instruments, without sextant?" asked Gideon Spilett.

"Yes," replied the engineer. "Also, since the night is clear, I will try, this very evening, to obtain our latitude by calculating the height of the Southern Cross, that is, from the southern pole above the horizon. You understand, my friends, that before undertaking the work of installation in earnest it is not enough to have found out that this land is an island; we must, as nearly as possible, know at what distance it is situated, either from the American continent or Australia, or from the principal archipelagos of the Pacific."

"In fact," said the reporter, "instead of building a house it would be more important to build a boat, if by chance we are not more than a hundred miles from an inhabited coast."

"That is why," returned Harding, "I am going to try this evening to calculate the latitude of Lincoln Island, and to-morrow, at mid-day, I will try to calculate the longitude."

If the engineer had possessed a sextant, an apparatus with which the angular distance of objects can be measured with great precision, there would have been no difficulty in the operation. This evening by the height of the pole, the next day by the passing of the sun at the meridian, he would obtain the position of the island. But as they had not one he would have to supply the deficiency.

Harding then entered the Chimneys. By the light of the fire he cut two little flat rulers, which he joined together at one end so as to form a pair of compasses, whose legs could separate or come together. The fastening was fixed with a strong acacia thorn which was found in the wood pile. This instrument finished, the engineer returned to the beach; but as it was necessary to take the height of the pole from above a clear horizon, that is, a sea horizon, and as Claw Cape hid the southern horizon, he was obliged to look for a more suitable station. The best would evidently have been the

shore exposed directly to the south ; but the Mercy would have to be crossed, and that was a difficulty. Harding resolved, in consequence, to make his observation from Prospect Heights, taking into consideration its height above the level of the sea—a height which he intended to calculate next day by a simple process of elementary geometry.

The settlers, therefore, went to the plateau, ascending the left bank of the Mercy, and placed themselves on the edge which looked north-west and south-east, that is, above the curiously-shaped rocks which bordered the river.

This part of the plateau commanded the heights of the left bank, which sloped away to the extremity of Claw Cape, and to the southern side of the island. No obstacle intercepted their gaze, which swept the horizon in a semicircle from the cape to Reptile End. To the south, the horizon lighted by the first rays of the moon, was very clearly defined against the sky.

At this moment the Southern Cross presented itself to the observer in an inverted position, the star Alpha marking its base which is nearer to the southern pole.

This constellation is not situated as near to the antarctic pole as the Polar Star is to the arctic pole. The star Alpha is about twenty-seven degrees from it, but Cyrus Harding knew this and made allowance for it in his calculation. He took care also to observe the moment when it passed the meridian below the pole, which would simplify the operation.

Cyrus Harding pointed one leg of the compasses to the sea horizon, the other to Alpha, and the space between the two legs gave him the angular distance which separated Alpha from the horizon. In order to fix the angle obtained, he fastened with thorns the two pieces of wood on a third placed transversely, so that their separation should be properly maintained.

That done, there was only the angle to calculate by bringing back the observation to the level of the sea, taking into consideration the depression of the horizon, which would necessitate measuring the height of the cliff. The value of this angle would give the height of Alpha, and consequently that of the pole above the horizon, that is to say, the latitude of the island, since the latitude of a point of the globe is always equal to the height of the pole above the horizon of this point.

The calculations were left for the next day, and at ten o'clock every one was sleeping soundly.

CHAPTER XIV.

MEASURING THE CLIFF.—AN APPLICATION OF THE THEOREM OF SIMILAR TRIANGLES.—LATITUDE OF THE ISLAND.—EXCURSION TO THE NORTH.—AN OYSTER-BED.—PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.—THE SUN PASSING THE MERIDIAN.—THE LONGITUDE OF LINCOLN ISLAND.

THE next day, the 16th of April, and Easter Sunday, the settlers issued from the Chimneys at daybreak, and proceeded to wash their linen. The engineer intended to manufacture soap as soon as he could procure the necessary materials—soda or potash, fat or oil. The important question of renewing their wardrobe would be treated of in the proper time and place. At any rate their clothes would last at least six months longer, for they were strong and could resist the wear of manual labour. But all would depend on the situation of the island with regard to inhabited land. This would be settled to-day if the weather permitted.

But the sun rising above a clear horizon, announced a magnificent day, one of those beautiful autumn days which are like the last farewells of the warm season.

It was then necessary to complete the observations of the evening before by measuring the height of the cliff above the level of the sea.

“Shall you not need an instrument similar to the one which you used yesterday?” said Herbert to the engineer.

“No, my boy,” replied the latter, “we are going to proceed differently, but in as precise a way.”

Herbert, wishing to learn everything he could, followed the engineer to the beach. Pencroft, Neb, and the reporter remained behind and occupied themselves in different ways.

Cyrus Harding had provided himself with a straight stick, twelve feet long, which he had measured as exactly as possible by comparing it with his own height, which he knew to a hair. Herbert carried a plumb-line which Harding had given him, that is to say, a simple stone fastened to the end of a flexible fibre. Having reached a spot about twenty feet from the edge of the beach, and nearly five hundred feet from the cliff, which rose perpendicularly, Harding thrust the pole two feet into the sand, and wedging it up carefully, he managed by means of



the plumb-line to erect it perpendicularly with the plane of the horizon.

That done, he retired the necessary distance, when, lying on the sand, his eye glanced at the same time at the top of the pole and the crest of the cliff. He carefully marked the place with a little stick.

Then addressing Herbert—

“Do you know the first principles of geometry?” he asked.

“Slightly, captain,” replied Herbert, who did not wish to put himself forward.

“You remember what are the properties of two similar triangles?”

“Yes,” replied Herbert; “their homologous sides are proportional.”

“Well, my boy, I have just constructed two similar right-angled triangles; the first, the smallest, has for its sides the perpendicular pole, the distance which separates the little stick from the foot of the pole, and my visual ray for hypotenuse; the second has for its sides the perpendicular cliff, the height of which we wish to measure, the distance which separates the little stick from the bottom of the cliff, and my visual ray also forms its hypotenuse, which proves to be the prolongation of that of the first triangle.”

“Ah, captain, I understand!” cried Herbert.

“As the distance from the stick to the pole is to the distance from the stick to the base of the cliff, so is the height of the pole to the height of the cliff.”

“It is just that, Herbert,” replied the engineer; “and when we shall have measured the two first distances, knowing the height of the pole, we shall only have a sum in proportion to do, which will give us the height of the cliff, and will save us the trouble of measuring it directly.”

The two horizontal distances were found out by means of the pole, whose length above the sand was exactly ten feet.

The first distance was fifteen feet between the stick and the place where the pole was thrust into the sand.

The second distance between the stick and the bottom of the cliff was five hundred feet.

These measurements finished, Cyrus Harding and the lad returned to the Chimneys.

The engineer then took a flat stone which he had brought back from one of his previous excursions, a sort of slate, on which it was

easy to trace figures with a sharp shell. He then proved the following proportions:—

$$\begin{array}{rcl} 15 : 500 :: 10 : x \\ 500 \times 10 = 5000 \\ 5000 \\ \hline 15 = 333 : 3 \end{array}$$

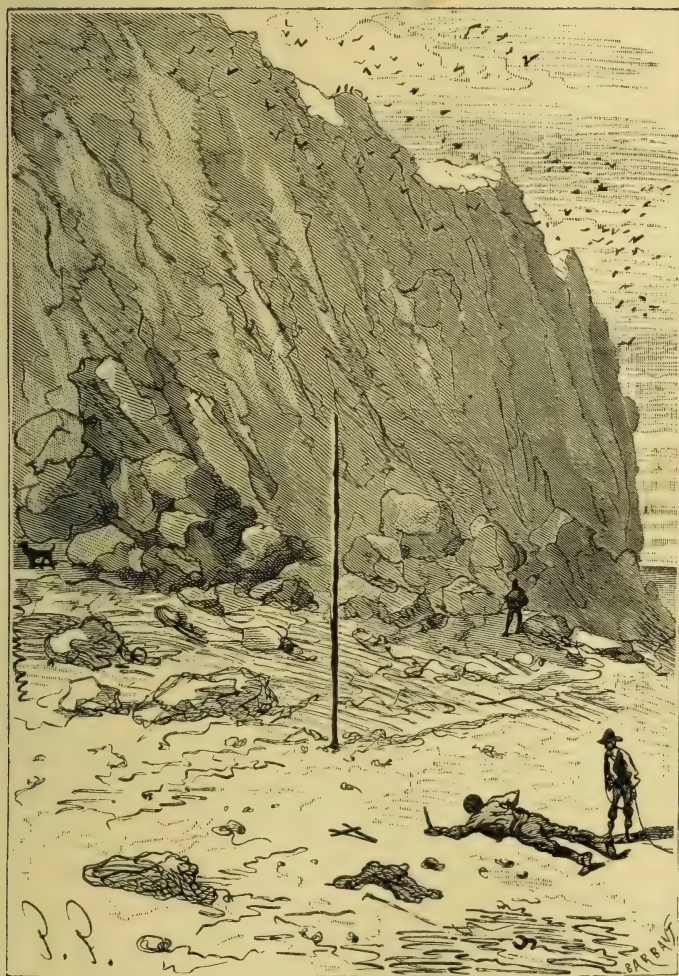
From which it was proved that the granite cliff measured 333 feet in height.

Cyrus Harding then took the instrument which he had made the evening before, the space between its two legs giving the angular distance between the star Alpha and the horizon. He measured, very exactly, the opening of this angle on a circumference which he divided into 360 equal parts. Now, this angle, by adding to it the twenty-seven degrees which separated Alpha from the antarctic pole, and by reducing to the level of the sea the height of the cliff on which the observation had been made, was found to be fifty-three degrees. These fifty-three degrees being subtracted from ninety degrees—the distance from the pole to the equator—there remained thirty-seven degrees. Cyrus Harding concluded, therefore, that Lincoln Island was situated on the thirty-seventh degree of the southern latitude, or taking into consideration through the imperfection of the performance, an error of five degrees, that it must be situated between the thirty-fifth and the fortieth parallel.

There was only the longitude to be obtained, and the position of the island would be determined. The engineer hoped to attempt this the same day, at twelve o'clock, at which moment the sun would pass the meridian.

It was decided that Sunday should be spent in a walk or rather an exploring expedition, to that side of the island between the north of the lake and Shark Gulf, and if there was time they would push their discoveries to the northern side of Cape South Mandible. They would breakfast on the downs and not return till evening.

At half-past eight, the little band were following the edge of the channel. On the other side, on Safety Islet, numerous birds were gravely strutting. They were divers, easily recognized by their cry, which much resembles the braying of a donkey. Pencroft only considered them in an eatable point of view, and learnt with some satisfaction that their flesh, though blackish, is not bad food.



CALCULATING THE HEIGHT OF THE CLIFF.

Great amphibious creatures could also be seen crawling on the sand ; seals, doubtless, who appeared to have chosen the islet for a place of refuge. It was impossible to think of those animals in an alimentary point of view, for their oily flesh is detestable; however, Cyrus Harding observed them attentively, and without making known his idea, he announced to his companions that very soon they would pay a visit to the islet. The beach was strewn with innumerable shells, some of which would have rejoiced the heart of a conchologist ; there were, among others, the phasianella, the terebratula, &c. But what would be of more use, was the discovery, by Neb, at low tide, of a large oyster-bed, among the rocks, nearly five miles from the Chimneys.

"Neb will not have lost his day," cried Pencroft, looking at the spacious oyster-bed.

"It is really a fortunate discovery," said the reporter, "and as it is said that each oyster produces yearly from fifty to sixty thousand eggs, we shall have an inexhaustible supply there."

"Only I believe that the oyster is not very nourishing," said Herbert.

"No," replied Harding. "The oyster contains very little nitrogen, and if a man lived exclusively on them, he would have to eat not less than fifteen to sixteen dozen a day."

"Capital!" replied Pencroft. "We might swallow dozens and dozens without exhausting the bed. Shall we take some for breakfast?"

And, without waiting for a reply to his proposal, knowing that it would be approved of, the sailor and Neb detached a quantity of the molluscs. They put them in a sort of net of hibiscus fibre, which Neb had manufactured, and which already contained food ; they then continued to climb the coast between the downs and the sea.

From time to time Harding consulted his watch, so as to be prepared in time for the solar observation, which had to be made exactly at mid-day.

All that part of the island was very barren as far as the point which closed Union Bay, and which had received the name of Cape South Mandible. Nothing could be seen there but sand and shells, mingled with *débris* of lava. A few sea-birds frequented this desolate coast, gulls, great albatrosses, as well as wild duck, which justly excited Pencroft's covetousness. He tried to knock some over with an arrow, but without result, for they seldom perched, and he could not hit them on the wing.

This led the sailor to repeat to the engineer,—

“You see, captain, so long as we have not one or two fowling-pieces, we shall never get anything!”

“Doubtless, Pencroft,” replied the reporter, “but it depends on you. Procure us some iron for the barrels, steel for the hammers, saltpetre, coal, and sulphur for powder, mercury and nitric acid for the fulminate, and lead for the shot, and the captain will make us first-rate guns.”

“Oh!” replied the engineer, “we might, no doubt, find all these substances on the island, but a gun is a delicate instrument, and needs very particular tools. However, we shall see later!”

“Why,” cried Pencroft, “were we obliged to throw overboard all the weapons we had with us in the car, all our implements, even our pocket-knives?”

“But if we had not thrown them away, Pencroft, the balloon would have thrown us to the bottom of the sea!” said Herbert.

“What you say is true, my boy,” replied the sailor.

Then passing to another idea,—

“But,” said he, “how astounded Jonathan Forster and his companions must have been when, next morning, they found the place empty, and the machine flown away!”

“I am utterly indifferent about knowing what they may have thought,” said the reporter.

“It was all my idea, that!” said Pencroft, with a satisfied air.

“A splendid idea, Pencroft!” replied Gideon Spilett, laughing, and which has placed us where we are.”

“I would rather be here than in the hands of the Southerners,” cried the sailor, “especially since the captain has been kind enough to come and join us again.”

“So would I, truly!” replied the reporter. “Besides, what do we want? Nothing.”

“If that is not—everything!” replied Pencroft, laughing, and shrugging his shoulders. “But, some day or other, we shall find means of going away!”

“Sooner, perhaps, than you imagine, my friends,” remarked the engineer, “if Lincoln Island is but a medium distance from an inhabited island, or from a continent. We shall know in an hour. I have not a map of the Pacific, but my memory has preserved a very clear recollection of its southern part. The latitude which I obtained yesterday placed New Zealand to the west of Lincoln Island, and the coast of Chili to the east. But between

these two countries, there is a distance of at least six thousand miles. It has, therefore, to be determined what point in this great space the island occupies, and this the longitude will give us presently, with a sufficient approximation, I hope."

"Is not the archipelago of the Pomantous, the nearest point to us in latitude?" asked Herbert.

"Yes," replied the engineer, "but the distance which separates us from it is more than twelve hundred miles."

"And that way?" asked Neb, who followed the conversation with extreme interest, pointing to the south.

"That way, nothing," replied Pencroft.

"Nothing, indeed," added the engineer.

"Well, Cyrus," asked the reporter, "if Lincoln Island is not more than two or three thousand miles from New Zealand or Chili?"

"Well," replied the engineer, "instead of building a house we will build a boat, and Master Pencroft shall be put in command—"

"Well then," cried the sailor, "I am quite ready to be captain—as soon as you can make a craft that's able to keep at sea!"

"We shall do it, if it is necessary," replied Cyrus Harding.

But whilst these men, who really hesitated at nothing, were talking, the hour approached at which the observation was to be made. What Cyrus Harding was to do to ascertain the passage of the sun at the meridian of the island, without an instrument of any sort, Herbert could not guess.

The observers were then about six miles from the Chimneys, not far from that part of the downs in which the engineer had been found after his enigmatical preservation. They halted at this place and prepared for breakfast, for it was half-past eleven. Herbert went for some fresh water from a stream which ran near, and brought it back in a jug which Neb had provided.

During these preparations Harding arranged everything for his astronomical observation. He chose a clear place on the shore, which the ebbing tide had left perfectly level. This bed of fine sand was as smooth as ice, not a grain out of place. It was of little importance whether it was horizontal or not, and it did not matter much whether the stick, six feet high, which was planted there, rose perpendicularly. On the contrary, the engineer inclined it towards the south, that is to say, of the coast opposite to the sun, for it must not be forgotten that the settlers in Lincoln Island, as the island was situated in the southern hemisphere, saw the radiant

planet describe its diurnal arc above the northern, and not above the southern horizon.

Herbert now understood how the engineer was going to proceed to ascertain the culmination of the sun, that is to say its passing the meridian of the island or, in other terms, the south of the place. It was by means of the shadow cast on the sand by the stick, a way which, for want of an instrument, would give him a suitable approach to the result which he wished to obtain.

In fact, the moment when this shadow would reach its minimum of length would be exactly twelve o'clock, and it would be enough to watch the extremity of the shadow, so as to ascertain the instant when, after having successively diminished, it began to lengthen. By inclining his stick to the side opposite to the sun, Cyrus Harding made the shadow longer, and consequently its modifications would be more easily ascertained. In fact, the longer the needle of a dial is, the more easily can the movement of its point be followed. The shadow of the stick was nothing but the needle of a dial.

When he thought the moment had come, Cyrus Harding knelt on the sand, and with little wooden pegs, which he stuck into the sand, he began to mark the successive diminutions of the stick's shadow. His companions, bending over him, watched the operation with extreme interest. The reporter held his chronometer in his hand, ready to tell the hour which it marked when the shadow would be at its shortest. Moreover, as Cyrus Harding was working on the 16th of April, the day on which the true and the average time are identical, the hour given by Gideon Spilett would be the true hour then at Washington, which would simplify the calculation. Meanwhile the sun slowly advanced, the shadow slowly diminished, and when it appeared to Cyrus Harding that it was beginning to increase, he asked, "What o'clock is it?"

"One minute past five," replied Gideon Spilett directly.

They had now only to calculate the operation. Nothing could be easier. It could be seen that there existed, in round numbers, a difference of five hours between the meridian of Washington and that of Lincoln Island, that is to say, it was mid-day in Lincoln Island when it was already five o'clock in the evening in Washington. Now the sun, in its apparent movement round the earth, traverses one degree in four minutes, or fifteen degrees an hour. Fifteen degrees multiplied by five hours give seventy-five degrees.

Then, since Washington is $77^{\circ} 3' 11''$, as much as to say



AN INTERESTING SCIENTIFIC OPERATION.

seventy-seven degrees counted from the meridian of Greenwich—which the Americans take for their starting-point for longitudes concurrently with the English—it followed that the island must be situated seventy-seven or seventy-five degrees west of the meridian of Greenwich, that is to say on the hundred and fifty-second degree of west longitude.

Cyrus Harding announced this result to his companions, and taking into consideration errors of observation, as he had done for the latitude, he believed he could positively affirm that the position of Lincoln Island was between the thirty-fifth and the thirty-seventh parallel, and between the hundred and fiftieth and the hundred and fifty-fifth meridian to the west of the meridian of Greenwich.

The possible fault which he attributed to errors in the observation was, it may be seen, of five degrees on both sides, which, at sixty miles to a degree, would give an error of three hundred miles in latitude and longitude for the exact position.

But this error would not influence the determination which it was necessary to take. It was very evident that Lincoln Island was at such a distance from every country or island that it would be too hazardous to attempt to reach one in a frail boat.

In fact this calculation placed it at least twelve hundred miles from Tahiti and the islands of the archipelago of the Pomantous, more than eighteen hundred miles from New Zealand, and more than four thousand five hundred miles from the American coast!

And when Cyrus Harding consulted his memory, he could not remember in any way that such an island occupied, in that part of the Pacific, the situation assigned to Lincoln Island.

THE FISHER-FOLK OF BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

BY L. A. CHAMEROVZOW.

SOME centuries before Great Britain was great, in any sense; before even Little Britain owned a name; and before France was France at all, there dwelt upon opposite sides of the Channel which continues to form so unruly a barrier between the two countries, certain savage tribes; who, nevertheless, contrived to cultivate and keep up a tolerably friendly acquaintance. In their mode of government, in their religion, in their habits of living, in their ordinary pursuits, there was little or nothing to distinguish one people from the other; and it is even established, beyond doubt, that the tongue spoken on the one side so resembled in its fundamentals the language in use on the other, as to render unnecessary a reference to pocket dictionaries,—even supposing the existence, at that remote period, of those perplexing auxiliaries to international intercourse. Had the late lamented Richard Cobden lived in those times, he would indubitably have missed his great vocation, for as yet no Customs' regulations nor other fiscal impediments barred or limited such trading as went on between the Easterlings and the Westerlings; the latter bartering their amber, their tin, and their peculiar dyes, for the fish and the forest-beast skins of the former. Mantles made of these constituted the ceremonial costume of both, and have descended to our own day in the smock-frock of the British agricultural labourer—on strike or off—and the *blouse* of the French peasant. Their fighting uniform was nothing but paint beneath the mantle, and the mantle thrown off. These unsophisticated folks seem to have lived in highly reprehensible ignorance of the fact, that notwithstanding their constant amicable intercourse, they were in reality natural enemies, because they lived upon different spots on the face of the earth. The sole excuse the benevolently-disposed historian can urge for this absurd state of mental blindness on their part, is that they were only savages;

simple, stupid savages, upon whose limited and benighted understanding civilization had not yet shed its beneficent rays.

It is well within the limits of probability, that if that pre-eminently over-lauded historical personage, Slaughter-master Julius Cæsar, E.S.Q., had not been bitten by the tsetze fly of ungovernable ambition, and, in consequence, gone stark staring mad for the mastership of the world, our friends the ancient savages might have continued to develope their amicable propensities to an indefinite extent, and immensely to the advantage of their posterity. Unhappily, though yet a long, long while after the amiable savages on the Continental side of the Straits had become amalgamated with the Morinian section of the great Gaul family, and subjugated to the rule of Rome, it occurred to the aforesaid Julius Cæsar, E.S.Q., that he would like to chastise the islanders for having aided their friends, the Morinians, in their resistance to his unwarrantable aggressions upon their territory. These insular allies had proved themselves the stoutest of adversaries in the field. They had a most uncomfortable knack of fighting long after they were badly beaten, or ought to have been; but as they never knew it, they fought away, of course, never counting the odds against them; and thus it happened that on more than one occasion, their ridiculous obstinacy in continuing the struggle after their friends had lost hope, turned the tide of victory against the common enemy. Now the Roman Conqueror professed—he has left a record of the fact in his Commentaries—intense admiration of the courage and tenacity of purpose exhibited by these islanders. At the same time, remembering the results, he cherished—in the extreme greatness of his soul—a secret grudge against them, and hence his determination to invade Britain, and annex it if he could. His ninety-eight transports for his legions—foot and horse—might well alarm the Morinians, whose neutrality, nevertheless, he was only too glad to secure, with a view not to leave enemies in his rear. The islanders, however, received from their old friends due and timely warning of the coming event; and hastened to propitiate the great man by sending ambassadors to pay him respectful homage, and to tender him the most solemn assurances of their countrymen's desire for peace.

History records, with singular consistency, as a characteristic of the chief of her great men, that they were proficient in the primary condition of successful diplomacy, the art of dissimulation; and Julius Cæsar, E.S.Q., did not present the exception to the rule.

He had made up his magnanimous mind to attempt an incursion into Britain, and did not intend to be turned from his purpose. It did not suit him to be brutally candid with the envoys, and to declare his intentions in so many words, so he received them with every outward mark of high consideration, overwhelmed them with honeyed words and grandiloquent phrases, and even graciously dismissed them with presents; perhaps, by way of covering their travelling expenses. But these keenly-observant savages were not to be so easily cajoled; and whilst they kept open their ears to the great man's flowing eloquence, their eyes were not closed to the presence, just off shore, of his fleet of transports, and to his two legions of soldiers preparing for a start. Their pride prompted them to leave the presents at the door of the tent which had served as an audience-chamber; their patriotism urged their return home, without delay, to sound the alarm and to prepare their countrymen for the visitation of the foreign conqueror.

At this period the savage Briton was so very like his near neighbour, the savage Gaul, that in spite of the vigilance of Julius Cæsar, E.S.Q.'s, secret police—without a force of which kind it appears great men cannot get on comfortably—the envoys cleverly escaped from the already extended claws of the Roman eagle, their Morinian friends having improvised for their especial behoof a deep-sea fishing excursion; under cover of which, and conveyed by quite a fleet of lugger-boats, they reached their own shores in safety.

It does not fall within the scope of this sketch to follow Cæsar into Britain. It is only essential to record that at the period of his invasion of the little island, which a popular modern poet has christened "tight," the Britains and the Morinians were fast friends and thrifty neighbours. They so remained for many centuries, notwithstanding that their port of Gesoriacum was made the starting-point of the several Roman expeditions which at various periods were despatched to Britain; and, later, of the marauding parties of the formidable barbarians who overran and ultimately subjugated it.

The dagger of Brutus having suddenly and summarily disposed of Julius Cæsar, his nephew, Octavius Augustus, assumed the reins of government; a circumstance of considerable importance to our ancient friends, the Morinians. This business-like gentleman at once set about organizing the provinces his uncle had conquered, or, more correctly speaking, had stolen from their legitimate pos-

sessors and occupants. Morinia was incorporated with Belgium No. II., constituted of all the countries situated between the Seine and the Scheldt, and the old port of Gesoriacum was raised to the dignity of a city, and called Bononia, after a Governor of the Morinians, under the then late Julius Cæsar, and who was also a native. But war had brought expenses, and Octavius Augustus being a man of a practical turn of mind, though utterly, as it would seem, devoid of a knowledge of sound commercial principles, be-thought him of a means of supplying his depleted exchequer. He set up a custom-house at Bononia, and fixed a scale of duties leviabie upon all imports from Britain, thus destroying the free-and-easy system of trading up to that time practised between the two peoples. It has taken many centuries to undo his work, and it is yet unfinished.

One result of the settlement of the Romans in Morinia was a partial amalgamation of the conquerors with the conquered. The Gallo-Roman type may still be traced in the inhabitants of the northern provinces of France, but an older type exists to this day in modern Bononia, or Boulogne-super-Mare. The natives—perhaps they may even be called the Aborigines—of the sea-board of Morinia, were fishers, not hunters, like the Gauls; and, although in course of time they became confounded territorially with the latter, they never amalgamated socially to any extent, but retained their district tribal individuality, adhering to their own customs, and continuing through all changes to follow their special pursuit as fishers. The very province they inhabited was called after them, for the root of Morinia—M R—as it is of *mare*, *mor*, and *mer*, sea, is also that of *marin*, a sea-man; and men of the sea these ancient Morinians were, or their name signifies nothing. They dwelt apart from the other inhabitants of Gesoriacum, in a separate quarter adjacent to the sea-beach, or strand, in caves hollowed out in the face of the cliffs; disposing of the produce of their lines and nets in exchange for other commodities and necessities, and altogether living a very hard and rough sort of life. The descendants of these hardy men of the sea are the fisher-folk of Boulogne-sur-Mer of our own time.

This well-known city and English-favoured resort may be said to be divided into four parts. We have Boulogne the Aristocratic, the Haute Ville, or Upper Town, bounded by the ramparts and inhabited by the Upper Ten. Next comes Boulogne the Commercial, the Basse Ville, or Lower Town. There is Boulogne the

Industrial across the water at Capecure; and, lastly, Boulogne the Marine, the Boulogne of the Fisher-folk, or the Quartier des Marins. Upon each of these much might be written, but for the present we have to do only with Boulogne the Fishy.

Boulogne the Commercial annually receives, entertains, and in divers ways takes in some thousands of strangers who resort to it for sea-bathing, to ventilate their boarding-school French a little, and to do the grand economically. In what is called "the season," the British element predominates, overflowing the public promenades, crowding the "Grand Rue," enlivening the Casino, rejoicing the heart of the hotel-keepers, or, at least, the morsel of stone or mineral which "in the season" does duty with them for that useful member, and, as a rule, making itself supremely ridiculous. To this class the fishermen's quarter is unknown territory. The Calvary, overlooking the port, is a monument, and is "done," as a matter of course. It is situated at the extreme limit of their "quarter" westward, and is probably set down as not worth visiting, except for the sake of the view obtained from the summit of the cliff upon which it is built, and this is about the extent of the knowledge season-visitors to Boulogne acquire of the Quartier des Marins.

The entire resident population of Boulogne proper—that is to say, within the limits of the Octroi, amounted to 40,000 in round numbers, when the enumeration of it for the plebiscitum of 1870 took place. Of these, the fishermen and their families amounted to 12,000—also in round numbers—the men being set down at 4250, of whom 225 were in the service of the State. This immense section of the population is crowded up in the district comprised within a very irregular triangle, of which the southern base would form a line commencing at the western extremity of the Rue de Boston, and terminating at the Place des Victoires eastward. This line would be intersected by another, projected from the Coin Menteur, or the Lying Corner, where Merridew's Library is situated, and continued northwards parallel with the Rue St. Louis, or of the Hospital, to the Rue de la Redoubte, whence the third would start, making something of a curve, till it fell into the apex of the triangle westward, embracing the Calvary. The visitor starting from any point eastward, on an exploring excursion, would soon find himself toiling up a continuous ascent of the steepest and ruggedest kind, and involved in a labyrinth of streets, and courts, and blind alleys sufficiently complicated to afford his organ of locality the wholesomest exercise.

Partial glimpses into the fisher-folks' quarter may be caught as the stranger proceeds along the Quay, or through the Rue de Boston. The perspective consists principally of tiers of steps, ascending in precipitous flights, and apparently leading to nowhere. A veritable cobweb of nets slung across poles, from house to house, frequently obstructs the passage up these uncomfortable ascents, and shuts out the patch of sky which closes the vista at their summit. Access to these Jacob's ladders is easy enough, either from the Quay or from the street upon which they abut at the foot, or from the courts from which they spring. On each landing stands a group of houses, divided off into single, sometimes into two rooms, of which the entire domestic arrangements are open to public view, and these are of the most primitive kind. It is the old cave in the cliff with modern adjustments.

An inquisitive inspection of the quarter is not, however, generally regarded by its inhabitants with absolute equanimity. Suspicious eyes look out upon the stranger with a "well, what do you want here?" sort of expression not to be mistaken. Youthful Morinia, all grimy with dirt and tar, suddenly develops itself in swarms about his heels or in his path, quite ready, at any given signal, to dispute his progress and combine for the common defence of the native soil. Elderly female Morinia, squatting in the door-ways or along the causeway, leers resentfully at the intruder from beneath its large-bordered cap, and plies its everlasting knitting-needles with spiteful activity. Matronly Morinia stands defiantly on its own threshold; and adolescent feminine Morinia stops in the midst of her multifarious occupations, to take stock of the bold adventurer, prepared, should the occasion present, to discharge at him a copious stock of highly-flavoured parts of speech. Male Morinia is not often at home, and therefore reckons for nothing in these demonstrations against intrusion, which, be it here said, arise from an inherited sentiment of jealousy and independence, and are directed with equal significance and impartiality against any comer, be he even a born dweller in the city of Boulogne extra Morinia.

The language in common use among the fisher-folks may be called French, but it is of a kind not easily comprehensible even to the Boulognese. It differs also from what is called the *patois* of the immediate vicinity. It abounds in words traceable to the tongues spoken by the various occupants of this part of France, but it has also many which defy etymological investigation, especially if pursued according to the principles laid down by orthodox linguists.

As might be expected, owing to the prolonged occupancy of the province by the Romans, and to the policy of Octavius Augustus in rooting out the native language and superseding it by the vernacular of the Tiber, Latin derivatives predominate in the dialect peculiar to our friends of the fish-quarter; but eccentricity of pronunciation has, through long custom, so disguised sounds and corrupted the commonest words, that recognition of any civilized origin has become next to impossible. To wit, in Morinia we do not call fish *poisson*, but “pishon.” In this instance the Latin root, *piscis*, may be affirmed, and, by a slender stretch of the imagination, admitted; but how, or under what circumstances, the first syllable became an aspirate and the latter a nasal, is an etymological problem upon the solution of which philologists may be left to exercise their learned ingenuity. Nor do we in Morinia pronounce *eau*, water, according to the ordinary rule. We make it *ye-auw*, and also call *bateau*, a boat, *bat-tye-auw* and *chapeau*, hat, *kap-ye-auw*, and *chat*, cat, *ká*; and in like manner we make of *beau*, fine, *bee-yauw*. We have no such word as *chaise*, chair—save as an importation from the outside barbarians; but we get *kayelle* in place of it, as we have *touelle*—whence our English word towel—for a house-cloth, instead of *douelle*. Then our phraseology also savours strongly of our calling. Fundamentally, it is nautical, and otherwise highly figurative. Our ladies speak of themselves as vessels, and do not dress, but rig themselves out or up. They mount a cap as their lord and master mounts or sets up a sky-scraper. They do not say they are “going out,” but are going to cast off, or cast themselves loose; in which connexion, if they are in male companionship, they hitch on and hitch off, as convenience of locomotion suggests. A matron, in her earliest days of maternity, is said to be laid by, which may not appear to be an out-of-the-way expression, only that the term in Morinian conveys the grotesque idea of a ship temporarily laid up in dock for repair or to refit, which, it may be confidently submitted, is no outrageous translation of the original. In other respects, we are not particular in Morinia in calling every spade a spade and every ace an ace. For this reason our language is exceedingly strong and terse in its unadulterated form, though it may not be strictly academical, nor always refreshing to ears polite. But *Honi soit*, &c. We have been accustomed to it since infancy, and associate neither vulgarity nor indelicacy with its use. It is amazingly wealthy in epithets, of which our Morinian women-folk possess—laid up in store for an emergency—a most extensive voca-

bulary ; but the choicest of these do not sound so naughty in French as cognate Billingsgate does in English. To hear it in perfection, the stranger in pursuit of this particular kind of knowledge has only to repair to the fish-market at any time when fish is scarce and competition keen. The loud-voiced gentleman who officiates as auctioneer, and who rings out the “r” in franc, as though the word were spelt with at least fifty of this letter of the alphabet, has put up for sale a lot of fish. It is strewed upon the pavement in front of him, and is fresh from the sea. The bidding has been of that strongly competitive kind which used so to rejoice the heart of the late George Robins, and to stimulate his eloquence. The price has reached the extreme limit at which profit is supposed to be possible. Further coaxing and wheedling for an advance are out of the question ; and whilst the accumulating “r’s” are reverberating through the hall, suggesting the idea of a policeman’s rattle in full swing, a voice cries out “minque,” and the lot is knocked down.

Now comes the tug of war. Two ladies—for it is they who do the buying—have shouted at the same instant this mysterious word, and two claimants thereupon demand the surrender of the fish, and advance simultaneously to seize it. The question is who first cried out “minque” ? The assembled company of fish-wives is forthwith divided into two camps, and clamour and gesticulation of the most ferociously demonstrative kind becomes the order of the hour, or more properly speaking its disorder. An inexperienced looker-on would conclude that a pugilistic encounter was inevitable between the principals, who, with arms a-kimbo, heads advanced almost to nose-to-nose proximity, and eyes glaring with anger, have become suddenly transformed from decent women into furies. The reserve vocabulary is now drawn upon, and its richest treasures are scattered broadcast with reckless profusion. The volubility exhibited almost deprives the listener of breath ; but time presses ; the loud-voiced gentleman has other fish to convert into francs, and the quarrel is an unthrifty one for all parties. A suggestion craftily thrown out by him induces a lull, and finally a settlement, based upon a fair division of the contested lot, or an advance of price, or a fresh sale. They would not manage things so well in Billingsgate.

The sales of fish by public auction are obligatory, in the interests of the boat-owners and of the crews, and date from time immemorial, together with the word “minque” or “minck,” which is said to have meant “mart,” but as now used means “bought.” It

is shouted out by the last bidder, and is considered conclusive in favour of his claim.

Foreign travel has dispelled the fiction, once so popular, that a Frenchman's most substantial meal is a stew of frogs; whilst the contemptuous cognomen of Johnny Crapaud—though *crapaud* means toad, not frog—by which he was commonly designated in caricatures and similarly refined publications, is now wholly out of date. For Johnny Crapaud, however, the distinctive appellation of Jean Bateau—or rather Battyeauw—may not inaptly be selected to designate our friend the Boulogne fisherman at home; and something more concerning him yet remains to be said.

Jean Battyeauw, then, like his ancestors, lives a hard, a rough, and an abstemious life. He cannot remember any family tradition leading to the conclusion that they were any of them, at any period, how remote soever, anything but fishers. As they were, so is he, so will be his sons, and so will their sons be in all probability. He hates sedentary occupations; and the plough, the harrow, and the hoe have no charms for him. He loves liberty with a passionate love, and revels in the luxury of space and the unfathomable depths of the ocean. The rude qualities which distinguished his forefathers in the ancient times have descended to him, and will be transmitted to his posterity. He does not often exceed the middle height, but he is superbly built, having the limbs and the thorax of a Hercules, and a constitution hardened by the health-giving air of the sea. True, he has neither manners nor over-much education, if even any, but his mark is as good as a well-executed signature, and his word much better than his bond. His home affections are strong, so are his dislikes and prejudices, and one of the strongest of these is the one he entertains against all professions not of the sea, for he regards them as effeminate, and would rather give his daughter to a poor man of his own class, than see her married to a rich town-trader. For this reason intermarriages amongst our fisher-folks are the rule; marriages outside of their circle the rare and the unwelcome exception.

Jean Battyeauw seldom amasses wealth. He is not his own master. Some of his kith and kîn have contrived to scrape a little money together, and have become sole proprietors of a fishing-boat, but as a rule he remains a simple companion seaman or fisher, taking his chance of good and bad seasons, living from hand to mouth, and leaving the rest to Providence. He is usually the father of a large family, and it is a mystery how he contrives to maintain it. The

women, it is true, work as hard as he does, and his male brats are no sooner able to stand upright in sea-boots than they are taken off to sea, to enable them speedily to get their sea-legs, and earn their wee quota towards the support of those at home. Thus, even in bad seasons, the daily bread is not often wanting, though it may frequently be scarce.

As it is with Master Battyeauw, so is it with Mademoiselle. Her earliest out-of-door occupation is mussel gathering and shrimping, both toilsome and not over-lucrative; but every little helps, and "mony a mickle mak's a muckle," is a thrifty proverb fully appreciated at home. She is usually comely, sometimes handsome, but as she works hard, is exposed to all weathers, lives frugally, even indifferently, marries young, and has a numerous offspring, her freshness and comeliness are of short duration, and at thirty she has already faded into sereness and yellowness. Nevertheless she is hardy and strong. The loads of mussels she contrives to carry on her back seem more than weighty enough to break it, let alone having to carry them from the mussel-beds to the market, a distance varying from two to five miles. Her shrimping is performed nearer home, but to push her net through the sands, with its heavy cross-piece and long and solid handle, is no easy feat, as any one may see who chooses to watch her operate. She and her sister companions may, almost any day that is suitable for the exercise of their vocation, be seen trudging along in groups to or from the fishing-grounds, in the scantiest of attire—especially in the matter of skirt—involving a display of legs on a scale of the most extensive liberality, but legs, withal, which might serve artist or sculptor as models of anatomical perfection. He, however, who should presume upon this apparent, but far from real, want of modesty, to indulge in an unseemly observation at her expense, would soon learn that Mademoiselle Battyeauw has a heavy fist as well as a neat ankle, and that her quarrel is that of her companions, and indeed of her entire family, a discovery which our duty as impartial historians compels us to record, more than one deluded, presumptuous British gent has made to his grievous discomfiture. Perhaps this hint, thrown out thus gently, may be not without its use to others of the same class.

The revolution of '89-93, which swept away so many abuses, and effected such extensive radical changes, vastly improved, in a social sense, John Battyeauw's position. It entitled him to the rights of a burgess, denied him up to that time, and liberated him from certain

onerous conditions of service, practically constituting him the bondsman of the capitalist. As Boulogne owed to its special industry its importance as the chief fishing-town of France, it was only just that Jean Battyeauw should enjoy the rights and privileges, before the law, of every other honest citizen, and be placed in the best possible condition for deriving the full benefit of his labour. What it brought in 1872, the date of the latest official returns, amounted in value to 6,848,680 francs from all sources, or 274,000*l.* in round numbers. His fleet of fishing-vessels consisted of 197 vessels, representing a total tonnage of 8441, and a value of 1,702,000 francs, or say 68,000*l.* sterling. In the middle of the last century the total number of fishing-vessels manned by Jean Battyeauw did not exceed forty. It is not to be wondered at that a commerce of this importance should be controlled by official authority, and be subjected to the most stringent regulations. As these involve considerable expense, a tax upon sales must be regarded as only fair; hence the disposal by public auction of the produce of the fisheries, mackerel, herring, cod, and miscellaneous. Jean Battyeauw's agent is called an *écoueur*, the fanciful etymology of which term, as given by Littré, it is not necessary to discuss in this place. His office being to make all advances, he is also authorized to receive the product of all sales, and as Jean goes upon what our sailors of the oil fishery call "the lay," each man being entitled by previous agreement to a certain prescribed share of the returns, all expenses deducted, it is obvious that the system secures the interests of all parties, and can scarcely be abused to the detriment of any. The capitalist is guaranteed his outlay because he is sole agent between the crew and the purchasers, and the crew are sure of their share, because the sale by public auction of their takes can always be checked, and the capitalist assumes all risks. Lastly, the city-dues are secured, because the official element are too lynx-eyed, in its own interests, to leave a door open for fraud.

Jean Battyeauw's avocation prompts him to respect the outward forms of his religion. Many years ago he and his people subscribed the amount needed to build the Calvary, which forms so conspicuous an object on the height overlooking the harbour on entering it. If he is watched, he will be seen never to leave the port nor to enter it, without doffing his cap, and reverently making the sign of the cross. St. Peter's Church, on the way to the Calvary, was also constructed out of funds contributed by him, and it is here the ceremonies of baptism, of marriages, and of burials are performed. He

has also a small chapel at Houveaux, called the Chapel of Jésus Flagellé, or of Jesus Scourged, to which he resorts periodically on a pilgrimage, and where he deposits his votive offering. It is true Jean swears a good deal occasionally, but he is really a very good Catholic.

The legend of the arrival in the port of a miraculous boat, with an image on board, of the Holy Virgin and her infant Son, is firmly believed by Jean and his people. The circumstance is quaintly recorded by Archdeacon and Canon Antoine Le Roy, in his history of Boulogne, published in 1681. The revolutionists of '93 did not respect the image which had long before replaced the original one, but the odour of sanctity was transferred to another; and to the shrine of Notre Dame de Boulogne every year repair, on the occasion of the Festival of the Assumption, hundreds of pilgrims from all parts, to participate in the imposing ceremonies appointed for its celebration, and of which the well-known grand public procession is not the least. The miraculous boat and effigies, placed under a gorgeous canopy of blue silk and silver, and profusely decorated, are carried through the principal thoroughfares by Jean and a detachment of his people, and the privilege is highly valued by them. Mr. Frith's admirable painting of this annual procession faithfully represents Jean Battyeauw and his comrades as they appear on this occasion. On the 15th of the current month, those who take any interest in such matters will have the opportunity of witnessing a spectacle in which the fisher-folk of Boulogne-sur-Mer and of the adjacent fishing towns take a special interest and figure prominently, and here we are compelled to leave them for the present.

A NINETEENTH CENTURY EXODUS.

HISTORY must often repeat itself in order to make its philosophy intelligible. And if the object of historical and all philosophy be, as Schlegel asserts, the restoration in man of the lost image of God, the way in which history has been studied by some damps our hope of the grand consummation being realized quickly. Germany and Russia both are dull scholars, and nurture a stronger faith in the strength of Might than in the all-powerful and ever-living force of Right. Both realize very imperfectly the true value of the human element in the wealth of nations, and misunderstand the polity of garnering and conserving human industry. The mistakes of both the governments named will appear in the following article—mistakes which we, in our regard for the interests of the united empire to which we are dearly attached, would never have touched on so long as by doing so we should have risked defeating the issue to which folly tended. However, we intend to touch but lightly on the weak side of any government policy in relation to emigration, but refer to an exodus from Europe of a somewhat novel and interesting nature.

Christianity is immutable, but on the broad basis of Christianity have been reared systems which had and have within them the seeds of change. Even the Reformation, which was a grand clearance of rotten bones and decayed rubbish, was followed by a variety of sects, and some of them were no less inconsistent than fanciful. One of these sects, the Anabaptists—one of good old Sir Richard Grenville's antipathies as the sect was impersonated in Salvation Yeo, of "Westward Ho!" renown—raised the question of the relation of the Church to the State, a question that has recently occupied a foremost place in the politics of Germany, holding, with the prostituted Church from which they had dissented, that the Civil Authority did not extend to a religious community as such; but, unlike Bismarck and Von Lütz, they regarded the question from the point of view of the Altar rather than that of

the Throne. Through the discipline of persecution they attained a position of isolation in the countries in which they settled.

The sect, with a fanaticism incidental to a new departure, fell into many follies, but in course of time there arose one, Simon Menno by name, a humble native of Friesland, a man of sterling worth, unblemished integrity and sound judgment, under whose leadership and teaching many inconsistencies of conduct and fallacies of doctrine were eliminated. He enunciated the theory first propounded by his divine Master, that "they who take the sword shall perish by the sword," and it is the adoption of the peace principle that brings his followers, now known as the Mennonites, under notice here. They, like the Society of Friends, have won the world's respect by their sturdy piety and fear toward God, and by their practical adoption of a spiritual warfare in preference to a carnal one. In spite of persecutions, they spread over Germany, Switzerland, and the Netherlands, but always claimed from the states to which they allied themselves exemption from such obligations of citizenship as involved military service. The value of a peaceful, frugal, and industrious community was fully recognized, even Prussia evincing its appreciation of so desirable a people by conceding the exemption claimed. But at a time when military ardour influenced the policy of that kingdom, the truest state policy was overshadowed, and the Mennonites were compelled to leave the country and seek rest under the more benign regime of Paul of Russia, and later, that of Catharine. By an Imperial Ukase, they were exempted from taking arms for ever.

The Government of Prussia then in power was an illustration of the blindness of its members to the lessons of history, and the issue to which historical philosophy points, as indicated at the beginning of this article. It may have been the recognition of an economic law that shaped the policy of Pharaoh Menophres in the detention of the children of Israel in Egypt, rather than obstinacy of character or rebellion against the Hebrew God. It being deemed that the wealth of the State was centred in its citizens, all must be endured—plague, pestilence, famine, and what not—in preference to the loss of that element in the wealth of nations, human labour; and it was only when the loss of that contended for in the slaying of the first-born of his own people, that the monarch could brook the thought of parting from the alien race. Realizing the high position attained by ancient Egypt, and that by its isolation and by its internal power to maintain itself, it became self-confident and

able, as Zincke puts it, "to find out both what would be best for them to do, and what would be the best way of doing it;" and appreciating also that to Pharoah the deity of the Jews was one of questionable authority, it is but reasonable to suppose that the spring of action was one commendable in itself, if viewed apart from the providential plan of forming a nation from a colony of down-trodden serfs. The policy of Pharoah in the retention of a people was commendable: his treatment of that people in grinding them down to a low state of serfdom was detestable, and an instance of the fatal error of striving to consolidate an empire on the basis of a miserable peasantry. To Prussia and all governments this phase of history might have been, and still is, an example and a warning; and not least so in the latter respect to the Administration of Great Britain in its policy towards the so-called lower orders of England.

We said just now that the Russian Government in its wisdom granted, in the reign of the Czar Paul, a Ukase exempting the Mennonites, on their settling on Muscovite territory, from military service for ever; but Russian edicts are not like the laws of the Medes and Persians. On their first immigration the Mennonites settled in Southern Russia, adjacent to the sea of Azoff, and their centre was fixed at the present prosperous town of Berdiansk. This is the residence of the Bishop, the seat of Government, the chief market, and the site of schools. As a pastoral people the Mennonites have thriven well; and the extensive lands they cultivate, and in most cases own, certify to their value as developers of the country's resources. But an Imperial Ukase, like things mundane in general, is mutable, and the exemption which the Mennonites claimed on their first settlement has now, when they would be supposed to be inseparable from the soil, been withdrawn. On the first change of its policy toward the Mennonites the Government of Russia withdrew the exemption absolutely, but seeing that the effect would be to drive from the country within ten years, the period fixed for the expiration of the existing ukase, hundreds of families of desirable settlers, an attempt has been made, in a Machiavellian spirit, to reconcile the peace principles of the Mennonites and the military necessities of the empire; and to this end the Government, like an Ohio skipper, who, when hailed by a man from the shore, steams up the stream, and then "tries back" with the current, having first attempted to compel military service in all its integrity, now seeks to attain its own purpose, and at the same

time satisfy the Mennonite conscience by conceding exemption from actual arms, but compelling service in departments, like the Commissariat, which are administrative.

But the first move of the Muscovite Government induced many of the Mennonites to cross the Atlantic, and find a home in the new Province of Manitoba, a country that was visited last year by one or two delegates under the guidance of an able agent in the employ of the Ontario Government, where it was felt that under the government of the Dominion of Canada, they would find that rest that was denied them in the old military empires of Europe.

To move from a land that has been their home for many generations has been no easy task to the Mennonites. In a community numbering not more than about 50,000 souls, the market afforded for a large number to dispose of farm stock and agricultural implements is not a pecuniarily advantageous one. As to the land, whether freehold or leasehold, there was no difficulty, for all lands vacated reverted to the Crown. "Reverted to the Crown," to quote Major Butler anent Monsieur Louis Riel, is a polite phrase for an old crime. And just as well so, for a few beggarly Tartars, their only neighbours, would not be likely investors in landed estate.

As we write, some of the finest colonists in the world are moving to what has been hitherto "The Great Lone Land," but which in a few short years will be the granary of all the world, from the land of their fathers, on the Sea of Azoff, in the environs of the town of Berdiansk. Their journey extends along the weary route of Southern Russia, with its gloomy pines and its gloomier uncultivated lands, along the borders of luckless Poland, which even an Imperial amnesty will not induce General Wroblewsky and his co-patriots, refugees in England, to visit, and through their land of long ago to the port of Hamburg. From Hamburg *viâ* Liverpool to Quebec is easy travel; but from the old French port of Quebec to their Far Western destination is a long though pleasant undertaking. Detroit, the Phoenix city of Chicago, Pembina, and St. Paul's, the gate of the North-West, and so to Fort Garry, are an indication of the route chosen.

The new settlement will be as a magnet, perennially attracting friends and relatives to follow to the happier and freer land of the West. A better class of settlers can scarcely be imagined, their only compeers being probably some of the Scandinavian races, and the peasantry of Moldavia and Wallachia. Frugal, industrious,

and contented, they are a stay-at-home people; with no restless, excited disposition to rove, they develop the lands around them profitably and well, alike for themselves and the State; temperate in all things even to abstinence, some of the churches going so far as to deem the use of alcoholic stimulants and tobacco as bars to membership—the Mennonites are a people who exercise an influence for good on the surrounding population.

We most heartily wish them no less a divine blessing, though perhaps a less exclusive one, than rested on the emigrants of a far-off age, who, like them, went out from the land of their birth to a land they knew not, seeking a better country in fulness of faith.

THE GENEROUS HOST.

BY UHLAND.

(Translated by Mrs. E. H. F. Cosens.)

I TARRIED lately at a hostelry,
 Kept by a landlord wondrous kind ;
 A golden apple on a bough full high,
 For sign swung in the wind.

My landlord was the worthy apple-tree,
 With whom some pleasant hours I spent ;
 With sweet and juicy fruit he feasted me,
 Much to my heart's content.

And to and fro among the greenery
 There flutter'd many a light-wing'd guest ;
 Who freely banquetted right merrily
 And sang his very best.

I soon a bed for peaceful slumber found,
 Of softest, greenest mosses made ;
 My kind host cover'd me above and round
 With his refreshing shade.

But when I ask'd if there was aught to pay,
 He only shook his verdant head.
 May happy, fruitful suns and dews alway
 On him their influence shed !

THE DISPUTE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND PORTUGAL.

BY F. W. CHESSON.

A QUESTION little known, and still less understood, by the general public, but of considerable importance to the interests of our fellow-subjects in South Africa, has been referred by the Governments of Great Britain and Portugal to the arbitration of the President of the French Republic. The dispute involves the title to the southern side of Delagoa Bay and the adjacent countries which are watered by the rivers Temby and Maputa. Marshal McMahon has undertaken to sit in judgment on the claim of Portugal to exercise territorial jurisdiction on the East Coast of Africa so low down as latitude $26^{\circ} 20'$, a claim which is based mainly upon rights of discovery and occupation, and upon alleged acts of recognition on the part of the natives. On the other hand, it will be the duty of the French President to decide whether both the coastline and the territories below the Portuguese fort of Lorenzo Marquez were not lawfully ceded by their native owners to Great Britain in the year 1822, when Captain Owen, of H.M.S. "Leven," visited the chiefs of Temby and Maputa, and negotiated and concluded treaties with them. The existing difficulty originated with the Boers of the Transvaal Republic, whose late President, Martin Wessels Pretorius, issued, in April, 1868, a proclamation defining the boundaries of the Republic, so as to include the country between the Maputa and the Pongola rivers and a strip on either side of the Maputa. On receiving a copy of this document, Sir Philip Wodehouse, Governor of the Cape Colony, promptly despatched a man-of-war to the mouth of the last-named river, but took no other step to assert the sovereignty of England. The Portuguese also protested, but being wiser in their day and generation than the statesmen who sometimes rule in Downing Street, they quietly talked over matters with the Boers, and ultimately came to terms

with them. The result was that in April, 1871, after the mischief had been done, Sir Charles Murray, British Minister at Lisbon, was instructed to call the attention of the Portuguese Government to the fact that they were about to conclude a treaty with the Transvaal Republic, by which the southern parts of Delagoa Bay, although claimed by us as a British possession, would be ceded to the Boers. The Portuguese Foreign Minister, in reply, entertained our representative to a high-flown description of the rights which they profess to enjoy in that part of Africa. An unprofitable controversy was terminated by the signing of a protocol between the two Governments, by which they agreed to submit the dispute to the arbitration of the French President. No official publication of the facts has yet been made in England. True to its antiquated traditions, our Foreign Office has not deigned to enlighten the public upon a question which any one acquainted with it will admit to be of importance to the political and commercial interests of the empire. The Portuguese Government, however, have shown no similar reticence. They have printed both their own and the English despatches—documents which, so far as our Foreign Office is concerned, are still secreted in one of those chambers which Mr. Bright has compared, not without reason, to the mysterious recesses of an Egyptian temple.

If the reader will turn to a map of the African continent, he will find that Delagoa Bay lies considerably to the north of the colony of Natal, that it is the ocean gateway of large and fertile districts in the interior, and that it is accessible, not only to many native tribes, but also to the Dutch Boers who inhabit the Transvaal Republic. Although included in the discoveries which Vasco da Gama made in the year 1498, its actual discoverer was Lorenzo Marquez in 1545, after whom the Portuguese have called the only settlement they possess in this quarter. The first attempt to colonize the shores of the bay was made by the Dutch in 1720; but after six years' occupancy, they were driven out by an irruption of English pirates from Madagascar, and, in consequence of the superior attractions of the Cape Colony, no effort was made to repeat the experiment. Subsequently an expedition, commanded by Colonel Bolts, a retired officer of the East India Company's Service, endeavoured to found a settlement in this region under the patronage of the Empress Maria Theresa; but the death of that illustrious lady led to a change of views on the part of the Austrian Court, and the Portuguese were therefore allowed to seize the

colonists and to confiscate their effects. In the year 1822 Captain W. F. Owen visited Delagoa Bay. He was at that time engaged in making those surveys on the African coast which form so heroic and yet so melancholy a chapter in the naval history of the empire. Captain Owen's survey occupied three years and a half, and during that period the vessels he commanded lost thirty-eight officers (including two post-captains) and eighty-five per cent. of their crews. Yet, in spite of the havoc which malarious fevers continually made in the thinned ranks of the survivors, Captain Owen never once flinched from his ghastly duty, but worked steadily on until the surveys from the Persian Gulf, round the African continent, to the Gambia had been completed. In reading the journals of the officers, the most careless reader could not fail to be impressed with their stoical courage. There is no lack of tenderness for their dead or dying comrades,¹ but, so far as one can judge, they felt little concern as to their own fate; or if at times a feeling of apprehension stole into their minds, it soon yielded to an overmastering sense of duty. Never knowing what a day or an hour would bring forth, and perpetually engaged in committing the body of some well-known shipmate to the deep, or in burying it in—what to a sailor was far more repulsive—a grave on the plague-stricken coast, they yet found both time and inclination (as the volumes left on record testify) to write copious details of their voyages, to describe the manners and customs, the scenery, and productions of the countries they visited, and even to go on shore hunting hippopotami, scouring the interior for botanical specimens, and paying friendly visits to native chiefs. In reading these

¹ If the reader will pardon the digression, an example of the meaning the text is intended to convey may be quoted from the narrative of Captain Owen's voyages. Captain Lechmere's death from fever is thus described:—"At length Captain Owen, who knew from experience that singing had a powerful effect in soothing extreme pain, by diverting the mind from its sufferings, and fearful that the heart-rending expressions and cries uttered by Captain Lechmere might produce an injurious effect upon the other object of his solicitude, commenced that pathetic ballad, 'Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowline.' The first note produced a cessation of his frenzy; from raving madness he sank into almost total insensibility, which continued until Captain Owen came to the words, 'His soul is gone aloft!' when a long, guttural sound announced that his spirit was fled, which was instantly confirmed by his attendants saying in a melancholy tone, 'He's gone, sir!' 'And aloft, I hope!' replied the captain, as he concluded his song." The touch of nature contained in this incident would have been worthy of Uncle Toby.

narratives we are too often reminded of the painfully-realistic description which Camoens gives of the mortality that decimated Vasco da Gama's crews in sailing along the same coast, but like him we may exclaim,—

“A nameless sand-hill, any bubbling wave,
Will serve the low or lofty for a grave.”

When Captain Owen first visited Delagoa Bay in the year 1822, what was the position of the Portuguese in that region? Did they exercise territorial authority beyond the narrow limits of their own little settlement? Were the native chiefs the mere serfs or vassals of Portugal? Did the Portuguese then set up any pretensions at all corresponding to those which they now put forward? We unhesitatingly answer in the negative. It is true that they had a fort at Lorenzo Marquez at that time as they have one now, but they never exercised, or pretended to exercise, sovereign rights over the negro tribes whose territories Captain Owen annexed to the British dominions. They frequently behaved with gross cruelty towards the natives. Brutalities were committed by the authorities of Lorenzo Marquez which were as pitiless as any of those deeds of vengeance which Gaspar Correa attributes to the discoverer of India. The only important commerce carried on by the Portuguese was in slaves, and it is as slave-traders, and not as rulers of this part of Africa, that we must be permitted to regard them.

The Marquis d'Avila e de Bolama, in his letter to the British Minister at Lisbon, dated April 6th, 1872, states that the Portuguese title to the whole of Delagoa Bay is established by Conventions and reiterated acts of recognition on the part of the chiefs and people, but we can find no foundation for these imposing pretensions in the countries south of Lorenzo Marquez. It is true that the second article of the Convention of July 28th, 1817, recognizes the right of the crown of Portugal to the sovereignty of the whole of the territories on the East Coast of Africa between Cape Delgado and the Bay of Lorenzo Marquez, and that by a treaty concluded two years earlier, we permitted the Portuguese to carry on the slave-trade within those limits. The question is whether this recognition of the rights of Portugal was inclusive of the whole of Delagoa Bay; or whether the negotiators of the treaty did not intend to refer to the small bay upon which the town of Lorenzo Marquez itself stands. It must be frankly admitted that

the diplomatists employed language of doubtful import, and after Captain Owen had hoisted the British flag on the territory south of the Portuguese settlement, this want of precision naturally led to a conflicting interpretation on the part of the two Governments, which has existed to the present time. But it appears certain that at the period of Captain Owen's visits in 1822 and 1823 the Portuguese only occupied the left bank of English River, and that in none of the territories on the right bank of that river, which flows into Delagoa Bay, did the symbols of Portuguese sovereignty exist. In our judgment, this is the essence of the case. If the Portuguese had previously conquered or acquired by treaty the countries on the Temby and the Maputa which Mayetta, the Kaffir potentate of that region,² ceded to Captain Owen, it will be easy for them to produce their title-deeds. It is surely in their power to give authentic details of the alleged acts of conquest, or to establish the validity of their rule by setting forth the text of the treaties which they concluded with the native chiefs. Before it is possible for them to succeed in absolutely destroying the English title, they must make good the prior existence of their own.

The Portuguese impute to Captain Owen want of veracity and other sinister qualities. We do not understand them to deny that the captain induced the chiefs of Temby and of Maputa to sign treaties which placed them under the protection of Great Britain, but they state that on the 8th of October, 1823—months after the so-called cession—the chief of Temby signed a protest in which he declared that “he recognized only the Portuguese as the sovereigns of his lands, and that he had never intended, neither was it possible for him, to make them over as a gift to her Britannic Majesty, because they belonged to the King of Portugal.” Without satisfactory explanation, this formal repudiation by the Kaffirs of the agreement they are said to have entered into with Captain Owen would naturally be a strong point in favour of the Portuguese claims. Fortunately, however, we have authentic information as to the measures taken by the Portuguese governor, Senor Lupe de Cardenas, to compel Mayetta to revoke the act by which he had submitted himself to the British government. It appears that immediately after Captain Owen left Delagoa Bay, Lupe conceived the idea of extending Portuguese authority over the very districts

² He was also called King Kapell.

which had just been ceded to Great Britain. Accompanied by the master of a Portuguese brig named "Vicente," and a party of soldiers, he marched on Mayetta, and either intimidated or bribed him to deny the fact that he had made over to Captain Owen the country of the Temby, and he then proceeded to Maputa and hoisted the Portuguese flag in that town. Lupe's arbitrary proceedings were interrupted by the arrival of Commodore Nourse in the "Andromache," who repeated the ceremonies with which Captain Owen had taken possession of the country. On the departure of that vessel Lupe recommenced his war of conquest. He raised the Portuguese flag at Temby, attacked the natives at Mabota, and made successful war on Machakane, the chief of Mattoll, whose people he subjected to the greatest cruelties. But Machakane turned upon his oppressors, and contrived so successful an ambush that Lupe, his lieutenant, and twenty-five of his men were slaughtered by the assegais of an unseen enemy. Lupe's successor, Texeira, who had been banished for killing a priest, called in the assistance of Mayetta, who first assisted the Portuguese to drive away Machakane, and then quarrelled with the new governor, and had him put to death. The Portuguese, instead of proving themselves the sovereigns of the country, had the greatest difficulty in maintaining their position on English River. Maxiamiano succeeded Texeira by the favour of Mayetta, and when Captain Owen returned to Delagoa Bay he found that the Portuguese were only in possession of the miserable fort which was, and still is, the sole conspicuous sign of their authority in this part of Africa. An officer of the expedition in describing these events, states that Captain Owen, on learning of the insults which had been offered to the British flag, exacted suitable reparation from Governor Maxiamiano. That flag was re-established on the Temby, and at the same time "Mayetta strongly denied to Captain Owen that he had ever willingly receded his country from the English to the Portuguese, his statement being that the force of Lupe had compelled him to do so."

Some apology is due for entering into these details concerning the wretched politics of Delagoa Bay. But after reading the magniloquent despatches of the Portuguese Government, we felt it expedient to endeavour to ascertain what was the actual position of Portugal, in the countries of Temby and Maputa, at the time of the cession to Captain Owen. Señor João de Andrade Coroo, in writing to Sir Charles Murray, on February 19th, 1872, says, "Not

only by constant occupation, but also by uninterrupted commerce and important maritime expeditions did the Portuguese Government assert its right of possession to those territories; the fact being recognized as well by the chiefs of the indigenous peoples, as by all the nations with whom Portugal maintained relations, and who either visited or knew that part of Eastern Africa." This statement is fortified by a reference to a whale fishery which was established in 1817, and to a Company for promoting colonization, and trading in ivory, which was formed in 1824. Don Joas de Andrade Coroo does not give the history of these praiseworthy adventures; and, strange to say, from the first page of the Portuguese correspondence down to the last, there is not a hint that the factory at Lorenzo Marquez had vastly more extensive dealings in "black ivory" than it ever had in white. But in all the verbose and tautological documents penned in the Lisbon Foreign Office, we fail to discover one fact which is calculated to show that Portugal actually exercised any rights of sovereignty beyond the limits of the fort and town of Lorenzo Marquez. One passage which we will venture to quote from the journals of Captain Owen and his officers, strongly supports our views. In the early days of the survey, the British commander fitted out boats for exploring the rivers which debouched into the bay; and as these rivers extended several hundred miles into the interior, the organization of so perilous a service necessarily involved great responsibility. "A black interpreter, who spoke Portuguese, of which Lieutenant Vidal also had some knowledge, was hired from the factory, and supposing the pretensions of sovereignty set up by the Portuguese to be valid, the captain applied to the commandant to give him some people to protect our boats against any attack from the natives. The commandant, however, acquainted us that he had no authority whatever over them, and that, so far from giving assistance to us, he was himself in hourly expectation of an attack from the Vatwas, when he should hope for our aid. As this explanation settled the affair at once, Captain Owen never considered it necessary to consult them afterwards upon any of his movements or operations." This fact conclusively proves that at the time the "Leven" visited Delagoa Bay the natives were absolutely their own masters. We believe, therefore, that so far as the claims of Portugal are based upon the alleged conquest of the country before it was acquired by Great Britain, those claims must utterly fall to the ground. The Portuguese Government, in their recent despatches,

express great indignation at the conduct of Captain Owen, in taking forcible possession of the English ship "Eleanor," after it had been seized in the Maputa river, by Portuguese authority, on a charge of smuggling; but as this incident took place more than two years after the King of Temby had declared himself a British subject, it proves nothing except that Captain Owen acted in strict harmony with the belief he always expressed that the Maputa river belonged to England, and not to Portugal. There was another exercise of authority on the captain's part, to which the Lisbon Foreign Office doubtless finds it convenient to make no reference. During one of that gallant officer's numerous visits to Delagoa Bay, he learnt that the Portuguese commandant after killing one Temby kaffir had reduced another to the condition of a slave. He accordingly claimed the survivor as a British subject; and an investigation having taken place, the man's right to freedom was formally established. "The unhappy wretch's chains were therefore knocked off, when he once more returned to his country and home. This scene was beyond description; the poor fellow embraced his chief as if he had been his father, and kissed the feet of all around him. The captain directed Mayetta to suspend the irons in which he had been confined to the roof of his tent, as a memento of the humanity and justice of the English nation." It would be interesting to read the Portuguese comments upon a transaction which, although it strikes at the root of their pseudo authority in the countries on the southern side of Delagoa Bay, is honourable to the reputation of the British commander, who, it may be added, never ceased so long as life lasted, to protest by both word and deed against the iniquities of the African slave-trade.

We are not surprised that the Portuguese should cast reproaches upon Captain Owen's memory. Not only was he the indomitable friend of the African race against slave-traders, but he did his utmost to introduce Christianity into the countries which he had annexed to the British dominions. Mr. George Thompson, the well-known and justly-esteemed Cape merchant, whose explorations of South Africa date from half a century ago, and who ever since has been the unwearied champion of his fellow colonists, has favoured us with valuable documentary information on this subject, including several extracts from the journal of Mr. Threlfall, a Wesleyan missionary, who, on his return from the West Indies, was appointed to labour in the Temby country, and was conveyed to his destination by Captain Owen. It is true that Mr. Threlfall's health failed, and that his useful career was prematurely extin-

guished, but not less important is the testimony which he bears to Captain Owen's personal character, and to his earnest desire that the natives should be benefited by our occupation of their country. Mr. Threlfall, writing in his journal, says,—“He (the captain) offered to assist me to the utmost of his power in forwarding any plans of the Delagoa Mission, and that from the interest he took in seeing the heathen taught, and the full approbation he gave to men of our profession.” Mr. Threlfall himself was received with open arms by Machakane:—“The king seeing me, called me to him to sit down. I obeyed, and the old man squeezed my hand, and leaned on me like an old friend. Some of the young men embraced me and called me brother.” Yet we are to believe that at the very time the natives were thus receiving the English missionary, Captain Owen had committed a gross act of usurpation in their territories. The truth is that they were not Portuguese subjects in any meaning of that term of which the law of nations can take cognizance; and that, as Captain Owen's narrative conclusively shows, their chief relations with the factory at Lorenzo Marquez, were those of slave-dealers who brought human merchandize to the market, receiving in exchange for every slave, goods of the nominal value of a dollar and a half. In view of these facts, any attempt to impeach the good faith or truthfulness of Captain Owen, merits only contempt.

It may be asked whether the rights acquired by Great Britain in 1822 and 1823 have not lapsed in consequence of our having taken no steps to enforce them until in November, 1861, the Governor of the Cape Colony sent the “*Narcissus*” to Delagoa Bay, and took possession of Inyack and Elephant Islands. This is a question for jurists to settle, but even if it were answered in the affirmative it is not easy to see how the alternative, that the country belongs to Portugal, would thereby be established. A failure on our part to prove our claim might be fatal to our case, but it would not make good the title of the rival power. We have said that this question is of importance to the political and commercial interests of the empire. All English statesmen are now agreed that when the Dutch Republics were cut adrift from Great Britain and encouraged to set up governments of their own, the cause of civilization and the future peace and prosperity of the fairest regions of South Africa were seriously endangered. If we could undo the evil which has been done by the politicians (it would be an abuse of language to call them “statesmen”), who divided the colonists of the Cape into separate and hostile com-

munities, an incalculable benefit would be conferred upon both the Europeans and the natives. The alliance which the Transvaal Boers have entered into with the Portuguese is distinctly opposed to that policy of confederation which was first propounded by Sir George Grey, and has now received the sanction of her Majesty's Government. At present the Transvaal Republic can only obtain access to the sea through British territory; but if the Portuguese alliance bear the fruit which is anticipated from it, the Boers will obtain a port in the Indian Ocean, and at the same time make a long stride towards the establishment of a distinct nationality. Under President Burgers there is reason to hope that they no longer pursue the evil paths with which they were too familiar under the reactionary leadership of the obstinate and narrow-minded Pretorius; but the friendship they have struck up with the Portuguese, who hitherto have only been known on the East Coast as slave-traders, bodes ill for them, for our colonial fellow-subjects, and for the native races.

We must now, however, await the arbitration of Marshal McMahon. The vicissitudes of French politics make it doubtful whether the question can be determined within a reasonable period of time. If there should be a prospect of indefinite delay it would be only reasonable to consider whether we cannot by some more direct means solve the rival pretensions of the two countries. It is natural to suppose that such rights as the Portuguese are alleged to possess might be extinguished for a fraction of the sum which the arbitration will cost. The impression at the Cape Colony is that buying out Portugal would have been the quickest and cheapest means of getting rid of the imbroglio. One objection to such a course is that it would virtually involve the recognition by us of claims which we believe to be unfounded; and certainly if it were proposed to limit the transaction to the purchase of the territories which are in dispute, grave considerations of public policy might be urged against such a proceeding, especially the danger we should run of tempting other powers to set up untenable claims in the expectation that England would offer a bribe for their withdrawal. But we should be performing a great service to humanity, and, at the same time, conferring prospective benefits upon generations of South Africans yet unborn, if it were possible for us to induce Portugal to withdraw altogether from Delagoa Bay, where hitherto her influence has been injurious to civilization, as well as a means of promoting the slave-trade on the East Coast of Africa.

A NOSEGAY OF TRANSLATIONS.

No. XI.

BY THE LATE SIR JOHN BOWRING.

From the Italian :—

“ Sappiate che chi vuol popol regere.”

“ He who would rule a people wisely, must
 Think of the public good before all other :
 The man who is inexorably just
 Can best reprove injustice in another ;
 Not by instruction only, but example,
 Which *is* most eloquent instruction, he
 Should of all excellence become the sample,
 And be himself what others ought to be !”

Raf. S. Giovanni de S. Paulo.

From the Icelandic :—

“ Our ships¹ along Sicilia plied
 In those our days of strength and pride,
 And Venger's flag² the warriors carried
 Still on and on, and never tarried.
 No craven coward, well I wis,
 E'er track'd a dangerous path like this ;
 Yet Gardar's Gerda—gold-ring'd maid³—
 Flings scorn upon the hero's head.

* * * * *

We bail'd the ship—we six and ten
 As broke the mighty seas again ;
 As rush'd the billows at our feet,
 While toiling on the rowers' seat.

¹ In the original—the planks, the keel.

² Venger—a Viking (sea-king) of old times ; the flag—his battle-ship.

³ The alliteration of the original line is preserved. Gardar-uke is Russian ; Gerda is a poetical name for Clarald's mistress, Elizabeth. Gerda in the Scandinavian mythology was the beloved of Freyer, the god of the sun, whose advances she long resisted. Among her presents was a golden ring.—*F. Magnuen, Lex. Myt. Bor.* 116, 439.

No craven coward, well I wis,
 E'er track'd a dangerous way like this;
 Yet Gardar's Gerda—gold-ring'd maid—
 Flings scorn upon the hero's head.

Eight⁴ virtues have I: I can pour
 Out Oden's drink, and forge the ore;
 Upon the active horse can ride;
 And I can breast the ocean tide;
 And I can glide on skates of snow;
 And I can shoot; and I can row;
 Yet Gardar's Gerda—gold-ring'd maid—
 Flings scorn upon the hero's head.

Can widow or can maid gainsay
 That we have clash'd our swords in fray?
 That we have sought the Southern land,
 And forced the city⁵ with our band?
 At break of day our foes were slain,
 And still the vestiges remain;
 Yet Gardar's Gerda—gold-ring'd maid—
 Flings scorn upon the hero's head!

And I was born in mountains where
 The highland heroes wield the spear;
 My war-ships, fear'd by men of flocks,
 I guide across the ocean-rocks;
 And long o'er ocean's waves have bounded,
 And many an ocean-isle surrounded;
 Yet Gardar's Gerda—gold-ring'd maid—
 Flings scorn upon the hero's head."⁶

From the Old German :—

THE WATERMAN'S BRIDE.

"The waterman would married be,
 The queen's young daughter courted he;
 For seven long years he courted her,
 And on the eighth—wait—you shall hear:
 'O mother mine! O list to me,
 And let me still a virgin be!'
 'Dear child! one night—but only one—
 One only will you sleep alone!'
 Scarce had she spoke, when at the sound
 Knights gather'd all the Court around.

⁴ Only seven virtues are enumerated. Finn Magnessen supposes the second line may have been—

"*Oth—fet ek lith, at smitha.*"

⁵ Stamboul, Constantinople.

⁶ I translated this poem from the Icelandic for my friend, Mr. H. Wheaton, and he published it in his "History of the Northmen," pp. 341-2: London, 1831.

The bridegroom was a sprightly man,
And to the mother thus began :
' O mother mine ! O tell me where—
O where is thy young daughter fair ?'
' My daughter in her chamber stands ;
Look how she wrings her lily hands !'
The bridegroom was a sprightly man
He look'd, and to the chamber ran.
' O tell me then, thou maiden dear,
What dost thou in thy chamber here ?'
' What I've to do is swiftly done :
I put my velvet garment on ;
Over my face my veil I bind—
'Twas given me by my mother kind.'
As from the Court she came, she cried,
' May God with father and mother abide !'
And when to the garden-gate she drew,
' Brothers and sisters, God rest with you !
Bless field and flowers of every kind,
And everything I leave behind !'
And as she pass'd the garden by,
A milk-white swan was flying nigh.
' Beloved swan ! thy flight is bliss,
But mine a flight of sorrow is.'
And as she to the bridge came near,
A little page stood silent there.
' Now must I my white garments doff,
And the gold wedding-ring take off,
And launch a kirtle from the brim,
That on the water I may swim.
The bridge of iron—side and floor—
'Twas safe for waggons forty-four ;
But when she came, the bridge gave way,
And in the stream in ruins lay.
The bride was wreck'd upon the sand,
The bridal-feast upon the strand.
The mother saw her daughter swim—
The lovely daughter on the stream.
She said, ' By moonlight, mother mine,
I shall be drowned in the Rhine !' "

EDITH DEWAR;

OR,

GLIMPSES OF SCOTTISH LIFE AND MANNERS IN
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY COLIN RAE-BROWN,

AUTHOR OF "THE DAWN OF LOVE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A PROPOSAL.

EDITH felt more than happy at Dunoon; Mrs. Macdonald treated her as a daughter, while Mary had already opened up her whole heart to receive her as a sister. The literary and musical talents of the "Kildonald Fairy" had not been discarded by the loving wife and fond mother; on the contrary, a great portion of her leisure time continued to be devoted to those pursuits which had rendered her maidenhood a long summer day of delight. Mary had drawn no little inspiration from this near fount of intellectual refinement, and, in addition thereto, received the incalculable benefits of a most excellent education.

Under the careful superintendence of a clergyman's widow, who kept but a few select boarders, she had spent the greater portion of the three preceding years in Edinburgh, and had only recently returned home—"finished"—much to the credit of her excellent preceptress and superior teachers, and greatly to the delight and satisfaction of her parents. The colonel, who had now gone to London to join his regiment for a few weeks, was justly proud of Mary, and frankly confessed that his wife's generalship—in opposing a continental "finish" to their daughter's education—proved her by far the better soldier of the two.

Thus it came to pass that there were no lack of excellent works

in the library at Rossthdu, no scarcity of the best music, and no stint to ever-flowing streams of refined and elevating pleasures.

To Edith, Rossthdu seemed a perfect earthly Paradise. Only a fortnight had elapsed since her arrival at Dunoon when she received the following letter, dated from "Langside, near Glasgow:"—

"MY DEAR MISS DEWAR,—I have just received your brief but greatly valued note, accompanying my friend Rae's letter and the extracts from Macfarlan's poems. Depend upon it that your high estimation of this poor(?) fellow's genius is quite sufficient to interest me in his behalf, even had you not added—so modestly—a request that I should befriend him.

"However, I must be very plain with you in this as in every other matter. I have come to the conclusion that he will turn out incurable, so far as social elevation, in an outward sense, is concerned. I have had an interview with him, and can now corroborate all my friend's impressions. Physically, the man is almost a wreck. Mentally, he has two natures. When in contact with humanity, I could not trust his sincerity—he himself, in his lower soul, never has harboured aught but distrust of his fellows—of word or deed; but when alone with his muse and her divine witchery, the higher or twin-soul is elevated to the companionship of the 'Gods of Intellect.' I am to have a long 'sederunt'—as the lawyers have it—with him next week, after which I shall be able, no doubt, to furnish you with some interesting, if not flattering details of the man and his social surroundings. Meantime, the perusal of the annexed lyric, his latest, cannot but afford you unmingled pleasure. Tennyson, the much lauded, might be a proud man to own himself the author of such a combination of vigorous word-painting and poetic grandeur. To me it has a roll about it that resembles the breaking of sunlit waves on a rock-bound coast, thereafter strewing the strand with a wealth of pearls and diamonds. Here it is.

"CLOUDLAND.

"The poet has come from travel,
In the Cloudlands, far away,
Where the pearly shores of the morn are wash'd
By the golden waves of day.

"O! wonderful is Cloudland!
Where late our bard has been,
And glorious are the visions
In the Cloudlands he has seen.

“ He hath lain in the diamond valley,
 Where the founts of morning leap,
 He hath press’d the crimson couch of dawn
 Where the winds of the summer sleep.

“ He hath stood where the rainbow bridges
 The cataract of the rain,
 He hath laugh’d with the lion tempests,
 And join’d in the storm-king’s strain.

“ He hath watch’d the huge cloud mountains
 By the sun-fire rack’d and riven,
 Till the broad clear moon ascended
 Like a white soul into heaven.

“ He hath seen the halls of azure
 By saints and seraphs trod,
 And heard sweet angel-voices
 Steal through the gates of God.

“ He hath knelt to the Queen of Midnight,
 Array’d with many a gem,
 Till his being became brighten’d
 By the flash of her diadem.

“ O ! wonderful is Cloudland !
 Where late our Bard has been,
 And glorious are the visions
 In the Cloudlands he has seen.

“ But the riches and glories of Cloudland
 To the Poet’s heart were vain,
 For he left his true, true love on earth,
 And to seek her he comes again.

“ I shall wait to hear your unbiassed opinion of these, to me, beautiful lines, and, in addition, the verdict of your delightful hostess and newly-found ‘sister.’ If Mrs. Macdonald is, as you say, the anonymous author of those exquisite poems which appeared in *Blackwood* ‘long ago,’ I *do* envy you the society of such a mind. To you, who have been so long without a home, in the truest sense of the term, and who have been deprived of such a parent as your mother, the cordial reception which has been accorded you in the refined circle at Rosisdhu must contribute greatly to your happiness.

"Now a word or two about myself. I have been licensed for the ministry, and you may, nay I fear must, henceforth address me as the 'Rev. Fabian Melville.'

"This, I hope, with full dependence on the ever-indispensable yet ever-present help of our heavenly Father, is a step in the right direction.

"Especially so, as it gives me more confidence to ask you now to ratify the somewhat silent consent you so hurriedly gave me when we parted on the last occasion. However, I do not wish you to put it 'on paper' just yet, but will wait patiently till we meet.

"And now for another piece of news about my humble self. I am to be stationed for quite a year within some five or six miles of Rossdhu, my charge being the 'wee kirk' at Ardentinny on Loch-long. No doubt you will have driven past it on more than one occasion since you arrived at Dunoon. Ardentinny Kirk is one of the 'seven charges' which has given the Rev. Dr. Clark, parish minister of Dunoon, the *soubriquet* of the 'Bishop,' and, if we consider it characteristic of bishops to be fair, fat, and fifty, together with a great amount of *bonhomie* and patriarchal suavity, the worthy pastor under whom you sit has fully earned the name.

"I have said I will wait patiently till we meet for your formal decision; but do not on that account suppose that I am not in a hurry to know my fate—strong as the well-fortified pleasures of my hope are—for here follows the explanation of my patience. On the afternoon of next sabbath, I am to preach in Dunoon Church, and will, no doubt, have an opportunity of meeting you before I return here.

"I cannot say I would like a certain person to be absent from the Rossdhu pew on that occasion, but I will not conceal from you my apprehensions as to the worthiness of services which must then be conducted by me under more than ordinary trying circumstances. Verily the hand of Providence is directing my steps towards you in a most mysterious manner, and if that Providence will but extend to us its grace and guidance, there is then room for the anticipation of a happy future in the heart of

"Yours devotedly,

"FABIAN MELVILLE."

"P.S. When you acknowledge this, briefly, or at welcome length, remember that I quite understand there need be no reference made in yours to my 'momentous question.' It is to be taken to *avizandum*."

CHAPTER XXV.

A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

IN penning the foregoing effusion, Melville felt that he must not make an unworthy use of the "silent consent" which he considered Edith had given him—partly by the gentle return of hand-pressure—as she stepped on board the "Iona" on the previous week. Nor, under ordinary circumstances, would he have felt justified in entering upon an engagement with Edith till he had obtained her father's approval of his suit. But the Minister of Kildonald was no common man or father, and Melville felt justified in applying to Dr. Dewar's particular idiosyncrasies the saying that "circumstances alter cases," and so resolved to deal with this, his first affair of the heart, in a manner which would have been quite unjustifiable, even in his own eyes, but for the unamiable peculiarities of the absent clergyman.

Edith had not, in so many words, made those peculiarities plain to Melville; but she could not, in referring to the past incidents of her life, altogether wrap them up from his keen mental vision.

He could discern that there had been a very grim skeleton in the manse of Kildonald, the product of a proud, imperious, selfish will. And he had frequently pictured to himself the resigned, uncomplaining mother bending over her darling child in their *sanctum sanctorum*, or gently guiding her as they threaded their way through the quiet nooks of the neighbouring glen, heedless of the worldly turmoil that raged within the minister's ever unquiet breast.

Unheeded, they, as unheeding, had lived on without awakening a single regret at his estrangement or frequent absence, more prolonged latterly than ever.

With such impressions of the reverend doctor freshly imprinted on his mind, Melville had taken an early opportunity of making confidential inquiries—immediately after his arrival in Glasgow—regarding the well-known incumbent of Kildonald. The gentleman to whom he applied for trustworthy information regarding the minister's ex-ministerial life was one whose sources of knowledge in this respect were placed beyond doubt as to accuracy. He

was, though a layman, officially connected with the Church of Scotland, and had been so for many years previous. Connected with Melville's family by marriage, he had not the slightest hesitation in frankly replying to his relative's request; especially so, as he knew Melville to be the very soul of honour.

"It is," said Mr. Maitland, "not without pain that I proceed to answer your queries, so far as I can, regarding the person you name. I need not say, however, that what you hear from me must be held in the strictest confidence, even from Miss Dewar, let your after-relations with her be what they may:—

"Not a word, my dear young friend, in the way of a promise; you know what is right, and will not do wrong.

"The most painful conclusion has been come to by me with regard to the moral character of this man. I have traced him to the very haunt of his secret vice, and yet I cannot make up my mind—principally for the sake of the Church, and partly on account of his eminent relatives—to publicly denounce him as I ought. In the matter of his private indiscretion, he principally wrongs himself, and I am content, for many such reasons as I have given, to let him alone with his sin. There are, nevertheless, misdeeds of his to be chronicled which have ruined more than one happy home, and blasted the prospects of several worthy brother clergymen, bringing their families into a state of genteel poverty more painful and more harassing to them than that absolute want which decimates the drunken and improvident.

"Nine years ago he was assisting at the dispensation of the Lord's Supper in one of the Edinburgh churches. At the 'Monday dinner' he gave his host and two clerical guests some very exclusive information regarding a scheme for cutting a canal through a portion of Argyleshire. While the wine and toddy were still on the table, he had seen each of them write out applications for shares. The letters were instantly posted, and the hearts of the dupes beat high with the anticipation of vast profits.

"The scrip was already at seven pounds premium.

"The public company mania was then at fever-height. This canal scheme had just been ventilated in Glasgow. It was brought to life in a luxuriously furnished apartment in Queen Street of that city. The splendid standing furniture—board table, capacious settees, and easiest of chairs—were composed of shining mahogany and crimson morocco. The soft velvety carpets were of the best Brussels make. The champagne was Mouet's, the claret

Lafitte's, and the choice sandwiches were from Lang's celebrated emporium.

"Dewar—under the rose—was one of the chief promoters of the canal scheme. The *locale* was close to his parish. His influence behind the scenes was esteemed potential and indispensable, and his was to be the lion's share.

"Except the silver mines in the moon, one can scarcely conceive of a wilder project than this was, yet, a few days after being publicly launched, it had actually got to the premium I have named.

"The first allottees were mainly paid nominees of the promoters, and it was thus to the immediate and great advantage of Dewar and his associates that they should have 'good' buyers.

"On the morning following the sacramental dinner, Dewar went on to Glasgow and gave orders to let all his shares go at that day's quotations, thereafter, complacently and contentedly minded—for once—he sailed off to Kildonald, to prepare for the impending celebration of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper there.

"No man knew better than Dewar of the ultimate fallacious nature of this project, but he made himself believe that he was making money in quite a legitimate way, seeing that everybody else was trying to do so in a similar manner.

"His conscience was easily satisfied.

"A few weeks later the bubble completely burst. The 'canals' went down from seven pounds premium to nothing. No scrip was ever issued—the shares they were to represent having become of less than no value. The collapse was rapidly and ruinously entire.

"The three clergymen who had bought at Dewar's friendly instigation were rendered something worse than penniless. Ruined in purse and reputation, unable to pay their ordinary bills, their after-lives became a burden too heavy to bear, and one of them was permanently consigned to a lunatic asylum.

"The wolf in sheep's clothing who had been the origin of all this misery had been more fortunate. The 'affair' had added some 5000% to his already princely fortune, and, beyond that, he knew nothing. At all events, he did not choose so to know it that any one could discern the extent of his knowledge. He, like other promoters, had sold in the name of hired nominees to whom the phantom-shares had been allotted, and, publicly, their secrets were well kept.

"One of these nominees afterwards became a client of mine. He was almost bankrupt, and made me thoroughly conversant with all his affairs. From this man I learned all I have told you, and there has arisen no reason why I should doubt his information. It was supplied with a minuteness of detail which could not have been invented by a man of such moderate mental calibre, besides, he knew that by deceiving me he would have utterly ruined himself then and thereafter.

"I can see that you are devotedly attached to Dr. Dewar's daughter, and that this devotion has been intensified by the glimpses you have had of the wretched state of things which prevailed at the manse for so many years of her parents' wedded life. I feel convinced you will persevere in your attachment notwithstanding all I have told you, and I can scarcely blame you for going so far with it as you have done without consulting her father. At the same time, let me warn you that a difficult task lies before you, notwithstanding your wealth and prospects.

"Sold to Mammon though the man is, his pride knows no limit, and I believe his temper, when thwarted, to be that of a very devil incarnate. You will have to approach him cautiously, and with a duly studied plan of action fully matured beforehand, or failure is certain.

"It greatly grieves me that such a man should move in the society he does, and, more than all, that he should hold such an influential position in the Church. No one has ever heard from my lips what you have been made aware of this forenoon, and now, after what you have let me understand to be your position in reference to his daughter, no one ever shall.

"He is considered a burning and a shining light amongst us, and, in the hope that this light may flash inwardly some day, making plain to himself the filth and garbage of his secret self, let us wait God's time. When my advice or assistance can be of any value, do not scruple, my young friend, to ask for it; your welfare must always be very dear to me and mine."

When the worthy lawyer had concluded, Melville cordially thanked him for his fatherly advice, and for the kind interest he evinced in his future; taking his leave somewhat hurriedly, and with a multitude of strange emotions filling his breast.

The prospect of such a father-in-law as Dr. Dewar was enough to make a strong heart quail; but Melville was no ordinary man, and he would have dared a whole pack of clerical wolves rather than

abandon his cherished Edith. How to cloak his feelings in the presence of such an arch-hypocrite puzzled Melville much more than it appalled him.

With his natural horror of untruth and insincerity in its mildest forms, the young clergyman felt as if he must necessarily lose all self-command in the presence of one whom he must henceforth utterly loathe and detest—denouncing him to his face as a disgrace to the sacred profession and the time-honoured Church. On the other hand, he felt that such a course of procedure would not only be breaking faith with Mr. Maitland, but be productive of an utter breach in his relations with Edith. Let the father be what he might, and she knew his heart to be hard enough for anything, it would not be seemly for her suitor to become that father's denouncer.

Melville was forced to come to the conclusion that for once in his life he must practise expediency. There seemed no other way by which his beloved one could be rescued from the worse than melancholy fate which awaited her as the sole companion of her father at the manse. He would be politic: nevertheless, he made up his mind to consolidate the already "understood" engagement before he approached Dr. Dewar—even by letter—and, once solemnly ratified, he knew that his own power of will, united to his love, would, somehow or other, achieve its consummation.

Edith's emotions on perusing Melville's letter proved nearly as conflicting as those he experienced during his interview with Mr. Maitland. She likewise knew how imperious was the will of her father, and how domineering his temper when roused by opposition. Her happiness knew but this one drawback, and even had it not proved too much to be kept to herself, the advisability of obtaining Mrs. Macdonald's advice on such a momentous issue would have impelled her to make a confidante of her kind hostess. Frankly handing her the cherished epistle, Edith briefly outlined the circumstances under which Melville and she had met at Chamouni, and went for a short walk while the good lady discussed the contents of the "first love-letter."

On her return, the ready decision of Mrs. Macdonald proved more than consolatory, and comprised an advice to unhesitatingly accept an offer which could not fail to secure her a happy home for life.

"Under other circumstances," Mrs. Macdonald went on to say, "I would have advised the obtaining of your father's consent

beforehand ; but I will not conceal from you my fears that, in any case, he would not be favourable to an engagement which he had not brought about himself. I casually met Mrs. and Miss Melville while on a visit here to the Rev. Dr. Clarke, during your sojourn at Chamouni, and I could not desire for my own daughter a more delightful addition to her friends than those estimable ladies. In the meantime, however, it will be well to keep the matter entirely to ourselves. Let it not even be mooted again, except so far as regards you and Mr. Melville, till he makes up his mind how to approach Dr. Dewar when he returns from Canada."

Edith willingly assented, and betook herself to her own room, with the view of calmly reviewing the past, the present, and the likely future of this new phase of her life.

On the following Sabbath afternoon the parish church of Dunoon was crowded to excess by a fashionably-attired congregation, all expectation. It had been noised abroad that the newly-appointed minister of Ardentenny was to officiate on that occasion, and while report gave him credit for remarkable and eloquent earnestness, it was well known that his family was of high, ancient, and honourable standing, so that the interest was heightened to a more than usual extent.

Melville chose for his subject the "Sermon on the Mount," and thoroughly rivetted the attention and evoked the admiration of his hearers from beginning to end of his thrilling discourse. His advent in Argyleshire was a triumphant success.

Mrs. Macdonald, Mary, and Edith were present, and none of the crowded congregation was more impressed with the elevating truths which fell from the preacher's lips than the woman of his heart's choice. Greatly to her own surprise, she felt quite at her ease, and drank in every precious word as if falling from a source long and pleasingly familiar.

The following forenoon had not been far advanced before Melville and Edith, in the course of a stroll over the beach, had pledged their vows to be one in heart and soul, for weal or for woe, from that day henceforth and for ever. The Dawn of Love was consummated by its Sunrise.

Melville returned to Langside by the afternoon steamer, while Edith, happier than she had ever felt before, cheerfully set about preparations for a journey to Oban, in company with Mrs. Macdonald and Mary, on the following day.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DUNOON TO OBAN—THE ROYAL ROUTE.

THERE is much matter for wonder to be found in the strong admiration and attachment displayed by people in general for the continent and continental scenery.

Many English men and women, who have never visited their own fair lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland, and who have no idea of the sublimity and grandeur of the Western Highlands, yet deem it proper to go into fashionable ecstasies over the comparatively tame beauties of the Rhine, and enlarge on such to the utter exclusion of the wonders of home-travel. This is the sheer stupidity of ignorance, ignorance of that kind which sometimes impels people to reject Shelley and worship Tennyson.

Let the believers in the continental theory, *pur et simple*, dismount from their hobby-horse for awhile, and visit the Scottish Highlands. Let them start with us from Dunoon, and embark in the magnificent steamer “Iona” on a clear, calm, sunshiny morning.

The inland glories of Italy, Germany, and Switzerland cannot outrival the frowningly beautiful peaks of sea-girt Arran, and ere the “Iona” has completed her voyage, the belief in the superlative loveliness of foreign climes will have melted away as easily as the lightest vapour then melting around any one of the Highland hills.

Come, ye lovers of the continent, come with us now from Dunoon to Oban—come with us in fancy as well as ye are able. Bring before the eyes of your imagination Lucerne, Como, Drachenfels, Heidelberg—bring all your most boasted continental charms, and imagine them doubled and trebled, and then, perhaps, you may have some idea of such Scottish scenery as we are about to enjoy.

So—supposing our readers with wings of fancy ready plumed for a flight with us—we are off!

Majestically and gracefully the “Iona” bears us away from smiling Dunoon—

“On, on! ye sailors brave,
On! regardless of the wave;
Fearless, though a tempest blow,
Down the Clyde we’ll go, we’ll go!”

The scenery of the lower Clyde is, without doubt, extremely beautiful, though not to be compared with that which bursts upon the dazzled sight after Loch Crinan has been passed. Immediately below Dunoon there are some enchanting little glimpses, such as Innerkip, Wemyss Bay, and the Bay of Largs. There is also the Island of Bute, with the small isles of the Cumbræes towards the Ayrshire coast, and between and beyond, the rugged Island of Arran, with its crowning peak, Goatfell, conspicuous amid its lofty summits.

Rothsay, famous for its fashion, its old ruined castle, and its superb fuchsias, is highly picturesque, though one does not admire it so highly after having once been to Oban.

The Kyles of Bute are fair, smiling, and verdant, yet they lack the impressiveness and unutterable grandeur of the Morven hills, so renowned in Gaelic song.

Nevertheless, we must good-naturedly defy our supposed companions, the exclusive lovers of the continent, to find anything better on the Rhine than the scenery of the lower Clyde, and these charming Kyles.

At some places the rocky straits of the Kyles are so narrow as to require the utmost nicety of steering, while the rich mossy verdure of the wave-washed and well scoriated granite almost tempt the traveller to leap from the gunwale and plant his foot on the alluring sea-heath.

Now we pass the "Burnt Isles," barely seen above the water; next, the fairy-land called Colentraive, and a little farther on discern Loch Ridden opening out on the right. On the shores of this same loch it was that the rebelliously bold Duke of Argyll, in the days of James II. (of England), used the Castle of Eilangerig, now in ruins, as a storehouse for his ammunition. Tighnabruaich is the next inhabited spot, and displays some charmingly novel descriptions of architecture peeping out from the rich foliage. Something like a castle here, and the *vraisemblance* of a bungalow there, all dotted about in most picturesque confusion.

Next comes the Point of Ardlamont, the Cape Horn of Cowal, and woe to the Frenchman or but Nore-travelled cockney who rounds it on a gusty day. The stomachs of such will be sure to rise in rebellion against the heaving swell and thunderous "thudding" of the sea on such an occasion.

But, there, we have rounded the point already! The "Iona" is still doing her twenty miles an hour, and on board of her even

Ardlamont is but a very transient bogey. How swiftly the gallant steamship cleaves her way along the Cowal shores, and through the dark blue waters of Loch Fyne! This is the king of Scotland's salt-water lochs, being some fifty miles in length, and flanked by noble mountain ridges from Ardlamont to Inverary.

No salmon in the world equals in flavour the bonâ fide Loch Fyne herring in the "right" season. The fish of June, July and August are, in a word, food for the gods, or even for those Roman Emperors of whose repasts fish, cooked to the very acme of perfection, were the chief and crowning constituents.

We have all but lost sight of Arran, the Madeira of Scotland, rich in floral wonders and geological treasures. The strong-winged, snowy sea-gulls are flapping and shrieking above the stern-sheets, and a shoal of porpoises are sharing with them the showers of biscuits so liberally provided by the juvenile portion of the passengers.

Mary Macdonald was in ecstasies, as she had been ever since they left Dunoon—it was her first trip to Oban since the days of her childhood. Her irrepressible nature could do nothing but point with her pretty finger, or call out with her sweet silvery voice, as the too-swift steamer flew past one beauty spot after another, and as if her mother and Edith had been utter strangers to the entire route.

"Indeed, indeed," she exclaimed, "it is the very sublimity of loveliness! One cannot wonder at the words which are said to have escaped the lips of the 'Scottish Emigrant' when leaving his native land. Edith, mamma, here is a little extract I made from the poem. It is so applicable to the present moment that I must repeat it.

"Shall I no more the Cowal shores traverse,
Or skim along thy waters, dark Loch Fyne?
Or see the phosphor'd herrings gleaming bright,
As the huge night-haul lands them in the boat,
Gleaming, as if with glowworms from the deep,
Or million'd diamonds from old Neptune's caves?"

"Will beauteous Arran never lure me more
To spots where I have spent my bridal days,
To lovely Rosa's glen, or Goatfell's feet?
On Brodick bay will I ne'er ply the oar,
Or tempt its timorous whittings with my bait
Or, landing, climb the Holy Island's brow,
And hail grim 'Ailsa' anchor'd out at sea?"

But here is Ardrissaig pier, where all land, with bag, baggage, and every other appurtenance. Marvellous the rapidity with which the steamer's decks are cleared of her living and dead freightage. The arrangements on board and on the landing are perfection itself, everything in the shape of worry to the passengers is avoided—in strong and favourable contrast to the still wretched continental usages—and, free as the fresh breeze playing around us, we pass through the wharf gates.

We have bidden farewell to the “Iona,” that gracious queen of Clyde boats, and now betake ourselves to a handsomely furnished fussy, puffing little canal steamer, known as the “Linnet,” which awaits us at Ardrissaig—and the Rhine is fairly eclipsed and becomes but a nonentity of prettiness.

The “Linnet” bears us up the Crinan Canal and through the locks, while on either side of us the banks of foxgloves and heather are so close that we think we could almost reach out a hand and pull some of the floral treasures into the boat. The yellow broom shakes its golden treasures on the autumn air, the rowan flaunts its crimson berries in contrast with the azure sky, rare and delicate ferns peep bashfully out of every nook and corner of the stones and rocks; and if, as Hans Christian Andersen tells us, the foxgloves are the fairy's church-bells, surely the Crinan Canal is the very place where we might expect to hear them ring a joy-peal or a wedding-chime. One believes in fairies at Crinan. The innocent and sweet delusions of childhood come back with every breath of the fresh wind. Romance seems to have left the impression of her sleeping figure on every bed of emerald moss and amethyst heather. We can quite believe in Oberon, Titania, and Puck, and we have a kind of dreamy notion that they live in the luxuriant masses of honeysuckle that wave about Crinan.

The locks are rather prosaic interruptions to these fairy fancies, but we are obliged to go through them, or else walk to the end of them. Most people prefer the walk between the sections; and, getting out of the “Linnet,” they keep pace with her, and yet manage to gather a heap of rowan-berries and ferns, and to drink several glasses of new milk which is proffered to them by bare-footed bairnies, who have already begun to worship Mammon and to love the jingling pence.

At the end of the canal another beautiful steamer, the “Chevalier,” awaits us. She is not quite so queenly or so luxurious as the “Iona,” but she has plenty of “charms wherewith to charm.”

Among them she numbers a German band, which, unlike most German bands, plays well.

Embarking in her, off we go, with flags flying, waves dashing, winds blowing, to the tune of the "Blue Danube." A sense of exhilaration apparently comes over everybody, for we discover a portly old gentleman in a corner practising a waltz-step, with a countenance beaming benevolence.

In another corner we find a sour-looking old lady, who has been beguiled by a friend into a long story of her young days, which she relates with wonderful zest and fervour. The younger portion of the passengers pace up and down with sparkling eyes, clear brows, and smiling lips, all tokens of their thorough enjoyment of both music, air, and scenery. And *what* scenery! What pen could describe its grandeur? Islands, mountains, headlands, bays, and inlets, scattered hither and thither in a profusion of wildness and beauty—Jura sharply defined against the sky—Loch Craignish, with its chain of rocky islands and foam-fountains dashing recklessly up to kiss the soft clouds above them—who could give an adequate idea of this scene of sublimity and natural glory? As we go swiftly along, we must not forget that we are passing Corryvreckan.

Corryvreckan is terrible in more ways than one. The author of the old statistical account of Jura gives us a graphic picture of it in these words:—"The gulf is most awful with the flowing tide; in stormy weather it exhibits an aspect in which a great deal of the horrible is blended. Vast openings are formed in which one would think the bottom might be seen; immense bodies of water tumble headlong, as over a precipice, then, rebounding from the abyss, they dash together with inconceivable impetuosity, and rise, foaming, to a prodigious height above the surface. The noise of their conflict is heard throughout the surrounding islands."

"On the shores of Argyleshire," writes the poet Campbell, "I have often listened to the sound of this vortex at the distance of many leagues. When the weather is calm, and the adjacent sea scarcely heard on these picturesque shores, its sound, which is like the sound of innumerable chariots, creates a magnificent effect."

Corryvreckan is supposed to be the home of a fierce kelpie, who dwells in the very centre of the foaming gulf, and whose duty it is to punish all false maidens—or rather, all maidens who are uncertain as to whether they love or do not love, and are thus incapable of making up their minds. In such cases the kelpie generally

brings them to a decision. There is a story told of him, which has been excellently rendered in verse by a poet of our own day—namely, that he appeared to one of these unsteady, fickle-minded maids, looking the “handsomest prince in all the world,” at the very time when she was half consenting to the honest and honourable suit of a young Highlander, who had long and vainly loved her. The noble looks and the enchanting manner of the disguised water-sprite at once made “Jessie” waver from her first and best intention; and a little love-making and persuasion on the part of the kelpie decided her on going with him and leaving her Highland lover in the lurch. She rode off with the deceitful and malignant, but handsome and prepossessing, demon, and never inquired whither he was taking her till they had ridden for many and many a mile, and were nearing Corryvreckan. Then said the careless maiden, in the words of the poet we have before mentioned,—

“We have ridden east, we have ridden west,—
I’m weary, fair knight, and I fain would rest.
Say is thy dwelling beyond the sea?
Hast thou a good ship waiting for me?”

Fearfully startling and comprehensive is the kelpie’s reply,—

“I have no dwelling beyond the sea,
I have no good ship waiting for thee;
Thou shalt sleep with me on a couch of foam,
And the depths of the ocean shall be thy home!”

Down, down, down into the boiling, fierce whirlpool of waters darted the kelpie, dragging with him the hapless, ill-fated girl. Her body was found on the shore the following day, and her ghost is still supposed to haunt the rocks of Scarba.

The poem concludes thus:—

“I warn you maids, whoever you be,
Beware of pride and vanity,—
And ere on change of love you reckon,
Beware the kelpie of Corryvreckan!”

But while we have been recalling the legend of these tumultuous waters, the “Chevalier” has taken us past them, and through various groups of islands, such as Luing, Seil, Shuna, Lunga, and Easdale;

we can now see the dark island of Mull—we are passing Kerrera, and nearing Oban.

At the southern termination of Kerrera are the ruins of the Danish fort, Gylen, surrounded on all sides by rocks and slippery stones, against which the waves combat with each other in mimic battle, and toss up showers of diamond spray. Kerrera is the place where Alexander II. died on his memorable expedition in 1249, and it is also the spot where Haco of Norway met his island chieftains, who crowded with their galleys to assist him in his futile attack on the coast of Scotland, and who augmented his fleet to 160 sail.

The “Chevalier” now turns a corner, and Oban, the bonniest, brightest, most winsome little nest in all the Highlands, peeps at us from its sheltering background of hills. We can see Dunolly Castle, the ancient seat of the Macdougalls of Lorne, standing sadly and forlornly on its weird craig. We can see the Oban pier, filled with people looking eagerly forward to our approach. The German band bursts forth merrily in the melodious old tune of the “Boatie rows.”

Nearer, nearer! What an elegant sweep our steamer takes among the shining, white-sailed yachts in the beautiful bay! Ahoy, there! ahoy! We are just in—the ropes are flung out, and here we are, bumping slightly against the wooden supports of the pier, which, by-the-bye, are rather shaky.

Hearty old boatmen come hurriedly on board. “Shall I have the liftin’ o’ your luggage, sir?” “liftin’” literally meaning carrying it to its destination, and expecting a “shullin” as a reward. And this is Oban! Before us lies the calm glassy bay, flecked here and there by the shadows cast from the encircling hills. Numbers of yachts lie at anchor—the sun, which is near the point of sinking, casts long gold and crimson rays over the dark blue peaks of Mull—and a dreamy enchantment seems in the very air we breathe. Where are we? In Fairyland? Well, almost;—we are in the Wonderland of the Western Highlands—the land of “honest men and bonnie lassies,” the land of Ossian and Selma; the land where true hearts and open hands are to be found if anywhere—the land of beauty, bravery, and song.

We are at the centre-point of West Highland glory—we are at Oban. Talk no more of the Continent, as alone grand or beautiful, to us—we will not hear anything about it.

Let us alone in peace to watch the trailing vales of purple mist

on the hills—purple mist that is shot through and crossed by the sun's long red and amber rays—let us look, undisturbed, at the pure broad sheet of crystal water in which nature beholds herself as in a glass, and wonders at her own surpassing fairness. Let us now realize to the full depth, the meaning of those words, “And God saw every thing that He had made, and behold, it was *very good*!”

During the latter part of the passage from Crinan to Oban, Mrs. Macdonald had left the young ladies very much to themselves; or rather, they, seeing her with note-book and pencil in hand, had left her free to her own meditations.

Before retiring to rest that same evening, the result of these meditations were made more than pleasantly apparent to Edith by the reception of the following lines, silently placed in her hands by the author when cordially bidding “good-night:”—

“ON RETURNING TO OBAN.

INSCRIBED TO EDITH.

Thou Highland jewel! Pearl of rarest worth,
Set in the liquid silver of the sea,
Bounded with purple hills and mighty peaks,
That do embrace thee with their clasping arms
As if they knew thy beauty, and would crush
Thee with a passionate weight of jealous love.
Fairer art thou than ever, thou fair land!
Would that my feeble voice might sing thy praise
In sweeter accents than the world e'er heard!
Would that my name and thine—together twined—
Might by the breath of fame be wafted down
Far in the future ages of the world!
Would I might live a life of love in thee!
Would I might die in thee! for sure am I
That, as my soul took wing, mine eyes would see
God's Paradise above thy mountain-tops,
With all the glittering host of singing saints.

* * * * *

I love thee, Oban! for in thee I met
A maid call'd Poesy, encrown'd with fire:
She stood upon thy hills and made me kneel
And worship at her great, soul-maddening shrine.

And though my voice was feeble, and is yet
 Faint with uncertainty, and trembling fear,
 Her call still throbs in echoes through my brain,
 Commanding me to sing—though weak the song.
 God bless thy mountains, mists, and dropping rain!
 God bless thy flowers, thy stars, and sunset skies!
 Thy seas, thy caves, thy grand cloud-crested peaks!
 Angels strew blessings thick as summer blooms
 O'er this sweet land whose people rank amongst
 The noblest, bravest nations in the world!

* * * * * * *

The great ambition, and the dearest wish
 I have in life, is to engrave my name
 On *Scottish* hearts—and then contented die."

EARTH-MOVEMENTS.

IN a recent article, in which the mode of formation of coral reefs was described,¹ we took occasion to point out how intimately the growth of those wondrous structures was connected with certain geological phenomena—those of the rising or elevation, and the sinking or subsidence of land. It was then shown how Mr. Darwin had, in the clearest manner, demonstrated the correlation between downward earth-movements, and the upward growth of the coral-structures, and that his theory was the only one which perfectly coincided with and explained the many and different phases which such a subject presented for consideration.

The limits and nature of our former subject, however, necessitated the most brief and casual mention of the important series of actions, above alluded to; but so interesting are these phenomena, and so closely bound up are they with our former subject, that a chapter devoted to their special explanation may be read with both profit and instruction. Nor need we urge upon our readers, that to rightly understand the chief points in the history of the globe we inhabit, is a duty incumbent upon every member of an intelligent society; or, conversely, that to remain ignorant of such facts, is to neglect one of the most fertile and enchanting themes upon which the thoughtful mind may ponder with advantage and delight.

Let us therefore endeavour in the present instance to understand the chief points in those phenomena, well known to every geologist, and to which the general name of “earth-movements” may be applied. A correct appreciation of these phenomena will greatly aid in the elucidation of many other and interesting topics accessible to the non-technical reader; whilst the subject of “coral-reefs” already discussed, will serve to materially explain and illustrate that of “earth-movements.”

That the earth is continually undergoing changes of different kind and extent, and that the sea may be regarded as that portion of our earth which is least susceptible to serious alteration, may

¹ See ST. JAMES' MAGAZINE for June, 1874.

seem a paradoxical, but it is nevertheless a thoroughly correct statement. The phrases "solid earth" and "unstable sea" have so long had popular acceptance, that they have come to be accepted as actual truisms. But the geologist would inform us that in strict parlance, and in conformity with the disclosures of his science, the adjectives should be transposed. He thus would consider that the land is the unstable portion of the globe, whilst the sea, in virtue of natural laws and conditions, to be presently noticed, remains as the fixed and stable portion. And when he regards the land with the deep far-seeing gaze of scientific inquiry, he finds that it is constantly undergoing alteration, and that it is continually being subjected to the action of forces and agencies, all of which, acting from within or without, tend to effect changes of greater or less magnitude in its substance or bulk. The entire history of our planet in short is comprised by the single word "change," and geological science has its beginning in the changes, the operation, and effects of which it is its ultimate aim to chronicle and investigate.

The agencies which effect these alterations in our globe, are of different kind, and differ in the extent of their operations. Thus we may divide them, firstly, into those agencies which act from *within*—subterranean or underground agencies, of which internal forces, showing their active effects in volcanic eruptions and earthquakes, may be taken as familiar examples. Then, secondly, we have the more familiar *surface* agencies or those which act upon the earth from *without*. Such are the agencies of the atmosphere and of water—the former affecting change upon our earth through its gases and its currents or winds; the latter tending to alter the earth in a very powerful manner through its action in the form of snow and ice, of rain, of rivers, and lastly of the sea. And to air and water, we may add the action of animals and plants—as in the coral polypes, &c.—and the chemical actions which incessantly operate around us.

These agencies form, therefore, a very powerful class, the operation of which, in the majority of instances, tends to disintegrate and to waste the earth's crust. And it must be remembered that even where an action may not, in itself or directly, appear to be of a very important kind, its incessant and never-ending nature will alone constitute its power, and cause it to become through its unceasing operation an agency of tremendous import in our planet's history. And lastly, a not less important thought and considera-

tion lies in the fact, that although the direct effect of any physical action apparently tends towards destruction and waste, its ultimate and indirect effect will generally be found to end in the work of reconstruction and repair. It is a very safe maxim that "nature knows no waste;" and thus changes and actions, which to us seem fraught with destruction, are seen when viewed or traced to their ultimate effect, to be merely preliminary to a process of rearrangement—the breaking down of one world or of one portion, being thus equivalent to the reconstruction and renewal of another world or of a new territory.

Such are a few of the aspects which underlie the proper appreciation of the most primary geological truths. And in the present paper we mean to confine ourselves more particularly to the consideration of the effects of those agencies which have their origin *within* our earth; which are deep-seated, or subterranean in their nature, but which nevertheless are capable of producing changes of vast extent and magnitude upon the surface of our globe. The chief effects of these underground agencies, relative to the earth itself, are witnessed in the production of certain movements of the earth's crust or outer portion. And if we attempt to catalogue these "earth-movements" we find that they may be included under the two heads of upward movements—movements of upheaval or elevation—and downward movements—movements of depression or subsidence.

Thus in certain localities, the land is observed to sink below its former level into the sea; whilst in other areas it is found to be undergoing elevation—parts that formerly were submerged in the sea or ocean, appearing above the surface, and becoming dry land. The chief observations which the geologist is enabled to make upon these curious phenomena, are tested and based upon the relative level of earth and sea. And it therefore becomes of primary importance to understand the relations between the earth and sea; since the clear understanding of these actions is to a great extent dependent upon a due knowledge and appreciation of the respective parts which the earth and ocean play in determining the consequent changes.

When these earth-movements were first observed and noted, the very obvious question of the movement of land or ocean at once arose. The earlier geologists were at first tempted to regard the sea as the seat of cosmical changes, and apparent earth-movements. When land appeared to sink into the sea, it was a very easy and

natural mode of explaining the change, by presuming that the sea had risen above its former level and had submerged the land which had remained stable. And thus the early geologists were inclined—as the popular mind would still be—to regard the sea, and not the land, as the seat of the change.

A very little reflection on this point will, however, clearly show, that in conformity with the most obvious of natural laws, the level of the sea will invariably remain the same in all parts of its surface; and that if its level is lowered or raised in any one portion of its extent, the level throughout all other portions must to a corresponding degree be also depressed or heightened. This primary fact may be readily illustrated by a very homely experiment. If we fill an ordinary glass tumbler or bowl half full of water, and allow it to remain at rest upon a table, the surface of the water in the vessel will remain perfectly level, whether the table be level or not. If we alter the level of the tumbler by tilting it to either side, we know as a matter of every-day experience, that the water, in virtue of the equilibrium of fluids, will still retain a level surface; and this, although we incline the vessel very greatly, indeed to any degree short of spilling its contents. And if we wish to alter the level of the water in the tumbler, we must either heighten it by pouring more water into the vessel, or lower it by taking some of the liquid out; or lastly, if it were possible, we might also lower the level of the water by widening the vessel, and so distributing its contents over a greater surface. But in any case, the level of the water in the tumbler would be the same, and invariable throughout all its extent. Whether we diminish or increase the volume of water, the surface of the water will always be absolutely level.

Now let us apply this reasoning to the ocean and the land. For all practical purposes, and in actual detail, the great mass of waters obeys the same laws which regulate the equilibrium and disposition of the liquid in the tumbler. The fluid in our vessel practically represents the ocean, which, notwithstanding changes in the land, must preserve an invariable level throughout its entire extent. If a rise be apparent or ascertained at one portion of its extent, we must presume that the level of the whole oceanic mass will similarly be heightened; or conversely if the level of the sea could be proved to have been materially lowered at one point, then we must look for and expect its level to be lowered throughout.

Now in practical detail, we know that there are no such great or

appreciable alterations of the oceanic level. The quantity of water surrounding and covering the globe remains essentially the same in bulk, and if any apparent change takes place in the relations of the sea to the land, it is obvious that we cannot look for the cause of the change in the ocean, but in the land. The oceanic alteration where it may apparently or really exist, is dependent upon changes in the earth, the great mass of waters preserving its invariable level, and accommodating itself, in obedience to natural laws, to all the changes and varying aspects of the solid portion of our earth.

True it is that the accumulation of polar ice has been credited with raising the oceanic level in polar latitudes, and diminishing or depressing the level of the sea at the equator. But this view is purely hypothetical; and whilst we may make every allowance for the effects of the earth's rotation and of the "tidal wave," it may be held, without fear of controversion, that the general oceanic level would not be materially affected thereby; and that other agencies and actions would tend to counteract these effects did they really exist.

Bearing these facts clearly in mind, we are now prepared to investigate the more intimate relations of the land. The sea has been shown to be a constant quantity, so far as the preservation of an invariable and unaltering level is concerned. Hence where verified instances of alteration in land have occurred, we cannot look for an explanation of the phenomena in the alteration of the ocean, but in the movement of the land. And the study of "earth-movements" has shown us that these movements are very generally distributed over the crust of the globe, and that in some instances they occur to a very great extent, and involve serious alteration and change throughout wide areas or districts.

We may very briefly, in the first instance, glance at movements of upheaval or elevation as those which are most susceptible of observation and proof. And—always remembering the invariable nature of the sea-level—the proofs of elevation consist in observations upon the works of man relative to changes in level; in the altered position of rocks and caves which can be proved to have been once submerged or marine in character; and in the evidence obtained from former sea-margins, known to the geologist as "raised beaches."

In many sea-coast districts and towns of Britain, Scandinavia, and Northern Europe generally, harbours and piers which in former years and at their lower portions were completely covered by the

tides, are now seen to rise above the level of even high-water mark. In Scandinavia particularly, the movements of elevation have been satisfactorily determined from observing the altered level of harbours and maritime places, and erections with regard to the tides, and general sea-level. And that this upward movement has been of comparatively recent date, is proved by the fact that these changes have taken place in many instances under the observation of a single generation of inhabitants. Whilst the long-continued nature of the movement is proved by the occurrence of beds of *living* species of shells at heights varying from 600 to 700 feet above the level of the sea. The fact that collections of the shells of living and existing species of molluscs are found at so great a distance from the sea, clearly indicates the comparative rapidity as well as the incessant nature of the elevation. The Prussian shores of the Baltic Sea also present similar evidence of upheaval.

But in the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Serapis, situated near Puzzuoli, on the Bay of Naples, we have a very excellent example of upheaval, combined with evidence of previous depression. Of this once magnificent erection nothing now remains excepting some terraces, walls, and three marble pillars, each over forty feet high, and which, from their size, form notable objects of interest in the landscape around. Half way or so up the pillars we can trace for a certain space in the length of the column—about nine feet—a series of curious markings, giving the pillars the appearance of having been defaced, and of having been bored into by some peculiar and mysterious agency. The holes and markings on the pillars vary in size, but they were all produced by the same means, and in a similar fashion. They were bored by a species of litho-domous, or stone-boring shell-fish, which are plentifully represented in most seas, and which, by the action of their shells, excavate burrows in rocks, in which they lie ensconced. And the evidence that these molluscs bored the holes in the pillars of the old temple at Puzzuoli, is of the best possible kind, since we find in the holes the actual shells by means of which the pillars were excavated.

And since there can be no reasonable doubt as to the agency which bored the holes, we may next inquire as to the condition and aspects of the temple at the time when the destructive molluscs operated on the pillars. The present position of the pillars places them far above the sea-level; and to admit of the operations of the molluscs, we must either admit that the sea came up to the pillars, or that the pillars came down to the sea. For these molluscs

possess no means of active locomotion, and even did they possess locomotive powers, the possibility of their leaving their natural habitat to gain—not to say ascend—the pillars, is far too absurd to be seriously discussed. Clearly, then, the molluscs themselves were passive agents in the matter, and inhabiting as they do, the bed or lowest depths of comparatively shallow water, we must choose between the alternatives of an upward movement of the sea and a downward movement of the pillars.

Now an upward movement of the sea, or at any rate an elevation of the sea-level to such an extent as would permit of the operations of the molluscs, would have necessitated a rise in the sea, amounting to a very considerable number of feet. And as we have already seen, such an alteration in the sea-level in the Bay of Naples, would necessarily also take place along all the Italian Coasts, as well as along the coasts of all other maritime countries. So remarkable a circumstance, involving as it must have done, much and destructive alteration and change, would have been recorded throughout the world as a very remarkable occurrence, and would have been handed down in historical records as a very strange and inexplicable phenomenon. But we know not only from *a priori* consideration, but as a matter of fact, that no such rise in the sea-level ever took place, or was possible, and hence we unhesitatingly reject this first supposition of the sea being the seat of change, and turn to the second hypothesis, that of the submergence and depression of the land.

In the consideration of this latter theory all our difficulties vanish. The slow depression of the land and temple, and its consequent submergence beneath the waves, satisfactorily explains the problem. The boring-molluscs having the submerged pillars at their own depth, seized on these structures as habitations, and bored their way into the stone. Then a further change ensued. The movement of depression was exchanged for one of elevation, and as the old temple had slowly sunk beneath the waves, so it was once more, and gradually, elevated and upheaved. And as the pillars once again regained something of their former position, as the molluscs were gradually drawn, unwitting captives, from their native element, they perished in their burrows, but left their shells behind, as their soft bodies disintegrated, to form undeniable mementoes of their presence, and as indisputable evidence at once of the depression of the land, and of the agencies which thus defaced the pillars of the old temple.

Thus, in the temple of Jupiter Serapis, we have a well-authenticated instance of depression, and of elevation as well; and the volcanic region around the temple is the scene of constant change, which apparently operates at one time as an agent of upheaval, and at another time as an agent of depression.

Then also in the altered position of rocks and caves, which at one time have been marine in nature, and are now removed from the sea, we have additional proofs of elevation of land. When we find a rock far removed from the reach of the waves still incrustured with "acorn-shells," and bearing other indisputable marks of its having formed a habitation for marine forms, we must necessarily and rightly conclude that the land has undergone upheaval. And whole cliffs may frequently be found far above high-water mark, bearing these shells and markings, and thus proving the elevation of the land. The sea-caves, formed by the incessant action of the waves upon the rocky-cliffs, also present reliable evidence of an elevation of land, since these caverns may be viewed removed above the present tide-marks, and often to a very considerable altitude above the level of the sea.

And as a last proof in support of the elevation of land we may cite the structures known as "raised beaches." These latter are merely lines of sea-beach which have been raised by the upheaval of the land, to form a flat-terraced ridge, characterized by its deposit of shells and sand, and corresponding in every detail to the familiar arrangement of its refuse which the sea makes on every shore. Frequently terrace above terrace may be raised and formed in this way, by the gradual and periodical elevation of the land, and—as is well seen near the ancient town of St. Andrew's in Scotland—a series of sloping terraces, comparable to broad steps, may be viewed, indicating the periodical upheaval of the coast-line. And such "raised beaches" may be discovered far inland, overgrown with vegetation, and forming part of a country district far removed from the sea, but distinctly carrying us back to the period when the inland green formed part of an old sea-beach, and when the lowing of herds which fatten on its verdure was preceded by the monotone of the summer sea, or by the loud roar of the winter storm.

Having thus cursorily investigated the subject of movements of elevation, we may lastly look at the opposing movement of depression or subsidence. This latter description of movement is less easily observed and noted than the preceding one of elevation.

The subsidence of any portion of land into the sea of necessity obliterates and removes traces of the former sea-margin or coast-line, but we possess good evidence of the depression of land from observations on the submergence of the works of man, in the existence of "fjords," sea-lochs, or sea-valleys, and in the presence of barrier and atoll coral-reefs.

Thus the sea-coast towns of South Sweden are in many instances subsiding, those streets nearest the sea being submerged, and in many cases rendered uninhabitable. Linnæus, in 1749, measured the distance between the sea and a large boulder situated near Trelleborg in the Swedish province of Scania, where the alterations in level above alluded to have been chiefly observed. And in 1836, eighty-seven years after Linnæus had made his measurements, the stone was found to be nearer the sea by a hundred feet. Such a fact as this, bearing in mind the unchanging level of the sea, clearly demonstrates the subsidence of the land.

The early Moravian settlers on the coast of Greenland had to vacate the huts they erected near the sea-beach, from the gradual subsidence of the land and the consequent inflow of the sea, and the strong wooden piles which they had driven into the former sea-beach for the purpose of mooring their boats are now to be viewed out at sea, and nearly covered up by the invading ocean. The piles have still kept their place, and have thus served like finger-posts to mark the silent inroad of the sea.

Submerged forests and peat-mosses also present familiar proofs of land-subsidence. In protected bays, where the destructive effect of the sea is reduced to a minimum, former forests, now submerged by the depression of the land, may be seen. The trees may appear erect and rooted, and the whole aspect of the forest at once gives the idea of a slow subsidence far beyond the former and natural level. And "peat-mosses" derived from the decay of land and fresh-water vegetation, may frequently be found submerged beneath the waves.

The evidence derivable from "sea-lochs," fjords or friths, is not so readily appreciable by the non-technical reader, and it will suffice in the present instance to remark that the sea-loch generally bears evidence of its having formerly been a land or hill-side glen, scooped out by the action of rivers or of wind, and which, when submerged by the depression of the land, appears as an arm of the sea, branching inwards upon the land. No part of geological history is clearer than that which relates to us the intimate con-

nexion between the land-valley and the sea-frith or loch, and which shows us how powerfully physical agencies may operate in altering not only the deeper aspects but the superficial scenery of a country or zone.

Then, lastly, we find the erection of coral-reefs to supply us with proofs of subsidence extending over vast periods of time, and over large areas of the world's surface. We need not recapitulate the chief points in Mr. Darwin's theory, since, in our previous article, we fully discussed its bearings upon the coral-polypes, and upon the results of their labours. And no piece of scientific history can well be plainer than that which connects the upward growth of the living coral-polypes with the subsidence of original land. The original land thus disappears, but a new land is raised for us from the ocean itself, and serves to mark, as by a monument, the burial-place of the old.

The exact causes of these "earth-movements" are as yet undetermined by science, but there is little doubt but that they are connected with, or take origin from, those deep-seated forces which have their more visible effects in the outbreak of the volcano, or the terrible overthrow of the earthquake. Science, indeed, knows nothing definite regarding the source of these movements, but permissible speculation may afford a sure clue to the knowledge of truth and ultimate fact.

Such a subject as the present may thus lead us to cogitate upon events and circumstances wondrous in their kind, and marvellous in their effects, and which are not the less curious or interesting from their being found surrounding us in our daily life. The subject may fitly teach us how true the saying, that the things of mankind and of this wonderful planet are rarely stable or immutable, and that even the "stony rocks," to use the words of Linnæus, are not primeval, but the daughters of Time."

ANDREW WILSON.

ON AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE WRITTEN TO
 “MISTRESS MARTHA ——,” AUG. 30, 1729.

A TIME-STAIN'D letter in stiff-pointed hand
 Writ nigh a century and half ago,
 An offer—worded in respectful style,
 Pleading for “Ay,” and yet half fearing “No”—
 A quaint short letter full of courteous phrase
 In fashion in the Second George's days.

Writ early in the Second George's reign
 When swords were drawn and sounds of war were rife;
 “Dear Madam,” it begins, then further on
 He courage takes, “dear Patty, be my wife:”
 Far sweeter music breathing from his pen
 Than the “Te Deum” sung for Dettingen.

He in the town with London sights agape
 Found nought that pleased him, for his heart had fled
 Into the pleasant country far away,
 Dreaming how time with gentle Patty sped—
 Finding how day by day his love still grew,
 Until his heart poured forth its passion true.

How long the days, how slow the weary nights,
 How dull the vapid pleasures of the town;
 How lone and lifeless all the crowded streets,
 How vain in fashion's whirl his thoughts to drown!
 “Court-pleasures,” so he wrote, “I fain would flee,
 To be for ever, Patty dear, with thee.”

And what was Patty like? One conjures up
 The portrait of a youthful maiden fair,
 Sweet, dignified, half dimpling into smiles;
 And yet with somewhat serious in her air,
 As though some thought she did not care to speak
 Had brought a deeper colour to her cheek.

It was the last of summer, in the time
That reapers gather in the yellow grain;
When mellow August lays a golden hand
Upon the purple hills and verdant plain.
When the coy breezes truant kisses blow
And set the crimson hollyhocks all a-glow.

The last of summer. But a summer new
Woke, with the letter in fair Patty's breast;
A summer that no fading blossoms own'd,
No storm, no blight, a halcyon season blest,
Born of the earnest prayer her lover made—
“Dear Patty, trust me. Do not be afraid.”

The wafer and the rent her fingers made,
As trembling she the letter open tore,
May yet be seen upon the yellow page;
Whilst she who trembling oped it is no more.
The simple record of their hopeful life
Outlives a century, the man and wife.

Thought wanders back through the dim vale of years
To that past summer time when roses seem'd
To breathe from Paradise, and heaven's wind stirr'd
A depth of melody that scarce she deem'd
Belong'd to earth, until the shaft of love,
Soft-wounding, taught her soul to soar above.

One tries to paint the courtship as it sped
In statelier-wise than is the fashion now;
“Madam, your humble lover,” and then makes,
Like Sir Charles Grandison, a reverent bow;
Thus he—whilst she, with beating heart, in vain
A calm unruffled mien strives to maintain.

One falls to musing o'er the wedding-day,
And what was Mistress Patty's wedding-gown,
A sacque of paduasoy—or, broider'd train,
Or riding-habit? Was it made in town,
Or did some country mantua-maker's skill
Suffice th' important order to fulfil.

Still through the distance ringing soft and clear
Comes the joy-peal of merry wedding-bell,
Waked up to sound through the dim-tinted page
That with the joy-bell blends the funeral knell.
For Death a black-draped banner hangs above
The date that ushers in the words of love.

Full nigh a century and half ago
And 'neath the quiet turf the lovers lie ;
Children beside the grave have weeping stood,
Who in their turn lay down in peace to die.
And children's children from the earth have pass'd,
Yet the love-letter has outlived the last.

Yes—such is life, wherein man plays his part—
A phantom drama—at the best a dream
Unreal, whilst to our earth-cumber'd sense
Meted by time, it doth most real seem ;
Until the hand of death the curtain rends,
And the freed spirit to its home ascends.

A time-stain'd letter, in stiff-pointed hand,
Writ nigh a century and half ago—
What is the charm that in its phrases lies,
That over it one moralizes so ?
'Tis this—the words to which our souls give birth
Are more immortal than our lives on earth.

JULIA GODDARD.

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER XV.

IT IS DECIDED TO WINTER ON THE ISLAND.—A METALLIC QUESTION.—
EXPLORING SAFETY ISLAND.—A SEAL HUNT.—CAPTURE OF AN
ECHIDUA.—A KOALA.—WHAT IS CALLED THE CATALAN METHOD.—
MANUFACTURING IRON.—HOW STEEL IS OBTAINED.

THE next day, the 17th of April, the sailor's first words were addressed to Gideon Spilett.

"Well, sir," he asked, "what shall we do to-day?"

"What the captain pleases," replied the reporter.

Till then the engineer's companions had been brickmakers and potters, now they were to become metallurgists.

The day before, after breakfast, they had explored as far as the point of Mandible Cape, seven miles distant from the Chimneys. There, the long series of downs ended, and the soil had a volcanic appearance. There were no longer high cliffs as at Prospect Heights, but a strange and capricious border which surrounded the narrow gulf between the two capes, formed of mineral matter, thrown up by the volcano. Arrived at this point the settlers retraced their steps, and at nightfall entered the Chimneys; but they did not sleep before the question of knowing whether they could think of leaving Lincoln Island or not was definitely settled.

The twelve hundred miles which separated the island from the Pomotou Islands was a considerable distance. A boat could not cross it, especially at the approach of the bad season. Pencroft had expressly declared this. Now, to construct a simple boat, even with the necessary tools, was a difficult work, and the colonists not having tools they must begin by making hammers, axes, adzes, saws, augers, planes, &c., which would take some time. It was

decided, therefore, that they would winter at Lincoln Island, and that they would seek for a more comfortable dwelling than the Chimneys, in which to pass the winter months.

Before anything else could be done it was necessary to make the iron ore, of which the engineers had observed some traces in the north-west part of the island, fit for use by converting it either into iron or into steel.

Metals are not generally found in the ground in a pure state. For the most part they are combined with oxygen or sulphur. Such was the case with the two specimens which Cyrus Harding had brought back, one of magnetic iron, not carbonated, the other a pyrite, also called sulphuret of iron. It was, therefore, the first, the oxyde of iron, which they must reduce with coal, that is to say, get rid of the oxygen, to obtain it in a pure state. This reduction is made by subjecting the ore with coal to a high temperature, either by the rapid and easy Catalan method, which has the advantage of transforming the ore into iron in a single operation, or by the blast furnace, which first smelts the ore, then changes it into iron, by carrying away the three to four per cent. of coal, which is combined with it.

Now Cyrus Harding wanted iron, and he wished to obtain it as soon as possible. Besides, the ore which he had picked up was in itself very pure and rich. It was the oxydulous iron, which is found in confused masses of a deep grey colour; it gives a black dust, crystallized in the form of the regular octahedron. Native loadstones consist of this ore, and iron of the first quality is made in Europe from that with which Sweden and Norway are so abundantly supplied. Not far from this vein was the vein of coal already made use of by the settlers. The ingredients for the manufacture being close together would greatly facilitate the treatment of the ore. This is the cause of the wealth of the mines in Great Britain, where the coal aids the manufacture of the metal extracted from the same soil at the same time as itself.

"Then, captain," said Pencroft, "we are going to work iron ore?"

"Yes, my friend," replied the engineer, "and for that—something which will please you—we must begin by having a seal hunt on the islet."

"A seal hunt!" cried the sailor, turning towards Gideon Spilett.

"Are seals needed to make iron?"

"Since Cyrus has said so!" replied the reporter.

But the engineer had already left the Chimneys, and Pencroft prepared for the seal hunt, without having received any other explanation.

Cyrus Harding, Herbert, Gideon Spilett, Neb, and the sailor were soon collected on the shore, at a place where the channel left a ford passable at low tide. The hunters could therefore traverse it without getting wet higher than the knee.

Harding then put his foot on the islet for the first, and his companions for the second time.

On their landing some hundreds of penguins looked fearlessly at them. The hunters, armed with sticks, could have killed them easily, but they were not guilty of such useless massacre, as it was important not to frighten the seals, who were lying on the sand several cable lengths off. They also respected certain innocent-looking birds, whose wings were reduced to the state of stumps, spread out like fins, ornamented with feathers of a scaly appearance. The settlers, therefore, prudently advanced towards the north point, walking over ground riddled with little holes, which formed nests for the sea-birds. Towards the extremity of the islet appeared great black heads floating just above the water, having exactly the appearance of rocks in motion.

These were the seals which were to be captured. It was necessary, however, first to allow them to land, for with their close, short hair, and their fusiform conformation, being excellent swimmers, it is difficult to catch them in the sea, whilst on land their short, webbed feet prevent their having more than a slow, waddling movement.

Pencroft knew the habits of these creatures, and he advised waiting till they were stretched on the sand, when the sun, before long, would send them to sleep. They must then manage to cut off their retreat and knock them on the head.

The hunters having concealed themselves behind the rocks, waited silently.

An hour passed before the seals came to play on the sand. They could count half a dozen. Pencroft and Herbert then went round the point of the islet, so as to take them in the rear, and cut off their retreat. During this time Cyrus Harding, Spilett, and Neb, crawling behind the rocks, glided towards the future scene of combat.

All at once the tall figure of the sailor appeared. Pencroft shouted. The engineer and his two companions threw themselves

between the sea and the seals. Two of the animals soon lay dead on the sand, but the rest regained the sea in safety.

"Here are the seals required, Captain!" said the sailor, advancing towards the engineer.

"Capital," replied Harding. "We will make bellows of them!"

"Bellows!" cried Pencroft. "Well! these are lucky seals!"

It was, in fact, a blowing-machine, necessary for the treatment of the ore that the engineer wished to manufacture with the skin of the amphibious creatures. They were of a medium size, for their length did not exceed six feet. They resembled a dog about the head.

As it was useless to burden themselves with the weight of both the animals, Neb and Pencroft resolved to skin them on the spot, whilst Cyrus Harding and the reporter continued to explore the islet.

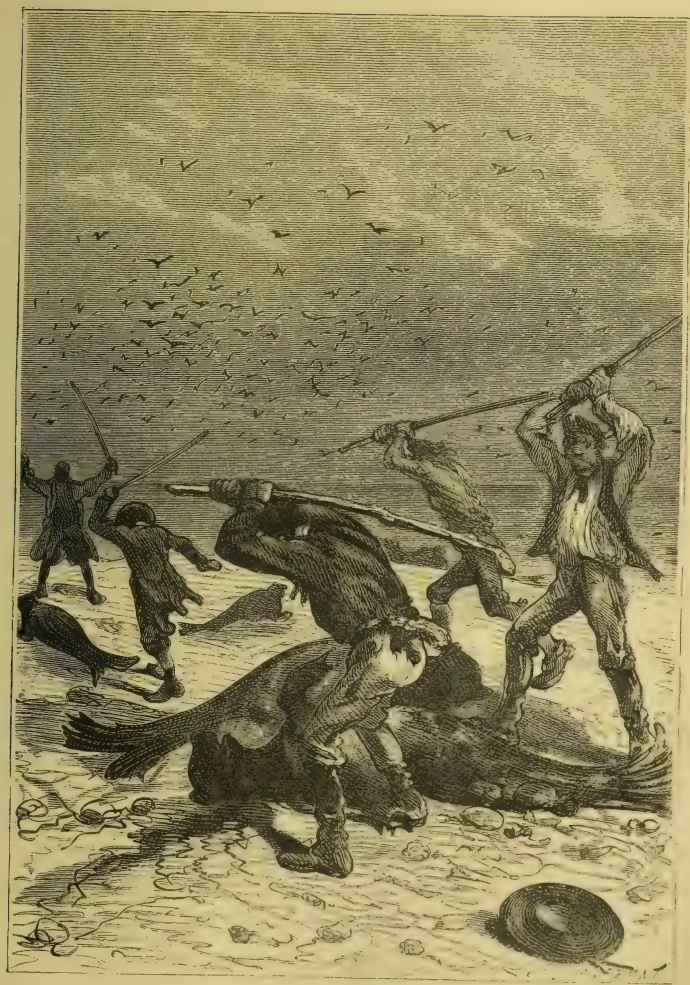
The sailor and the negro cleverly performed the operation, and, three hours afterwards, Cyrus Harding had at his disposal two seals' skins, which he intended to use in this state, without subjecting them to any tanning process.

The settlers waited till the tide was again low, and crossing the channel they entered the Chimneys.

The skins had then to be stretched on a frame of wood, and sewn by means of fibres so as to preserve the air without allowing too much to escape. Cyrus Harding had nothing but the two steel blades from Top's collar, and yet he was so clever, and his companions aided him with so much intelligence, that three days afterwards the little colony's stock of tools was augmented by a blowing-machine, destined to inject the air into the midst of the ore when it should be subjected to heat,—an indispensable condition to the success of the operation.

On the morning of the 20th of April began the "metallic period," as the reporter called it in his notes. The engineer had decided, as has been said, to operate near the vein both of coal and ore. Now, according to his observations, these veins were situated at the foot of the north-east spurs of Mount Franklin, that is to say, a distance of six miles from their home. It was impossible, therefore, to return every day to the Chimneys, and it was agreed that the little colony should camp under a hut of branches, so that the important operation could be followed night and day.

This settled, they set out in the morning. Neb and Pencroft dragged the bellows on a hurdle; also a quantity of vegetables and animals, which they besides could renew on the way.



A SEAL HUNT.

The road led through Jacamar Wood, which they traversed obliquely from south-east to north-west, and in the thickest part. It was necessary to beat a path, which would in the future form the most direct road to Prospect Heights and Mount Franklin. The trees, belonging to the species already discovered, were magnificent. Herbert found some new ones, amongst others some which Pencroft called "sham leeks;" for, in spite of their size, they were of the same liliaceous family as the onion, chive, shalot, or asparagus. These trees produce ligneous roots which, when cooked, are excellent; from them, by fermentation, a very agreeable liquor is made. They therefore made a good store of the roots.

The journey through the wood was long; it lasted the whole day, and so allowed plenty of time for examining the flora and fauna. Top, who took special charge of the fauna, ran through the grass and brushwood, putting up all sorts of game. Herbert and Gideon Spilett killed two kangaroos with bows and arrows, and also an animal which strongly resembled both a hedgehog and an ant-eater. It was like the first because it rolled itself into a ball, and bristled with spines, and the second because it had sharp claws, a long slender snout which terminated in a bird's beak, and an extendible tongue, covered with little thorns which served to hold the insects.

"And when it is in the pot," asked Pencroft naturally, "what will it be like?"

"An excellent piece of beef," replied Herbert.

"We will not ask more from it," replied the sailor.

During this excursion they saw several wild boars, which, however, did not offer to attack the little band, and it appeared as if they would not meet with any dangerous beasts; when, in a thick part of the wood, the reporter thought he saw, some paces from him, among the lower branches of a tree, an animal which he took for a bear, and which he very tranquilly began to draw. Happily for Gideon Spilett, the animal in question did not belong to the redoubtable family of the plantigrades. It was only a koala, better known under the name of the sloth, being about the size of a large dog, and having stiff hair of a dirty colour, the paws armed with strong claws, which enabled it to climb trees and feed on the leaves. Having identified the animal, which they did not disturb, Gideon Spilett erased "bear" from the title of his sketch, putting koala in its place, and the journey was resumed.

At five o'clock in the evening, Cyrus Harding gave the signal to

halt. They were now outside the forest, at the beginning of the powerful spurs which supported Mount Franklin towards the west. At a distance of some hundred feet flowed the Red Creek, and consequently plenty of fresh water was within their reach.

The camp was soon organized. In less than an hour, on the edge of the forest, among the trees, a hut of branches interlaced with creepers, and pasted over with clay, offered a tolerable shelter. Their geological researches were put off till the next day. Supper was prepared, a good fire blazed before the hut, the roast turned, and at eight o'clock, whilst one of the settlers watched to keep up the fire, in case any wild beasts should prowl in the neighbourhood, the others slept soundly.

The next day, the 21st of April, Cyrus Harding, accompanied by Herbert, went to look for the soil of ancient formation, on which he had already discovered a specimen of ore. They found the vein above ground, near the source of the creek, at the foot of one of the north-eastern spurs. This ore, very rich in iron, enclosed in its fusible vein-stone, was perfectly suited to the mode of reduction which the engineer intended to employ; that is, the Catalan method, but simplified, as it is used in Corsica. In fact, the Catalan method, properly so called, requires the construction of kilns and crucibles, in which the ore and the coal, placed in alternate layers, are transformed and reduced. But Cyrus Harding intended to economize these constructions, and wished simply to form, with the ore and the coal, a cubic mass, to the centre of which he would direct the wind from his bellows. Doubtless, it was the proceeding employed by Tubal Cain, and the first metallurgists of the inhabited world. Now that which had succeeded with the grandson of Adam, and which still yielded good results in countries rich in ore and fuel, could not but succeed with the settlers in Lincoln Island.

The coal, as well as the ore, was collected without trouble on the surface of the ground. They previously broke the ore in little pieces, and cleansed them with the hand from the impurities which soiled their surface. Then coal and ore were arranged in heaps and in successive layers, as the charcoal-burner does with the wood which he wishes to carbonize. In this way, under the influence of the air projected by the blowing-machine, the coal would be transformed into carbonic acid, then into oxyde of carbon, its use being to reduce the oxyde of iron, that is to say, to rid it of the oxygen.



PRIMITIVE BELLOWS.

Thus the engineer proceeded. The bellows of sealskin, furnished at its extremity with a nozzle of clay, which had been previously fabricated in the pottery kiln, was established near the heap of ore. Moved by a mechanism which consisted of a frame, cords of fibre and counterpoise, he threw into the mass an abundance of air, which by raising the temperature also concurred with the chemical transformation to produce in time pure iron.

The operation was difficult. All the patience, all the ingenuity of the settlers was needed ; but at last it succeeded, and the result was a lump of iron, reduced to a spongy state, which it was necessary to shingle and fagot, that is to say, to forge so as to expel from it the liquefied vein-stone. These amateur smiths had, of course, no hammer ; but they were in no worse a situation than the first metallurgist, and therefore did what, no doubt, he had to do.

A handle was fixed to the first lump, and was used as a hammer to forge the second on a granite anvil, and thus they obtained a coarse but useful metal. At length, after many trials and much fatigue, on the 25th of April several bars of iron were forged, and transformed into tools, crowbars, pincers, pickaxes, spades, &c., which Pencroft and Neb declared to be real jewels.

But the metal was not yet in its most serviceable state, that is, of steel. Now steel is a combination of iron and coal, which is extracted, either from the liquid ore, by taking from it the excess of coal, or from the iron by adding to it the coal which was wanting. The first, obtained by the decarburation of the metal, gives natural or puddled steel ; the second, produced by the carburation of the iron, gives steel of cementation.

It was the last which Cyrus Harding intended to forge, as he possessed iron in a pure state. He succeeded by heating the metal with powdered coal in a crucible which had previously been manufactured from clay suitable for the purpose.

He then worked this steel, which is malleable both when hot or cold, with the hammer. Neb and Pencroft, cleverly directed, made hatchets, which, heated red-hot, and plunged suddenly into cold water, acquired an excellent temper.

Other instruments, of course roughly fashioned, were also manufactured ; blades for planes, axes, hatchets, pieces of steel to be transformed into saws, chisels ; then iron for spades, pickaxes, hammers, nails, &c. At last, on the 5th of May, the metallic period ended, the smiths returned to the Chimneys, and new work would soon authorize them to take a fresh title.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE QUESTION OF A DWELLING IS AGAIN DISCUSSED.—PENCROFT'S FANCIES.—EXPLORING TO THE NORTH OF THE LAKE.—THE NORTHERN EDGE OF THE PLATEAU.—SNAKES.—THE EXTREMITY OF THE LAKE.—TOP'S UNEASINESS.—TOP SWIMMING.—A COMBAT UNDER THE WATER.—THE DUGONG.

THEY were now at the 6th of May, a day which corresponds to the 6th of November in the countries of the northern hemisphere. The sky had been obscured for some days, and it was of importance to make preparations for the winter. However, the temperature was not as yet much lower, and a centigrade thermometer, transported to Lincoln Island, would still have marked an average of ten to twelve degrees above zero. This was not surprising, since Lincoln Island, probably situated between the thirty-fifth and fortieth parallel, would be subject, in the southern hemisphere, to the same climate as Sicily or Greece in the northern hemisphere. But as Greece and Sicily have severe cold, producing snow and ice, so doubtless would Lincoln Island in the severest part of the winter, and it was advisable to provide against it.

In any case if cold did not yet threaten them, the rainy season would begin, and on this lonely island, exposed to all the fury of the elements, in mid ocean, bad weather would be frequent, and probably terrible. The question of a more comfortable dwelling than the Chimneys must therefore be seriously considered and promptly resolved on.

Pencroft, naturally, had some predilection for the retreat which he had discovered, but he well understood that another must be found. The Chimneys had been already visited by the sea, under circumstances which are known, and it would not do to be exposed again to a similar accident.

"Besides," added Cyrus Harding, who this day was talking of these things with his companions, "we have some precautions to take."

"Why? The island is not inhabited," said the reporter.

"That is probable," replied the engineer, "although we have not yet explored the interior; but if no human beings are found, I fear that dangerous animals may abound. It is necessary to guard



A DISAGREEABLE RENCONTRE.

against a possible attack, so that we shall not be obliged to watch every night, or to keep up a fire. And then, my friends, we must foresee everything. We are here in a part of the Pacific often frequented by Malay pirates—”

“What!” said Herbert, “at such a distance from land?”

“Yes, my boy,” replied the engineer. “These pirates are bold sailors as well as formidable enemies, and we must take measures accordingly.”

“Well,” replied Pencroft, “we will fortify ourselves against savages with two legs as well as against savages with four. But, captain, will it not be best to explore every part of the island before undertaking anything else?”

“That would be best,” added Gideon Spilett.

“Who knows if we might not find on the opposite side one of the caverns which we have searched for in vain here?”

“That is true,” replied the engineer, “but you forget, my friends, that it will be necessary to establish ourselves in the neighbourhood of a water-course, and that, from the summit of Mount Franklin, we could not see towards the west, either stream or river. Here, on the contrary, we are placed between the Mercy and Lake Grant, an advantage which must not be neglected. And, besides, this side, looking towards the east, is not exposed as the other is to the trade-winds, which in this hemisphere blow from the north-west.”

“Then, captain,” replied the sailor, “let us build a house on the edge of the lake. Neither bricks nor tools are wanting now. After having been brickmakers, potters, smelters, and smiths, we shall surely know how to be masons!”

“Yes, my friend; but before coming to any decision we must consider the matter thoroughly. A natural dwelling would spare us much work, and would be a surer retreat, for it would be as well defended against enemies from the interior as those from outside.”

“That is true, Cyrus,” replied the reporter, “but we have already examined all that mass of granite, and there is not a hole, not a cranny!”

“No, not one!” added Pencroft. “Ah, if we were able to dig out a dwelling in that cliff, at a good height, so as to be out of the reach of harm, that would be capital! I can see that on the front which looks seaward, five or six rooms—”

“With windows to light them!” said Herbert, laughing.

“And a staircase to climb up to them!” added Neb.

“You are laughing,” cried the sailor, “and why? What is there

impossible in what I propose? Haven't we got pickaxes and spades? Won't Captain Harding be able to make powder to blow up the mine? Isn't it true, captain, that you will make powder the very day we want it?"

Cyrus Harding listened to the enthusiastic Pencroft developing his fanciful projects. To attack this mass of granite, even by a mine, was Herculean work, and it was really vexing that nature could not help them at their need. But the engineer did not reply to the sailor except by proposing to examine the cliff more attentively, from the mouth of the river to the angle which terminated it on the north.

They went out, therefore, and the exploration was made with extreme care over an extent of nearly two miles. But in no place, in the bare, straight cliff, could any cavity be found. The nests of the rock pigeons which fluttered at its summit were only, in reality, holes bored at the very top, and on the irregular edge of the granite.

It was a provoking circumstance, and as to attacking this cliff, either with pickaxe or with powder, so as to effect a sufficient excavation, it was not to be thought of. It so happened that, on all this part of the shore, Pencroft had discovered the only habitable shelter, that is to say, the Chimneys, which now had to be abandoned.

The exploration ended, the colonists found themselves at the north angle of the cliff, where it terminated in long slopes which died away on the shore. From this place, to its extreme limit in the west, it only formed a sort of declivity, a thick mass of stones, earth, and sand, bound together by plants, bushes, and grass, inclined at an angle of only forty-five degrees. Clumps of trees grew on these slopes, which were also carpeted with thick grass. But the vegetation did not extend far, and a long, sandy plain, which began at the foot of these slopes, reached to the beach.

Cyrus Harding thought, not without reason, that the overplus of the lake must overflow on this side. The excess of water furnished by the Red Creek must also escape by some channel or other. Now the engineer had not found this channel on any part of the shore already explored, that is to say, from the mouth of the stream on the west to Prospect Heights.

The engineer now proposed to his companions to climb the slope, and to return to the Chimneys by the heights, while exploring the northern and eastern shores of the lake. The proposal was accepted,

and in a few minutes Herbert and Neb were on the upper plateau. Cyrus Harding, Gideon Spilett, and Pencroft following with more sedate steps.

The beautiful sheet of water glittered through the trees under the rays of the sun. In this direction the country was charming. The eye feasted on the groups of trees. Some old trunks, bent with age, showed black against the verdant grass which covered the ground. Crowds of brilliant cockatoos screamed among the branches, moving prisms, hopping from one bough to another.

The settlers instead of going directly to the north bank of the lake, made a circuit round the edge of the plateau, so as to join the mouth of the creek on its left bank. It was a *détour* of more than a mile and a half. Walking was easy, for the trees widely spread, left a considerable space between them. The fertile zone evidently stopped at this point, and vegetation would be less vigorous in the part between the course of the Creek and the Mercy.

Cyrus Harding and his companions walked over this new ground with great care. Bows, arrows, and sticks with sharp iron points were their only weapons. However, no wild beast showed itself, and it was probable that these animals frequented rather the thick forests in the south; but the settlers had the disagreeable surprise of seeing Top stop before a snake of great size, measuring from fourteen to fifteen feet in length. Neb killed it by a blow from his stick. Cyrus Harding examined the reptile, and declared it not venomous, for it belonged to that species of diamond serpents which the natives of New South Wales rear. But it was possible that others existed whose bite was mortal, such as the deaf vipers with forked tails, which rise up under the feet, or those winged snakes, furnished with two ears, which enable them to proceed with great rapidity. Top, the first moment of surprise over, began a reptile chase with such eagerness, that they feared for his safety. His master called him back directly.

The mouth of the Red Creek, at the place where it entered into the lake, was soon reached. The explorers recognized on the opposite shore the point which they had visited on their descent from Mount Franklin. Cyrus Harding ascertained that the flow of water into it from the creek was considerable. Nature must therefore have provided some place for the escape of the overplus. This doubtless formed a fall, which, if it could be discovered, would be of great use.

The colonists, walking apart, but not straying far from each

other, began to skirt the edge of the lake, which was very steep. The water appeared to be full of fish, and Pencroft resolved to make some fishing-rods, so as to try and catch some.

The north-east point was first to be doubled. It might have been supposed that the discharge of water was at this place, for the extremity of the lake was almost on a level with the edge of the plateau. But no signs of this were discovered, and the colonists continued to explore the bank, which, after a slight bend, descended parallel to the shore.

On this side the banks were less woody, but clumps of trees, here and there, added to the picturesqueness of the country. Lake Grant was viewed from thence in all its extent, and no breath disturbed the surface of its waters. Top, in beating the bushes, put up flocks of birds of different kinds, which Gideon Spilett and Herbert saluted with arrows. One was hit by the lad, and fell into some marshy grass. Top rushed forward, and brought a beautiful swimming bird, of a slate colour, short beak, very developed frontal plate, and wings edged with white. It was a "coot," the size of a large partridge, belonging to the group of macrodactyles which form the transition between the order of wading birds, and that of palmipeds. Sorry game, in truth, and its flavour is far from pleasant. But Top was not so particular in these things as his masters, and it was agreed that the coot should be for his supper.

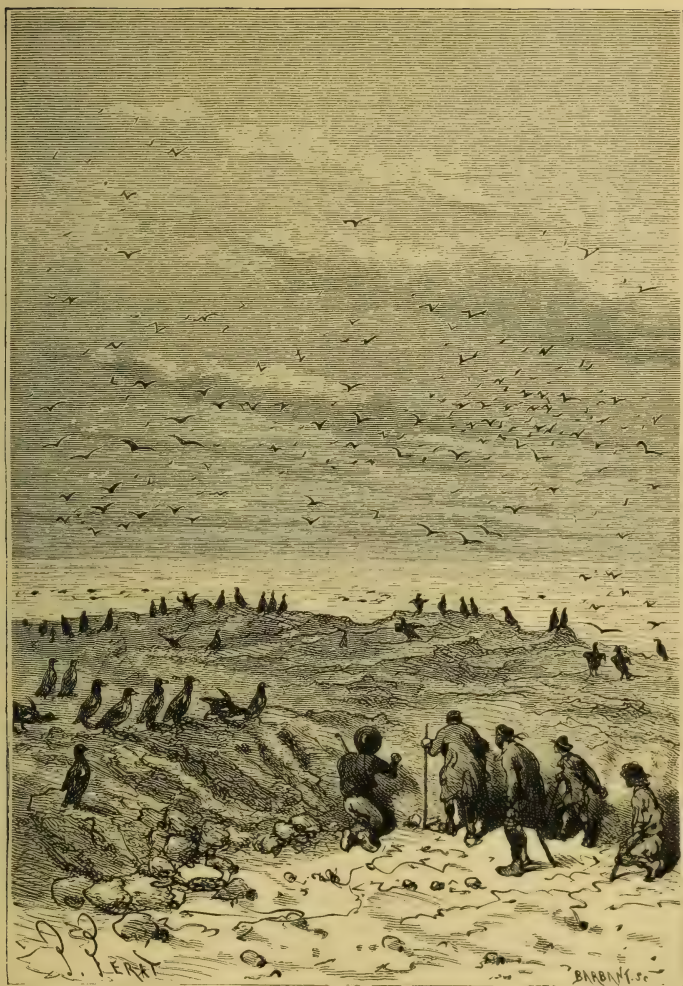
The settlers were now following the eastern bank of the lake, and they would not be long in reaching the part which they already knew. The engineer was much surprised at not seeing any indication of the discharge of water. The reporter and the sailor talked with him, and he could not conceal his astonishment.

At this moment Top, who had been very quiet till then, gave signs of agitation. The intelligent animal went backwards and forwards on the shore, stopped suddenly, and looked at the water, one paw raised, as if he was pointing at some invisible game; then he barked furiously, and was suddenly silent.

Neither Cyrus Harding nor his companions had at first paid any attention to Top's behaviour; but the dog's barking soon became so frequent, that the engineer noticed it.

"What is there there, Top?" he asked.

The dog bounded towards his master, seeming to be very uneasy, and then rushed again towards the bank. Then, all at once, he plunged into the lake.



PENCROFT COVETS THE SEABIRDS.

"Here, Top!" cried Cyrus Harding, who did not like his dog to venture into the treacherous water.

"What's happening down there?" asked Pencroft, examining the surface of the lake.

"Top smells some amphibious creature," replied Herbert.

"An alligator, perhaps," said the reporter.

"I do not think so," replied Harding. "Alligators are only met with in regions less elevated in latitude."

Meanwhile Top had returned at his master's call, and had regained the shore: but he could not stay quiet; he plunged in amongst the tall grass, and guided by instinct, he appeared to follow some invisible being which was slipping along under the surface of the water. However, the water was calm, not a ripple disturbed its surface. Several times the settlers stopped on the bank, and observed it attentively. Nothing appeared. There was some mystery there.

The engineer was puzzled.

"Let us pursue this exploration to the end," said he.

Half an hour after, they had all arrived at the south-east angle of the lake, on Prospect Heights. At this point the examination of the banks of the lake was considered finished, and yet the engineer had not been able to discover how and where the waters were discharged. "However this overflow exists," he repeated, "and since it is not visible, it must go through the granite cliff at the west!"

"But what importance do you attach to knowing that, my dear Cyrus?" asked Gideon Spilett.

"Considerable importance," replied the engineer; "for if it flows through the cliff, there is probably some cavity, which it would be easy to render habitable after turning away the water."

"But is it not possible, captain, that the water flows away at the bottom of the lake," said Herbert, "and that it reaches the sea by some subterranean passage?"

"That might be," replied the engineer, "and should it be so, we shall be obliged to build our house ourselves, since nature has not done it for us."

The colonists were about to begin to traverse the plateau to return to the Chimneys, when Top gave new signs of agitation. He barked with fury, and before his master could restrain him, he had plunged a second time into the lake.

All ran towards the bank. The dog was already more than twenty feet off, and Cyrus was calling him back, when an enormous head emerged from the water, which did not appear to be deep in that place.

Herbert recognized directly the species of amphibian to which the tapering head, with large eyes, and adorned with long silky mustaches, belonged.

"A lamantin!" he cried.

It was not a lamantin, but one of that species, of the order of cetaceans, which bear the name of the "dugong," for its nostrils were open at the upper part of its snout. The enormous animal rushed on the dog, who tried to escape by returning towards the shore. His master could do nothing to save him, and before Gideon Spilett or Herbert thought of bending their bows, Top, seized by the dugong, had disappeared beneath the water.

Neb, his iron-tipped spear in his hand, wished to go to Top's help, and attack the dangerous animal in its own element.

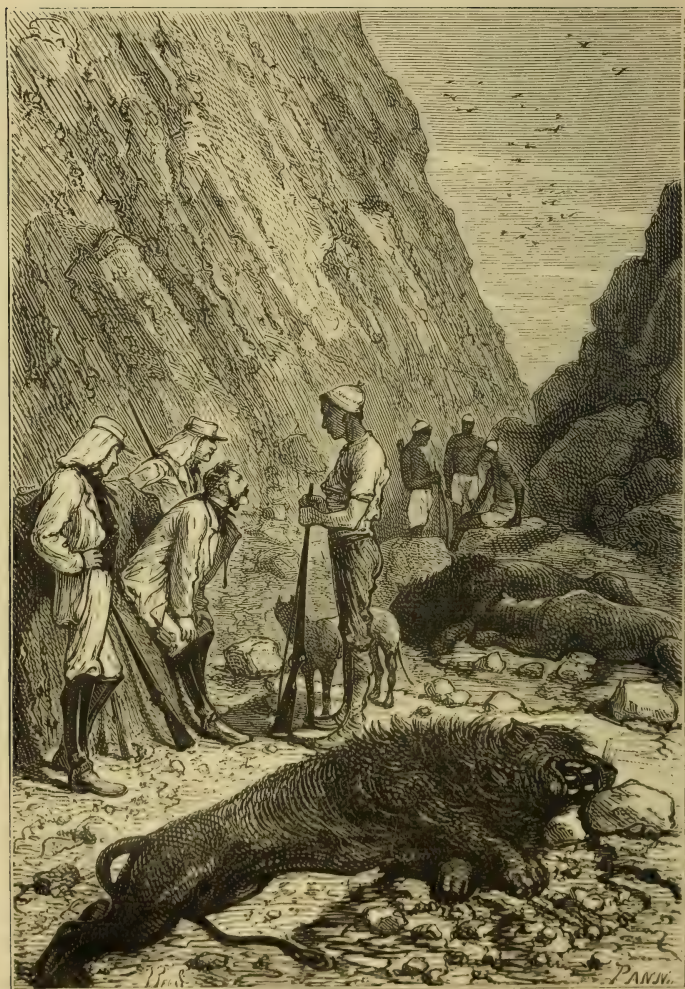
"No, Neb," said the engineer, restraining his courageous servant.

Meanwhile a struggle was going on beneath the water, an inexplicable struggle, for in his situation, Top could not possibly resist; and judging by the bubbling of the surface it must be also a terrible struggle, and could not but terminate in the death of the dog! But suddenly, in the middle of a foaming circle, Top reappeared. Thrown in the air by some unknown power, he rose ten feet above the surface of the lake, fell again into the midst of the agitated waters, and then soon gained the shore, without any severe wounds, miraculously saved.

Cyrus Harding and his companions could not understand it. What was not less inexplicable was that the struggle still appeared to be going on. Doubtless, the dugong, attacked by some powerful animal, after having released the dog, was fighting on its own account. But it did not last long. The water became red with blood, and the body of the dugong, emerging from the sheet of scarlet which spread around, soon stranded on a little beach at the south angle of the lake. The colonists ran towards it. The dugong was dead. It was an enormous animal, fifteen or sixteen feet long, and must have weighed from three to four thousand pounds. At its neck was a wound, which appeared to have been produced by a sharp blade.



TOP'S STRANGE ADVENTURE.



"WELL," SAID MOKOUM, "I HOPE YOU LIKE OUR AFRICAN PARTRIDGES."

What could the amphibious creature have been, who, by this terrible blow had destroyed the formidable dugong? No one could tell, and much interested in this incident, Harding and his companions returned to the Chimneys.

CHAPTER XVII.

VISIT TO THE LAKE.—THE INDICATING CURRENT.—CYRUS HARDING'S PROJECTS.—THE FAT OF THE DUGONG.—EMPLOYING SHISTOSE PYRITES.—SULPHATE OF IRON.—HOW GLYCERINE IS MADE.—SOAP.—SALTPETRE.—SULPHURIC ACID.—AZOTIC ACID.—THE NEW FALL.

THE next day, the 7th of May, Harding and Gideon Spilett, leaving Neb to prepare breakfast, climbed Prospect Heights, whilst Herbert and Pencroft ascended by the river, to renew their store of wood.

The engineer and the reporter soon reached the little beach on which the dugong had been stranded. Already flocks of birds had attacked the mass of flesh, and had to be driven away with stones, for Cyrus wished to keep the fat for the use of the colony. As to the animal's flesh, it would furnish excellent food, for in the islands of the Malay archipelago and elsewhere, it is especially reserved for the table of the native princes. But that was Neb's affair.

At this moment Cyrus Harding had other thoughts. He was much interested in the incident of the day before. He wished to penetrate the mystery of that submarine combat, and to ascertain what monster could have given the dugong such a strange wound. He was there at the edge of the lake, looking, observing; but nothing appeared under the tranquil waters, which sparkled in the first rays of the rising sun.

At the beach, on which lay the body of the dugong, the water was tolerably shallow, but from this point the bottom of the lake sloped gradually, and it was probable that the depth was considerable in the centre. The lake might be considered as a large centre basin, which was filled by the water from the Red Creek.

"Well, Cyrus," said the reporter, "there seems to be nothing suspicious in this water."

"No, my dear Spilett," replied the engineer, "and I really do not know how to account for the incident of yesterday."

"I acknowledge," returned Spilett, "that the wound given to this creature is, at least, very strange, and I cannot explain either how Top was so vigorously cast up out of the water. One could have thought that a powerful arm hurled him up, and that the same arm with a dagger killed the dugong!"

"Yes," replied the engineer, who had become thoughtful; "there is something there that I cannot understand. But do you better understand either, my dear Spilett, in what way I was saved myself—how I was drawn from the waves, and carried to the downs? No! Is it not true? Now, I feel sure that there is some mystery there, which, doubtless, we shall discover some day. Let us observe, but do not dwell on these singular incidents before our companions. Let us keep our remarks to ourselves, and continue our work."

It will be remembered that the engineer had not as yet been able to discover the place where the surplus water escaped, but he knew it must exist somewhere. He was much surprised to see a strong current at this place. By throwing in some bits of wood he found that it set towards the southern angle. He followed the current, and arrived at the south point of the lake.

There was there a sort of depression in the water, as if it was suddenly lost in some fissure in the ground.

Harding listened, placing his ear to the level of the lake, and very distinctly heard the noise of a subterranean fall.

"There," said he, rising, "is the discharge of the water; there, doubtless, by a passage in the granite cliff, it joins the sea, through cavities which we can use to our profit. Well, I can find out!"

The engineer cut a long branch, stripped it of its leaves, and, plunging it into the angle between the two banks, he found that there was a large hole one foot only beneath the surface of the water. This hole was the opening so long looked for in vain, and the force of the current was such that the branch was torn from the engineer's hands and disappeared.

"There is no doubt about it now," repeated Harding. "There is the outlet, and I will lay it open to view!"

"How?" asked Gideon Spilett.

"By lowering the level of the water of the lake three feet."

"And how will you lower the level?"

"By opening another outlet larger than this."

"At what place, Cyrus?"

"At the part of the bank nearest the coast."

"But it is a mass of granite!" observed Spilett.

"Well," replied Cyrus Harding, "I will blow up the granite, and the water escaping, will subside, so as to lay bare this opening—"

"And make a waterfall, by falling on to the beach," added the reporter.

"A fall that we shall make use of!" replied Cyrus. "Come, come!"

The engineer hurried away his companion, whose confidence in Harding was such that he did not doubt the enterprise would succeed. And yet, how was this granite wall to be opened without powder, and with imperfect instruments? Was not this work which the engineer was so bent upon above their strength?

When Harding and the reporter entered the Chimneys, they found Herbert and Pencroft unloading their raft of wood.

"The woodmen have just finished, captain," said the sailor, laughing, "and when you want masons—"

"Masons,—no, but chemists," replied the engineer.

"Yes," added the reporter, "we are going to blow up the island—"

"Blow up the island?" cried Pencroft.

"Part of it, at least," replied Spilett.

"Listen to me, my friends," said the engineer. And he made known to them the result of his observation.

According to him, a cavity, more or less considerable, must exist in the mass of granite which supported Prospect Heights, and he intended to penetrate into it. To do this, the opening through which the water rushed must first be cleared, and the level lowered by making a larger outlet. Therefore an explosive substance must be manufactured, which could make a deep trench in some other part of the shore. This was what Harding was going to attempt with the minerals which nature placed at his disposal.

It is useless to say with what enthusiasm all, especially Pencroft, received this project. To employ great means, open the granite, create a cascade, that suited the sailor. And he would just as soon be a chemist as a mason or bootmaker, since the engineer wanted chemicals. He would be all that they liked, "even a professor of dancing and deportment," said he to Neb, if that was ever necessary.

Neb and Pencroft were first of all told to extract the grease from the dugong, and to keep the flesh, which was destined for food. Such perfect confidence had they in the engineer, that they set out directly, without even asking a question. A few minutes after

them Cyrus Harding, Herbert, and Gideon Spilett, dragging the hurdle, went towards the vein of coal, where those shistose pyrites abound, which are met with in the most recent transition soil, and of which Harding had already found a specimen. All the day being employed in carrying a quantity of these stones to the Chimneys, by evening they had several tons.

The next day, the 8th of May, the engineer began his manipulations. These shistose pyrites being composed principally of coal, flint, alumina, and sulphuret of iron—the latter in excess—it was necessary to separate the sulphuret of iron, and transform it into sulphate as rapidly as possible. The sulphate obtained, the sulphuric acid could then be extracted.

This was the object to be attained. Sulphuric acid is one of the agents the most frequently employed, and the manufacturing importance of a nation can be measured by the consumption which is made of it. This acid would later be of great use to the settlers, in the manufacturing of candles, tanning skins, &c., but this time the engineer reserved it for another use.

Cyrus Harding chose, behind the Chimneys, a site where the ground was perfectly level. On this ground he placed a layer of branches and chopped wood, on which were piled some pieces of shistose pyrites, buttressed one against the other, the whole being covered with a thin layer of pyrites, previously reduced to the size of a nut.

This done, they set fire to the wood, the heat was communicated to the shist, which soon kindled, since it contains coal and sulphur. Then new layers of bruised pyrites were arranged so as to form an immense heap, the exterior of which was covered with earth and grass, several air-holes being left, as if it was a stack of wood which was to be carbonized to make charcoal.

They then left the transformation to complete itself, and it would not take less than ten or twelve days for the sulphuret of iron to be changed into sulphate of iron and the alumina into sulphate of alumina, two equally soluble substances, the others, flint, burnt coal, and cinders not being so.

While this chemical work was going on, Cyrus Harding proceeded with other operations, which were pursued with more than zeal,—it was eagerness.

Neb and Pencroft had taken away the fat from the dugong, and placed it in large earthen pots. It was then necessary to separate the glycerine from the fat by saponifying it. Now, to obtain this result, it had to be treated either with soda or lime. In fact, one or other of

these substances, after having attacked the fat, would form a soap by separating the glycerine, and it was just this glycerine which the engineer wished to obtain. There was no want of lime, only treatment by lime would give calcareous soap, insoluble, and consequently useless, whilst treatment by soda would furnish, on the contrary, a soluble soap, which could be put to domestic use. Now, a practical man, like Cyrus Harding, would rather try to obtain soda. Was this difficult? No, for marine plants abounded on the shore, glasswort, ficoides, and all those fucaceæ which form wrack. A large quantity of these plants was collected, first dried, then burnt in holes in the open air. The combustion of these plants was kept up for several days, and the result was a compact grey mass, which has been long known under the name of "natural soda."

This obtained, the engineer treated the fat with soda, which gave both a soluble soap and that neutral substance glycerine.

But this was not all. Cyrus Harding still needed, in view of his future preparation, another substance, azote of potash, which is better known under the name of salt of nitre, or of saltpetre.

Cyrus Harding could have manufactured this substance by treating the carbonate of potash, which would be easily extracted from the cinders of the vegetables, by azotic acid. But this acid was wanting, and he would have been in some difficulty, if nature had not happily furnished the saltpetre, without giving them any other trouble than that of picking it up. Herbert found a vein of it at the foot of Mount Franklin, and they had nothing to do but purify this salt.

These different works lasted a week. They were finished before the transformation of the sulphuret into sulphate of iron had been accomplished. During the following days the settlers had time to construct a furnace of bricks of a particular arrangement, to serve for the distillation of the sulphate of iron when it had been obtained. All this was finished about the 18th of May, nearly at the time when the chemical transformation terminated. Gideon Spilett, Herbert, Neb, and Pencroft, skilfully directed by the engineer, had become most clever workmen. Before all masters, necessity is the one most listened to, and who teaches the best.

When the heap of pyrites had been entirely reduced by fire, the result of the operation, consisting of sulphate of iron, sulphate of alumina, flint, remains of coal, and cinders, was placed in a basin full of water. They stirred this mixture, let it settle, then decanted it, and obtained a clear liquid, containing in solution sulphate of

iron and sulphate of alumina, the other matters remaining solid since they are insoluble. Lastly, this liquid being partly evaporated, crystals of sulphate of iron were deposited, and the not evaporated liquid, which contained the sulphate of alumina, was thrown away.

Cyrus Harding had now at his disposal a large quantity of these sulphate of iron crystals, from which the sulphuric acid had to be extracted. The making of sulphuric acid is a very expensive manufacture. Considerable works are necessary—a special set of tools, an apparatus of platina, leaden chambers, unassailable by the acid, and in which the transformation is performed, &c. The engineer had none of these at his disposal, but he knew that, in Bohemia especially, sulphuric acid is manufactured by very simple means, which have also the advantage of producing it to a superior degree of concentration. It is thus that the acid known under the name of Nordhausen acid is made.

To obtain sulphuric acid, Cyrus Harding had only one operation to make, to calcine the sulphate of iron crystals in a close vase, so that the sulphuric acid should distil in vapour, which vapour, by condensation, would produce the acid.

The crystals were placed in pots, and the heat from the furnace would distil the sulphuric acid. The operation was successfully completed, and on the 20th of May, twelve days after commencing it, the engineer was the possessor of the agent, which later he hoped to use in so many different ways.

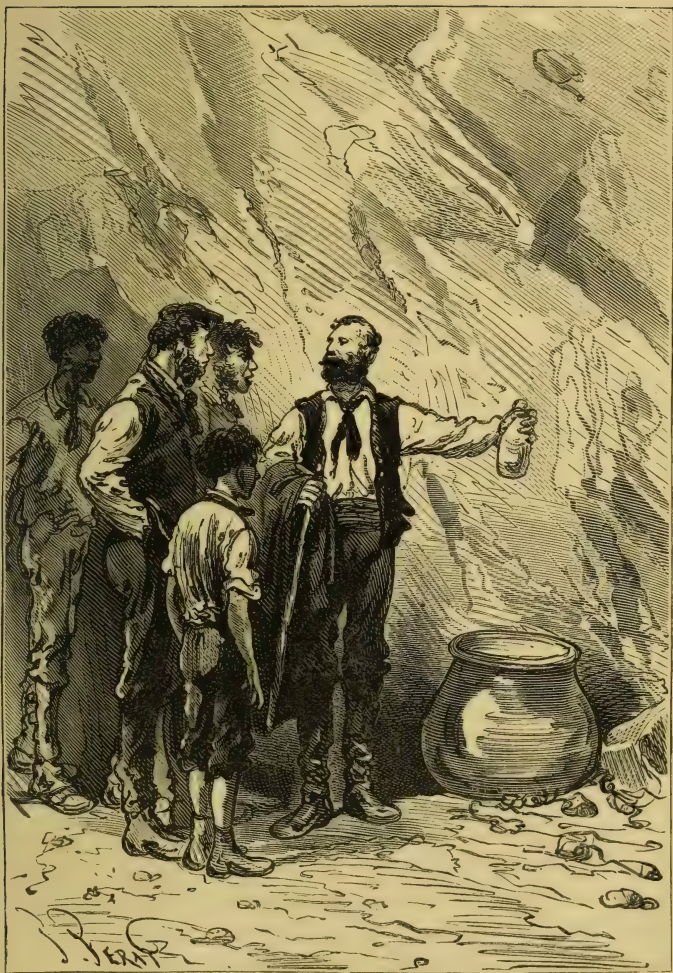
Now, why did he wish for this agent? Simply to produce azotic acid; and that was easy, since saltpetre, attacked by sulphuric acid, gives this acid by distillation.

But, after all, how was he going to employ this azotic acid? His companions were still ignorant of this, for he had not informed them of the result at which he aimed.

However, the engineer had nearly accomplished his purpose, and by a last operation he would procure the substance which had given so much trouble.

Taking some azotic acid, he mixed it with glycerine, which had been previously concentrated by evaporation, subjected to the water-bath, and he obtained, without even employing a refrigerant mixture, several pints of an oily yellow mixture.

This last operation Cyrus Harding had made alone, in a retired place, at a distance from the Chimneys, for he feared the danger of an explosion, and when he showed a bottle of this liquid to his friends, he contented himself with saying,—



HERE IS NITRO-GLYCERINE!

“Here is nitro-glycerine!”

It was really this terrible production, of which the explosive power is perhaps tenfold that of ordinary powder, and which has already caused so many accidents. However, since a way has been found to transform it into dynamite, that is to say, to mix with it some solid substance, clay or sugar, porous enough to hold it, the dangerous liquid has been used with more security. But dynamite was not yet known at the time when the settlers worked in Lincoln Island.

“And is it that liquid that is going to blow up our rocks?” said Pencroft incredulously.

“Yes, my friend,” replied the engineer, “and this nitro-glycerine will produce so much the more effect, as the granite is extremely hard, and will oppose a greater resistance to the explosion.”

“And when shall we see this, captain?”

“To-morrow, as soon as we have dug a hole for the mine,” replied the engineer.

The next day, the 21st of May, at daybreak, the miners went to the point which formed the eastern shore of Lake Grant, and was only five hundred feet from the coast. At this place, the plateau inclined downwards from the waters, which were only restrained by their granite case. Therefore, if this case was broken, the water would escape by the opening and form a stream, which, flowing over the inclined surface of the plateau, would rush on to the beach. Consequently, the level of the lake would be greatly lowered, and the opening where the water escaped would be exposed, which was their final aim.

Under the engineer's directions, Pencroft, armed with a pickaxe, which he handled skilfully and vigorously, attacked the granite. The hole was made on the point of the shore, slanting, so that it should meet a much lower level than that of the water of the lake. In this way the explosive force, by scattering the rock, would open a large place for the water to rush out.

The work took some time, for the engineer, wishing to produce a great effect, intended to devote not less than seven quarts of nitro-glycerine to the operation. But Pencroft, relieved by Neb, did so well, that towards four o'clock in the evening, the mine was finished.

Now the question of setting fire to the explosive substance was raised. Generally, nitro-glycerine is ignited by amorces of fulminate, which in bursting cause the explosion. A shock is therefore needed to produce the explosion, for, simply lighted, this substance would burn without exploding.

Cyrus Harding would certainly have been able to fabricate an amorce. In default of fulminate, he could easily obtain a substance similar to gun-cotton, since he had azotic acid at his disposal. This substance, pressed in a cartridge, and introduced amongst the nitro-glycerine, would burst by means of a match, and cause the explosion.

But Cyrus Harding knew that nitro-glycerine would explode by a shock. He resolved to employ this means, and try another way, if this did not succeed.

In fact, the blow of a hammer on a few drops of nitro-glycerine, spread out on a hard surface, was enough to create an explosion. But the operator could not be there to give the blow, without becoming a victim to the operation. Harding, therefore, thought of suspending a mass of iron, weighing several pounds, by means of a fibre, to an upright just above the mine. Another long fibre, previously impregnated with sulphur, was attached to the middle of the first, by one end, whilst the other lay on the ground several feet distant from the mine. The second fibre being set on fire, it would burn till it reached the first. This catching fire in its turn, would break, and the mass of iron would fall on the nitro-glycerine. This apparatus being then arranged, the engineer, after having sent his companions to a distance, filled the hole, so that the nitro-glycerine was on a level with the opening; then he threw a few drops of it on the surface of the rock, above which the mass of iron was already suspended.

This done, Harding lit the end of the sulphured fibre, and leaving the place, he returned with his companions to the Chimneys.

The fibre was intended to burn five and twenty minutes, and, in fact, five and twenty minutes afterwards a most tremendous explosion was heard. The island appeared to tremble to its very foundation. Stones were projected in the air as if by the eruption of a volcano. The shock produced by the displacing of the air was such, that the rocks of the Chimneys shook. The settlers, although they were more than two miles from the mine, were thrown on the ground.

They rose, climbed the plateau, and ran towards the place where the bank of the lake must have been shattered by the explosion.

A cheer escaped them! A large rent was seen in the granite! A rapid stream of water rushed foaming across the plateau and dashed down a height of three hundred feet on to the beach!



PREPARING THE MINE.

THE CELEBRATION IN ICELAND.

BY CYRUS W. FIELD.

EMIGRATION has made the people of the United States acquainted with the primitive community who inhabit that solitary island which every schoolboy associates with cold more intense than in any other civilized country, and springs that boil and bubble all the year round. Dr. Dasent, too, has familiarized the world with Icelandic legends, and other writers have rendered into English the quaint traditions which the islanders have inherited from a remote past. It was therefore not surprising that the announcement of the intention of the inhabitants to celebrate the thousandth anniversary of the settlement of Iceland should have excited considerable attention in America, and that some men, whose lives had been spent in world-wide travel, and who were known to possess cosmopolitan sympathies, should have made up their minds to incur the fatigues of a necessarily inclement voyage in order to "assist" at festivities of so exceptional a character. Two, at least, of my fellow-travellers, Mr. Bayard Taylor and Dr. Hayes, of Arctic renown, have achieved reputations in the path of adventure and research which rendered it peculiarly appropriate that they should make acquaintance with a country whose very name stimulates the curiosity and invites the spirit of adventure. Representing two great American journals, they combined with the pursuit of pleasure the performance of important public functions, while Dr. Hayes and myself were appointed special delegates of the American Geographical and Statistical Societies.

And now a few words concerning the land where summer is winter, and winter is more than terrible in its Arctic severity. For the information I am about to communicate I frankly confess I am indebted to an interesting historical narrative from the pen of Jon A. Hjaltalin, an Icelandic man of letters, whose brochure was printed in English at the press of Einar Pordarson at Reykjavik.

Mr. Hjaltalin, on the authority of the Irish monk Dicuil, attributes the original discovery of Iceland to certain Irish missionaries, who sought new regions in which to convert men to Christianity. This may be apocryphal, but there is, at least, no doubt of the fact that two Norwegians, named Maddoddr and Gardar, discovered the island by accident, and that subsequently another Scandinavian, named Floki, visited it for the purpose of reporting upon its capabilities and productions. The legend states that the success of his voyage was promoted by three ravens, who were sent out to search for land; but the account of their flight reads too much like an Icelandic version of the story of the dove which Noah, when in the ark, employed on a similar errand. The sagas represent the Iceland of that period as being considerably more fertile and productive than it is at the present time. The dwarf birch woods are magnified into forests; and cattle, instead of being absolutely dependent upon man for food, were, it is said, able to find some sort of pasturage, even in winter. Floki, it should be remarked, gave a far less encouraging description of the country than the saga writers subsequently adopted. At the same time the historian considers that "Iceland was in many respects better in the ninth century than in the nineteenth, for we know the many devastations caused by the numerous volcanic eruptions, and several other causes." Despotism has been a chief means of promoting emigration; and Iceland owed its original settlement—a thousand years ago—to the oppressions of Haraldr Fairhair, who subjugated the petty kings of Norway, and brought the whole country under his own rule. Many of the conquered Norwegians settled in the western islands of Scotland, while others, under Ingolfr and Hjørleifr, established themselves in Iceland, where they were joined by many other chiefs who refused to submit to King Haraldr's yoke. "They had a curious way of determining their future residence in the new country. On approaching land, the chief threw overboard the pillars which had supported his high seat at home. Where these were driven on shore, he considered the gods had directed him to fix his future dwelling-place." But the gods were not always propitious, for sometimes years elapsed before the pillars were discovered. The chiefs organized a patriarchal form of government. They officiated as priests, and offered sacrifices to the Scandinavian deities; and while they allotted lands to their retainers, they exacted from them the payment of tribute to the temples, and service in time of war. Gradually more homogeneous institutions were founded,

and in the year 929 the tribal system was merged in a General Assembly, which adopted a code of laws framed on the Norwegian model, and exercised both judicial and legislative powers. The power of the chiefs was curbed, not broken, by this assembly; when feuds broke out, the dispute was not unfrequently submitted to some of the chiefs for arbitration. Mr. Cobden's views were, to a certain extent, anticipated by the early practice of the Icelanders; and it is worthy of remark that "in order to induce hostile parties to submit their case to arbitration, the most powerful chiefs promised their armed assistance to him who was willing to do so."

At this early period the Icelanders began to preserve their traditions in the form of poems, which were recited in the halls of the chiefs and at the courts of the Scandinavian kings. Thus they celebrated the deeds of their great men, without, it may be added, much embellishment, or many appeals to the imagination, and the literature of many countries besides Iceland owes much to the skalds who ministered to the Muses and to the spirit of legendary lore. About the year 1000 the Icelanders adopted Christianity, although it was not without some artifice that the heathen party were induced to abandon their idolatrous rites. At first many of them became Christians only in name, but in time they both believed and practised the doctrines of the New Testament, and for the space of two centuries the island enjoyed almost uninterrupted peace. In the thirteenth century new quarrels sprang up among the chiefs, and King Hakow, of Norway, taking advantage of the internecine warfare which ensued, and having gained over to his purpose Snorri Sturluson, the famous saga-writer, succeeded in uniting Iceland to his dominions in the years 1262-64. Thus fell the Republic of Iceland.

The Icelanders lost a good deal by their subjugation, but happily they did not lose their love of letters. They to a man yielded to the noble impulse of the Reformation, which also operated beneficially upon their literature. They have suffered great misfortunes from pestilence, famine, and misgovernment, and towards the close of the last century it was proposed that the whole of the inhabitants should leave the island to its primeval solitude and settle in Jutland. More recently many families have emigrated to Canada and the United States. However, I do not think that anything like a real exodus will take place. Now that the Icelanders have been granted a Constitution, and they will enjoy a Legislative Assembly of their own—a gift which their good King Christian

presented to them on the thousandth anniversary of the settlement of the island—it is not likely that they will consent to expatriation. On the contrary, I believe they will go on setting a good example to the world of what may be accomplished under hard conditions by a self-reliant, industrious, Christian population, every man of whom is a Lutheran, imbued with the courageous spirit of Luther.

Having thus introduced my subject to the reader, I must premise that in giving a brief narrative of our voyage, I do not intend to go over ground which has been already so well traversed by special correspondents both of the English and American press. My object rather is to present those points of view which struck me as an American, and to excite sympathy on behalf of a highly interesting people, whose literature hitherto has been better known than themselves. Moreover, when we see what the Icelanders have accomplished in spite of a rigorous climate, we shall learn to estimate at their proper value the puerile objections which are sometimes urged against emigration to northerly American latitudes on the ground of the severity of the winter season. Nature is not really unkindly in any inhabited part of the American continent, while in Iceland, on the contrary, man is engaged in a perpetual struggle with her for existence.

It was on Wednesday, July 22nd, that we sailed in the steam yacht "Albion," 250 tons, Captain Abraham Howling commander—a vessel which was generously placed at our disposal by the London and Edinburgh Shipping Company, we of course paying every other expense. The "Albion" proceeded from Leith to Aberdeen to meet our party, which consisted, besides myself, of the following gentlemen:—Dr. I. I. Hayes, Mr. Bayard Taylor, Mr. Murat Halstead, editor of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, Dr. Kneeland, of the School of Technology, Boston, Professor Magneissen, Librarian of Cambridge University (himself a native Icelfander), and Mr. Henry M. Gladstone, a son of the late Prime Minister of England. To relieve the tedium of the voyage, if in such a company it were possible to feel tedium, our excellent friend, Mr. William Nelson of Edinburgh, kindly presented us with a library of choice, well-selected books.

We sailed about six p. m. and on the following day we arrived at Kirkwall, in the Orkney Islands, where we remained to visit that exquisite specimen of the Middle Ages, St. Magnus's Cathedral, and also the ruins of the Earl's and Bishop's palaces—the latter

being in admirable preservation. I need not, however, pause to describe either these interesting feudal remains, or the famous sepulchral mound of Maeshowe, or the standing stones of Stenness, a relic of the worship of Woden and Odin. We passed through Finstown, where the churches were almost as numerous as the houses, a striking example of the vitality of sectarian differences. We found many women in the fields harvesting, for which they were paid sixteenpence a day. The cows appeared to participate in the general healthiness and prosperity of the people, to which, indeed, they may be said to contribute, for they are milked three times a day. In the afternoon we sailed for Lerwick, in the Shetland Islands, which place we reached on Friday, July 24. The feeling of curiosity produced by the strange fortified look of the town, as the eye scans it from the capacious harbour, is fully justified by the aspect of the narrow streets, with their quaint, small windows piercing both the sides and the gables of the houses. In spite of the streets being only a few feet wide, the town contains some good shops. Many of the women we saw carried large packs on their backs, and were constantly knitting as they trudged along. We drove out to the ruins of the castle of Scalloway, a square stone edifice, once the residence of Patrick Stewart, a notorious freebooter, extortioner, and burner of witches. One day the punishment which he had so often inflicted on others descended upon himself.

Next day we arrived at Thorshaven, Faroe Islands. The weather during our passage was very rough, and several of our party for the first time made their contributions to Neptune. We found that the King of Denmark had entered the harbour two hours before us, and that just as the venerable chief magistrate had finished his address to the king, he fell down dead at his Majesty's feet—a tragic event which might well mar the festivities. Still nothing could be gayer than the scene. The Danish flag was flying from every house and from all the ships in the harbour. The principal thoroughfare was spanned with a magnificent triumphal arch, and the narrow streets were literally strewed with flowers. The houses are of a very peculiar shape. They are made like the slanting roof of an old English farmhouse, the sloping sides being covered with earth thick with grass, upon which I saw sheep browsing. The grass on these dwellings is periodically mown. A few of the houses are built in the modern style. Constructed of wood, they are either tarred a jet black or painted over in some livelier colour. So many windows

contained flowers as really to give a charm to the place. The scenery is hilly and verdant for such a country, but there are not many signs of cultivation. The population, which numbers only a few hundreds, depends mainly on fishing for subsistence. On Sunday we attended Divine Service in the church. The small wooden structure was packed full of people. As the king, his son, and the principal members of his suite, including the officers of two Danish ships of war, were present, it is more than probable that the congregation was exceptionally large. The service was about an hour and a quarter in length; and the sermon, which hit a happy medium between too great brevity and prolixity, was delivered with some animation.

On Monday, July 27th, we sailed at three a.m. Before night it began to blow great guns, and we experienced a genuine Atlantic roll, no light matter so far as comfort was concerned, if regard be had to the small size of our gallant little steamer. The gale continued during the whole of Tuesday. In the course of the day we got our first glimpse of the coast of Iceland. I can hardly call it a glimpse, for the outline was very bold and rugged. Our good captain endeavoured to make for a harbour, but without success. He threw up rockets, but was unable to attract the attention of a pilot. Finally we put out to sea again; and, after a fearful amount of screeching and blowing, pitching and tossing, we sighted land near Reykjavik about noon on the following day (Wednesday). At four p.m., to our great satisfaction, we dropped anchor in the harbour of the Icelandic capital, and soon made acquaintance with that interesting town. The streets are laid out with tolerable regularity. The houses, which are mostly built of wood, are either covered with tar or painted in sober hues. The place is innocent of architectural pretensions, and there are the usual adjuncts of a seafaring town, minus the rowdyism which one naturally looks for in connexion with shipping. The principal buildings include a college, a library, and the governor's house, which latter will, I presume, henceforth take rank among the royal residences of the Danish monarch. We paid our respects to Governor Finsen, a very gentlemanly man, who received us with great cordiality. We also waited upon several of the principal inhabitants to whom we had letters of introduction. Our attention was drawn to the jail, a substantial stone building, which although it has been completed for two or three years, down to the present time has not had a single inmate. This fact speaks volumes for the morality and good order of the capital; and I am

bound to say that everything I saw and heard confirmed the impression thus produced. Reykjavik in fact realizes one's dreams of Utopia. There are no custom-houses, no soldiers; one policeman does duty for the whole town in summer when the nights are short, and two in winter when the nights are long. No light at all is required at this season of the year, and therefore the solitary policeman has no need of a bull's-eye to light up dark corners.

The next day, Thursday, July 30th, was a red-letter day in the history of Iceland. For the first time in that history a king of Denmark touched the soil of the island. Christian IX. arrived a little before noon; and as the Danish squadron sailed into the harbour his Majesty was received with salutes from the five gaily-dressed and well-manned ships of war representing Germany, France, Sweden, and Norway, which had already found good anchorage in the port of Reykjavik. The only English or American flag fluttered in the breeze from our little vessel. The king landed on the pier at two p.m., and the public authorities presented him with an address which was characterized by so much good taste, that I make no apology for reproducing it:—

“Most Gracious King,—At the moment your Majesty steps ashore in Iceland—the first king who, during the thousand years this country has been inhabited, had set his foot on its soil—I may be permitted, in the name of the whole country, and especially in the name of the town of Reykjavik, to bid your Majesty a cordial welcome.

“Most Gracious King,—Iceland is a poor country, considering the scarcity of its inhabitants and the condition of their material comforts; but if regard be had to the memories of the past thousand years, then Iceland is a wealthy country, and it abounds no less in loyal faith and love to your Majesty. Our millennial festivity therefore becomes doubly glorious, both by your Majesty's presence and participation therein, and by the free Constitution wherewith it has pleased your Majesty to inaugurate this jubilee; and thereby the feast has become not only one of memories but one of joy and hope; joy at seeing our beloved ruler among us, hope of a vigorous and happy development of the intellectual and material forces of Iceland.

“Most Gracious King,—By these two events your Majesty has created for yourself in the history of Iceland a memory which will never fade away, but will be faithfully cherished in a grateful

recollection as long as this country exists. Every Icelander meets your Majesty, therefore, with jubilant 'welcome,' and prays Almighty God to let His blessing descend abundantly over your Majesty and your royal house.

"Long live our beloved king, his Majesty King Christian IX."

His Majesty responded with genuine feeling to this loyal and patriotic address; and a procession having been formed, no time was lost in conducting him on foot through the tastefully-decorated streets, in which festoons of heather and Alpine flowers mingled with the flags which waved from the windows and housetops. Although the whole population and hundreds of people from distant parts lined the route, it can hardly be said that the streets were crowded, nevertheless there were all the elements of a great popular demonstration; and as the people shouted in their own language, "Long live our King Christian IX.," his Majesty must have felt proud and happy in the affection of his Icelandic subjects. On arriving at the Governor's house, a comfortable two-storey residence, Mrs. Finsen walked down the steps to meet the king, who shook hands with her. He then gallantly invited the lady to precede him, but she gracefully declined to take precedence of the monarch, who then retired into the house to a repose which was only broken by a reception of the principal inhabitants, and by a serenade given during the evening by the best voices of the capital.

On the ensuing day (Friday, July 31st) the ships of war in the harbour saluted one another, with this notable exception, that the French and Germans did not exchange salutes. The question was asked, "Why did not the English Government send a ship of war as a tribute of respect to a sovereign who is so nearly related to that charming princess whom the English people delight to honour?" I confess my inability to answer the question. In strolling through the town, we met the king and Prince Vladimir, his youngest son, walking through the streets unattended. We were much struck with the intelligence of the people, many of whom speak English with fluency. In our conversations with them we found that they were particularly proud of the history and literature of Iceland, and especially of the fact that Icelandic navigators discovered America centuries before Columbus. Some of the women we met were quite pretty and very intelligent. They wear on ordinary occasions a peculiar head-dress, a pad of woollen cloth placed on top of the head, with a tassel suspended

on one side. On church and holiday occasions they array themselves in a sort of helmet, with a veil thrown over the head and shoulders. Some gentlemen, who were accompanied by two Icelandic ladies, dined with us on board our yacht, and on other occasions we had opportunities of conversing with various bright and intelligent members of the fair sex in Iceland. In the evening, while we were all seated around the table of our cabin, Mr. Bayard Taylor wrote a poem which is remarkable both for the beauty and appropriateness of the verses and the enthusiasm which it excited among the Icelanders after it had been translated by the facile pen of their own poet, Mr. Jochumsson, and read to them during the festivities. But the reader shall judge for himself:—

“AMERICA TO ICELAND.

- “ We come, the children of thy Vinland,
The youngest of the world's high peers,
O Land of steel, and song, and saga,
To greet thy glorious thousand years !
- “ Across that sea the son of Erik
Dared with his venturous dragon's prow ;
From shores where Thorfinn set thy banner,
Their latest children seek thee now.
- “ Hail ! mother-land of skalds and heroes,
By love of freedom hither hurl'd,
Fire in their hearts as in thy mountains,
And strength like thine to shake the world !
- “ When war and ravage wreck'd the nations,
The bird of song made thee her home :
The ancient gods, the ancient glory
Still dwelt within thy shores of foam.
- “ Here, as a fount may keep its virtue
While all the rivers turbid run,
The manly growth of deed and daring
Was thine beneath a scantier sun.
- “ Set far apart, neglected, exiled,
Thy children wrote their runes of pride,
With power that brings, in this thy triumph,
The conquering nations to thy side.

“What though thy native harps be silent,
The chord they struck shall ours prolong;
We claim thee kindred, call thee mother,
O Land of saga, steel, and song!”

On Saturday, August 1st, we spent part of the day in salmon-fishing. We rode over desolate lava fields to a small stream, where the machinery used to catch the salmon is made on the principle of a mouse-trap. The salmon, in fact, run into boxes from which they are unable to extricate themselves. The day before, the king caught over fifty in this manner. Whatever the proper name for the sport may be it can hardly be called fishing. The country is a rolling one. In some valleys grass may be seen growing, but vegetation is stunted. We called at a well-to-do farm, where we met with a hospitable reception and were liberally supplied with milk. On returning to our ship, some of the German officers dined with us. We soon discovered that, notwithstanding the courtesy of the German Government in despatching a man-of-war to Reykjavik, there was not a good feeling between the Danes and the Germans.

Next day being Sunday we attended service at the cathedral, which was beautifully decorated with festoons of heather and Alpine flowers. Externally the edifice is a brick building, covered with stucco made from sea-sand, but as this material is peeling off it presents a dilapidated appearance, which is by no means borne out by the plain and substantial interior. The king occupied the governor's pew. We enjoyed the music greatly. Several hymns written by Mr. Jochumsson, and set to music by Mr. Sveinbjornsson expressly for this service were admirably sung by a highly-trained choir of male and female voices. Hymns, tunes, and singers were therefore all Icelandic. The sermon was preached by the bishop, Dr. Pjetursson, who wore a collar of ruffles and a black gown. I need scarcely say that this very courteous elderly gentleman is an Iclander. At four o'clock we dined with the king in the hall of the college. The viands and wines, brought from Denmark, were excellent. Fifty guests were present, only one of whom—the wife of the governor—was a lady; but to her the place of honour was given on the king's right hand. After dinner his Majesty made a neat little speech, proposing Prosperity to Iceland under the new Constitution he had brought with him. By a preconcerted signal, at the moment the toast was

being cheered, all the guns in the harbour, 189 in number, thundered a salute. The minister of justice from Denmark, the bishop, and several other personages, then made speeches. Soon after dinner the king and all the party went about a mile from the town, to a spot where festivities were taking place. Several patriotic speeches were delivered from an elevated platform, and one of the speakers offered a cordial welcome to the Americans. Mr. Bayard Taylor replied in a few words. The programme wound up at night with a display of fireworks.

On the morning of Monday, August 3rd, we left for Thingvalla, the most sacred spot in all Iceland, for here was the seat of her ancient parliament, the Althing of yore, and here too occurred many events which are now deeply embedded in Icelandic story. To reach our journey's end we had to ride forty miles on horseback. For our party of seven we had three guides, a cook, and a servant, and to carry us and our luggage, and as relays, we hired no fewer than thirty-two horses. The latter are reared in the island, and make very good saddle-horses. Mr. Gladstone bought one of them for eleven pounds, and brought it with him to England. For a short distance the road was a fair one, but gradually it contracted into a succession of mere bridle-paths which were extremely rough and very trying to both horse and rider. What particularly impressed us was the absence of trees and of birds, although at a later period two of our party found a little sport. The absolute stillness was only broken by the sound of our horses' hoofs, the occasional rushing of small streams over the rocks, and the splashing we got as we forded the rivulets which now and again crossed our path. We reached Thingvalla about six p.m., descending a narrow gorge into a valley flanked with precipitous rocks. At Thingvalla we found only a church and a house, but it is memorable in history as the place in which the old Icelandic Parliament and judges sat. There too was the Tarpeian rock of Iceland, for in former times criminals who had been tried and convicted by the judges were taken to a precipice and thrown into the river. The king arrived two hours after us. His party presented a very picturesque appearance as they rode, Indian file, down the rift; and his Majesty met with a very enthusiastic reception from the visitors, whose numerous white tents made quite a pictorial encampment. The king also took up his residence in a tent, the chief article of furniture in it being a mattress. A few of his suite obtained accommodation in the church, which in Iceland is often used as a place of shelter for travellers. Our tent

was erected immediately, and soon our cook provided us with a savoury meal, to which we did ample justice. In spite of the rain which beat heavily against our canvas structure, we had what in America is called "a good time."

At half past eight o'clock a.m., on Tuesday (August 4th), we left Thingvalla on horseback for the Geysers. The journey thither was a romantic one. We ascended and descended hills, and crossed immense lava-fields extending for miles and miles. There was apparently no end to the dark, broken expanse. The day itself was beautiful, and the monotony of the lava-field was relieved by charming views of Hecla and other mountains covered with snow. When we arrived within a few miles of our destination we thought the big Geyser was going off. We saw steam ascending, and naturally imagined that the fountain was in full play. Messrs. T., H., and myself, therefore, put our horses to the gallop. Unfortunately, however, one of our number, too eager in the pursuit of knowledge, fell over his horse's head, and to do that animal justice he was by no means backward in assisting our friend to perform that hazardous evolution. It is difficult to ride a horse on a path only a foot wide, with your feet constantly striking the ground, thereby often rendering the stirrup a superfluous appendage. Happily no harm was done, and, on our companion remounting, we did not greatly slacken our speed. On reaching the great Geyser, we were disgusted to learn that it had gone off twice that morning, and that further manifestations could not be anticipated with any degree of confidence. We camped near the Geyser and kept careful watch all night in the hope that our wishes would be realized, but beyond a succession of false alarms, which led to several ludicrous incidents, nothing happened.

On the following morning (August 5th), by the king's orders, a large quantity of turf was thrown into the small Geyser; although distant only about a hundred yards from its big neighbour, there is no connexion between the two, and, indeed, the water is of a slightly different temperature. Soon the desired effect was produced, and the Geyser in the effort to get rid of the turf threw it a hundred feet high. This Geyser only goes off under provocation, and having relieved itself of the earth, it relapsed into its normal condition, which is simply that of boiling water under pressure. We watched all day, and became greatly irritated with the thumps which the great Geyser made, because they led to nothing. His Majesty watched also, and there was a race between him and

some of his party when one of the smaller springs spurted up. Without entering into details, I may remark that the king was very pleasant and familiar in his intercourse with us. He is a good-looking man, apparently about fifty-six years of age. In an unassuming way, speaking English the while, he talked to us freely about Iceland, England, and America. If the great Geyser proved a disappointment, the scenery did not. The atmosphere was marvellously clear, and we were able to see an immense distance. The snow-clad mountains looked weird and impressive, while towards night, as the sun gradually sank beneath the horizon, the colouring was wonderful. The white snow reflected every tint of the rainbow, and continually the light wrought new prismatic effects. At dinner this day we had an excellent drink which we called American milk. Some of the Icelanders marvelled much that American cows should yield so agreeable a beverage. It is, however, only fair to explain that it was flavoured with good French brandy and the best Demerara sugar. The reader will not be slow to believe that the mixture makes quite a pleasant drink in a cold country like Iceland. It became noised abroad that we had got a doctor with us, and numbers of people came from all parts, to be cured by the great medicine-man. One case was quite touching. A man and his wife had lost two children by croup, and the last of their little flock was attacked with the same destructive malady. The mother, hearing of the famous American doctor who had come to see the great Geyser, took the child in her arms, and, accompanied by her husband, crossed the mountains—a four or five hours' ride—and turned up at our tent. Fortunately we had brought a medicine-box with us, and Dr. Hayes was able to prescribe. I went with the father and mother to a farm-house, where a pail of water from the Geyser was procured, and a warm bath given to the little one; on the following morning the child was distinctly better.

During the night a fruitless watch was again kept on the movements of the great Geyser. In the morning (August 6th), just as the king was leaving, more turf was thrown into the small Geyser, in order that he might receive a parting salute. This was successful, but the big Geyser remained obstinate, and we saw nothing. We returned to Thingvalla with the king. Our procession was quite an imposing one, consisting of about 100 horsemen and 200 horses. In returning, as well as in coming, we passed through what is called the Forest of Thingvalla. No tree is more than eight feet high, and "the forest," therefore, contrasted ludicrously

with the great trees of California, which I had visited only two months previously. In fact "the forest" is a shrubbery of considerable extent, growing on the lava-fields. As we entered Thingvalla, we passed numerous tents decorated with English, French, German, and other flags. About 2000 persons were present. Some people had journeyed seven or eight days on horse-back, in order to be there, and, in fact, the whole population of the island was represented. An address of welcome was read to the king, and Icelandic songs were sung in his honour, everybody joining lustily in the singing. The chief event was reserved for the next day (Friday, August 7th), when Iceland was formally presented with her new constitution. More patriotic songs, written and composed expressly for the occasion, were sung; more speeches were delivered; and numerous presentations of addresses from students and others took place. At eleven o'clock a breakfast was given to the king. All our party were invited. Several toasts of a patriotic character were drunk, and the king made a final speech. At one o'clock he left for the capital, amid stentorian hurrahs. His Majesty was in the saddle for eight hours, and it unfortunately rained during the entire journey. We remained at Thingvalla, spending the night in our damp tent. We left at five o'clock on the following morning (Saturday, August 8th), and arrived at Reykjavik, shortly after one o'clock. The rain descended in torrents nearly all the way, and we were glad to find ourselves once more in our steamer. On board we had a consultation, which resulted in our deciding that, as the ceremonies were all over except the ball which was given by the people to the king on Sunday evening, we would at once leave for Scotland. We had a tremendous voyage, a fearful gale blowing the whole time.

With regard to the people, I came to the conclusion that they are a simple, honest, virtuous community, worthy inheritors of the civilization which their ancestors kept up even in barbarous times. Illegitimacy is a vice almost unknown; and the population professes the Lutheran faith, with singular unanimity and consistency. For the rest, I would remark that anybody wanting to visit Iceland, must make up his mind to endure considerable hardships, and to be sea-sick both ways.

LEGENDS OF MUSKOKA.¹

I.—CICELY.

I HAD been travelling pretty hard all day. What I mean by "travelling pretty hard" is going along at an expense to the muscular and nervous system quite out of proportion with the number of miles accomplished. I and my driver were seated in a "buggy" of exceedingly light build and of very ancient manufacture, if one might judge (as we always do judge of age in mechanical structures, human or otherwise) by what it had lost. The varnish had faded like the young complexion from a child a hundred years old. Spokes had in one or two instances disappeared, or been broken like well-worn teeth. Springs exhibited symptoms of rheumatic weakness. The shafts were spliced like badly-set legs. Yet it was a serviceable vehicle. An English trap so damaged would straightway have gone to pieces. But it was a law of this buggy's nature—impressed upon it by its capital Boston builder two or three and twenty years ago—to stick together. And it did stick together spite of corduroy roads, ruts, stones, and a pair of handsome, vigorous horses which moved along as if there was nothing behind them. Up and down, side and swing, sometimes over a bit of corduroy, with a jerk, jerk, jerk that put my neck in

¹ Muskoka is a district in Ontario, devoted to Free Grant settlers but a few years ago, and now becoming, with astonishing rapidity, a great agricultural county. The settlers consist of contributions from every class of society. The traveller, who visits their rough but hospitable homes, may pick up stories of adventurous, changeful, and tortuous lives, now concluding in peace and reasonable prosperity, which would form an endless field for the novelist and moralist. Ex-clergymen, ex-lawyers, military men, tradesmen, "gentlemen," are to be found amongst old sailors, navvies, agricultural labourers, lawyers' clerks—a curious and motley, yet vigorous society, from which, in the next generation, will no doubt come a wealthy and educated population. It has struck me that a few stories characteristic of the dwellers in Muskoka will be not only interesting, but instructive; and I propose from time to time to contribute such stories to the *ST. JAMES' MAGAZINE*.

imminent peril, and shook the driver's false teeth into the road half-a-dozen times at least during the day. He was very philosophical about it. Firmly compressing his lips over the vacant cavern and handing me the reins, he would jump down and cautiously peer into the crannies of the log-work until the coral and composition gums and grinders flashed upon his vision, when, wiping them with his hand, he would restore them to their warm berth, and again resume his dreary conversation.

Oh, I shall remember Joe Curtis as long as I have jaws and a memory !

The surroundings of the road, as it was called, were dreary enough. Now it stretched through ranges of swampy land, with pillared pines and tamaracks on either side, bearing up their gloomy and gloom-creating tops, and there the road was bridged with corduroy in every phase of commotion ; now it led over miles of hard rock, with reaches of hilly lands, very lightly wooded, and piled with enormous boulders ; now through a light sandy soil, well rutted ; and now through the forests of maple and hickory and birch, in zigzag lines, just as the original tracks of the first settlers had been picked out.

We had left G—— in the early morning, and appeared to me to be now getting not merely to the confines of civilization, but of any human habitation at all. Ten miles it had been of horrible discomfort since we passed the last side road leading to "Simpson's Clearing," and my companion informed me we had three miles to go before we could reach that of Donald Kerr.

"You see," remarked my friend, by way of making one of those obvious remarks which aggravate a sensitive man, and wherewith he abounded, "there ain't as many houses about here as you have in London." And then, because I permitted this futile observation to pass without response, he added, "Eh?"

"No," I replied sulkily. I was tired, and absorbed. I was thinking of my mission out in that strange place and wondering whether I should succeed.

"You're right," said Mr. Curtis again, as though his original remark had been volunteered by me. "You're right, sir. Yes, sir. You can count all the folks between here and the North Pole on your fingers—if you take a bee-line."

"Hum?" said I.

"You know what a 'bee-line' is, I suppose. You're not very smart in our phrases."

"Yes ; it's a straight line, I believe."

"No, sir. It's straighter than that, or I'd have called it a straight line. It's the line a bee would take in steering for the North Pole."

"But a bee wouldn't steer to the North Pole," said I desperately, feeling that any diversion, however imbecile, was worth trying for.

At the moment when he opened his lips to reply, a tremendous jolt threw his teeth out of position again, and we pulled up to recover. Curtis threw the reins on the dashboard and jumped down. He had scarcely touched the ground, when the horses either disgusted with the frequency of these stoppages or scenting the prospects of food not very distant, started off at a gallop. I heard my friend's shout as with grim determination the animals, with the reins all their own, stretched out for Coney Place, the clearing of Mr. Kerr, which was the homestead next in order and was in truth my destination ; but towards which, anxious as I was to reach it, I never desired to speed in the way I was now doing. I seized the small iron that constituted the top rail of the buggy, in either hand, set my feet firmly against the foot-rest, and prepared for anything that might happen.—A pretty position for a London Solicitor ! I was a young man, and energetic : but I confess that during the few minutes that elapsed, I recalled the fact that I had not made my will, and then and there in my mind hastily draughted one. The vehicle may have weighed 400 lbs. The horses were strong and lively, and as they tore along, the spider-like machine behind them did not run—it flew. Now and then it touched some obstruction and went up with a mighty bound, but I stuck to it and it stuck to the horses. An hour seemed to pass. I believe it was not four minutes while we traversed those three miles. The animals were in capital humour. It was a frolic to them and they were racing for a feed. They could afford to keep the road. Whiff—up flew the buggy over a stump, and I escaped a toss out by a mere miracle. My hands were bleeding with the strain upon those Boston rods. Ha ! there is a break in the woods to the right, and a man is standing there waving his hat like a maniac. Enough ! The horses caught sight of the waving hat—heard a voice, swerved, and in a moment dashed the right wheel against a noble maple. I recollect the sensation of flying through the air with a bit of iron rod in my hands—and then no more. I learnt afterwards I

was thrown twenty feet, with my head (a pretty strong one, I should judge) and shoulder against a tree. Fortunately the head rather grazed the side, and the shoulder bore the brunt of the collision. The collar-bone was broken. The horses, set free by the ruin, made for the house—there slackened speed, and with quiet magnanimity took possession of the shed.

On recovering, the first voice I heard was that of my Jehu saying,—

“He ain’t dead now, I b’lieve; but you bet he’s a gonner in twenty-four hours. A doctor ain’t the least use.”

“Nay, man, while there is life there is hope, with the blessing of God,” said a strong, deep voice in a Scotch accent. “Malcolm shall hitch in the black horse and go to G—— for the doctor, and we must do our best while he is away.”

“Yes, Cameron, please do,” was said by a clear girlish voice, with a touch of the quaint burr of native Canadians. “Go at once; there is no time to be lost.”

“Why, what matter is it to you?” replied the person addressed, evidently a young man. “You don’t know the man, do you?”

“No; but I know he is a fellow-creature.”

“Hum!” said Malcolm; and, being a man or youth of few words, I presume, I heard his heavy tread on the boarded floor as he left the room.

I could scarcely move a muscle; but by inclining my head a few inches, I at length caught sight of the group and its surroundings. I was lying on a low wooden bedstead in the corner of a very large square room, of the sort with which I had lately become familiar in log-houses. The curtain which generally sequestered this bed from the common room had been pulled aside in bringing me in. At the other side of the room, nearly opposite the great fireplace, stood a grey-haired, sun-burnt man, with clear eyes and a pleasant smile. Near the hearth were two women; one in a cap which did not affect to conceal her grey hair, with the broad square forehead and regular features of the lowland Scotch women; the other a girl of about eighteen, her long brown locks merely tied with a bright ribband at the poll and then suffered to flow down in ripples over her fine shoulders; her complexion bright, yet brown as a berry, with a pair of dazzling eyes, a delicate aquiline nose, and a mouth and teeth that were too bewitching, too fascinatingly brought to bear in sweet conjunction of smiles on any one blessed with her approval or her pity. I did not find this out, you may depend

upon it, just then. I was too pained and interested to notice details. I only caught an idea of sweetness and grace which comes up before me now, even as I write.

And besides these there was my friend the driver, seated at one end of the table, with eyes and ears alert to the conversation, but with his jaws (and those teeth!) engaged in decimating the large joint of meat that stood before him.

The girl was the first to look my way and notice that my eyes were open.

"There!" she cried, "he's awake," and she ran to my side. "Poor fellow," said she again, "are you very much hurt?"

Before I could reply the older woman and the man were beside her. Curtis continued to work away at the table.

"You've broke your collar-bone, young man, and I guess you can't stir for some time," said the matron. "It will be twelve hours before the doctor comes, but we'll do what we can meantime."

I groaned and thought of the twelve hours of pain and waiting, and, I must tell the truth, fainted away. As consciousness departed I felt the girl's soft hands placing my head in a better position on the pillow.

* * * * *

Days and days had gone by. The lapse of time had amounted to weeks, and I was still a visitor at Coney Place—convalescent, it is true, but not yet, as Cicely said, "of much account."

Cicely was the girl I have described—a straight, strong, handsome girl, with an arm turned like that of a sculptor's model. It was a picture to me to watch her of a morning, with her calico dress, so well made and fitted, tucked up over her short petticoat of the Stuart plaid, and showing a well-made pair of legs in grey spun stockings and boots befitting the backwoods, as after breakfast she trotted about the great room and in and out of it, washing the crockery, cleaning the boards, preparing the food for the cattle, or the meals for their human master. She was up at dawn, milking cows, feeding poultry, and helping the vigorous old lady to spread the great early breakfast—worthy the board of a Scottish laird—which covered the rough table-cloth of the Scottish immigrant. I say I used to watch her. I couldn't help it. I was a young man, and I had nothing to do. Some one else watched her. There were three "boys" in the house, of whom Malcolm was the eldest. They had a clearing for timber, and a water-mill for sawing logs,

some ten miles off in the woods, and two of them slept there; the third in turn always coming home, with the latest news, to rest beneath the paternal roof and get the benefit of the morning and evening blessing which Kerr regularly implored with all the length and fervour which is distinctive of his race. And I noticed that, though clearly all the boys loved Cicely, they yielded the precedence to Malcolm, and he came home oftener than the others. And it was to me very beautiful, sitting there a poor invalid, to see how those two young men struggled with their evident liking for the girl, to prevent it from manifesting itself too eagerly in rivalry with the admitted claims of Malcolm. As for Miss Cicely, she took the woman's privilege, and apparently declined to accept the general verdict of the house, which assigned her to the eldest boy, manly and pleasant as he was. Nay, she used poor me as a blind; and when her lover came home o' nights or Sundays, and she ought to have gone and sat beside him in the large square window that looked out upon the so-called garden, wherein the elder immigrants sought to preserve the memories of some of the floral scenes they had left behind them, Cicely would come and sit beside me, and ask me to tell her all about London and its gay society and pretty shows, and the fields and castles, the nobles and soldiers of England. I verily believe that if I had been a well man Malcolm would have crunched up every bone in my body. But he kept his temper under control, and sat there listening to my stories, and watching the play of pleasure on Cicely's face.

And who was Cicely? That was exactly the question I had come to Coney Place to ascertain. For Cicely was not a Kerr, though she was called Cicely Kerr by every one in that part Muskoka. This I had learnt while making inquiries in the county of Peterborough. And indeed I had now extracted from Mr. Kerr the story of her life.

He said: "When I came to Canada now nearly forty years ago, it was nothing like what it is to-day. There were no steamers to Quebec. Lower Canada was almost given up to French influence, and Upper Canada was but thinly populated. I was a Scotch mechanic from Perth, where I worked for a cabinet-maker at sixteen shillings a week, pretty good wages as things were in those days. My father was the same, but he was an ambitious sort of man and he managed to give me some education. He used to beg me to look out beyond the seas for a fortune. He said, 'No good Scotchman in your position should allow himself to rot at home. And

that is what the like of us are doing. Here have I laboured these fifty years. I've been sober, industrious, economical, even saving, and see where I am now. Little better than when I began. I have brought up you six children, and whatever I saved went to try to educate you, but I know it has only been half done. Had I been in America I should have had you all educated and have been myself at least independent, and probably a landowner. Be off with your wife, you're both strong and healthy, and see what God gives you.'

"Well, Elizabeth and I set sail for Canada, with about thirty pounds in cash and a small outfit. We landed at Quebec and I tried my hand at work there, but soon gave that up. Then we went to Sherbrooke, then to Montreal, where I managed to make a living for a year and a half. It was hard work, and in winter cold weather, but we did not dislike it. The air was dry, fuel then was cheap, and wages for men of my class were good enough. Still I was not making a fortune, and by that time a child had been born—that big boy Malcolm. So I resolved to go to Toronto and try for a bit of land. Both my wife and I thought if we could get some land we could make something out of it. She was a bold, brave young woman, and had a good deal of judgment as well as natural energy, as you shall see. I went to Toronto first alone, and made inquiries about locations. Peterborough District was being settled at that time, and lots were to be had on easy terms. In near townships settling land was beginning to be valuable, and of course a great deal was taken up by the lumberers. I saw that the country was gradually improving, that cultivation was year by year eating its way into the wilderness, and I made up my mind that I would go to the very verge of the settlements and take up a good location. So I went up to the lake region, and found my way to a clearing far out in the woods by a capital mill-stream. It belonged to a Scotchman. He told me there were very few people beyond him, and warned me that new settlers should keep nearer to settlements. But he informed me that the land ten miles up the valley was the best land in the district, and I could get a concession there on nominal terms. 'There is only one man up there,' he said, 'and he won't be there long. He's a gentleman, a half-pay officer. He passed through this way with two great waggon-loads of furniture and a man servant. It must have cost him half a fortune to get it up. The man left him long since, but he sticks to it himself, though it must be terribly hard on the poor lady—a fine-looking, proud woman—

and her little girl, as like her mother as could be.' I was curious and interested, so I went up to see Captain Masham's clearing. It was beautifully situated on a knoll, at a bend of the little river, giving a pretty view up and down the water avenue among the trees. The captain had built a nice log-house, and his lady had covered it with creeping vines, and made a tasteful garden about it. In the course of two years he had, with the aid of his servant, cleared a few acres; and there among the stumps, in the fall, I saw as fine a crop of wheat growing as you'd wish to see. The captain was a hearty, kindly man, and when I told him what I had come up for, he offered to put me up for a day or two, and take me out to look for a lot. At length I fixed on a position at the end of the valley, where the river turned almost at right angles, with a rising wood and a fine plateau of rich soil. The town of — now stands on my first clearing; but, I dare say, few people think of what it cost the first pioneer. It was eight miles from Captain Masham's clearing. There was no road. The woods were thick, and the bush uncleared. Here and there were swamps which could only be passed by leaping from log to log of fallen trees. The river was not even navigable for a small boat because of the number of trees that impeded it at every turn. I decided on the location, and determined to come at once. The captain earnestly dissuaded me from trying it at the beginning of the winter, although he admitted that that was the time to do the clearing and build a log-house. However I was a stubborn man, and I resolved to come if my wife would. In the end I arrived at Captain Masham's on the 25th of November, with a waggon containing my boxes, a few tools, and my wife and child. The cold weather had set in fairly before we left Kingston; and the night we slept at the captain's, and all the next day, the snow fell fast and thick, until there must have been fifteen to eighteen inches. Mrs. Masham entreated us to remain with them, but the second day, being cold and clear, I began to move. A sort of road had been made by Captain Masham for a little over a mile, beyond that there was a reach of tolerably open woods in consequence of the cropping out there of a ridge of rock, and so, bidding good-bye to our new friends, we managed to get our waggon, after a day's hard work, to within five miles of our destination. Beyond that it was plain the waggon could not go. The brushwood, now stripped of its leaves, presented an impenetrable obstacle to any vehicle, could we have trusted to the ground beneath the snow to permit it to pass over it. So we camped out that night. Elizabeth

and I digging with the wood-shovels I had brought a hole for the horse, and covering it in with a tarpauline, and making a big fire with the dried wood the captain had thoughtfully given us, we turned in and slept under the cover of our waggon.

"The next day we held a consultation. How were we to get over to our new home, and, still more difficult, how were we to get our goods and chattels there? There was no help to be got for love or money. The captain was, no doubt, chopping away at his trees, and we had not the face to ask him to come and carry our goods for us. There they were. Five fair-sized boxes, made with my own hands of strong wood—not a light weight—three barrels and a quantity of smaller packages, let alone the tools. The horse could not help us. Everything would have been swept from his back."

"You went back, I suppose."

"Not a bit of it. I never went back all my life. We determined that I should go on first, leading the horse and carrying the wood-shovels, and should shovel out a small clearing. Meantime Elizabeth was to open the boxes and prepare packages of about half or three-quarters of a hundredweight, which we could carry. I got through with the horse, and completed my work. I cleared a space of about twelve feet square under some large trees, throwing up a bank of snow all round it from within and without. Then I tied up my horse and went back. Elizabeth had worked nobly, and was ready with nearly forty packages. We were puzzled what to do with the child, but at length arranged that we would take alternate trips, with a couple of parcels hung by a strap over our shoulders. So my wife started next, and you can imagine my feelings when I saw the stout-hearted girl disappearing along the track the horse and I had made. Five miles out and five back, she was gone four hours and a half, but she came back laughing. She said I had provided a cold house for her. After a meal I set out, taking fodder and a tarpaulin for the beasts, and by the time I got back it was night. It took us three days to convey our goods and boxes, for we left nothing behind. I stripped the covering off the waggon, and drew it up for the winter as sheltered as possible. We piled up our casks and boxes in the square I had made. The horse lived at one end and we at the other. At the end of six weeks I had erected on that very spot a rough log hut, and that afterwards became the kitchen of my house. It was hard work, I don't pretend to deny, but it didn't kill us, and I sold that location twenty years after

for \$5000. Now there's a town on it and \$50,000 wouldn't buy it."

"But you were going to tell me about Cicely."

"Ah! yes. I was forgetting her in talking about myself. Well, of course we and the Mashams became friends, that is we saw each other occasionally, and sometimes gave each other help. But the captain could never forget he was a gentleman, and he was a very unhandy farmer: and the poor lady she suffered dreadfully from cold, and at last I began to see from want too. He had mortgaged his pay and pretty well used it up, I suspect. At length he sold his horse and waggon, and at the beginning of the winter. He brought home a few things with the proceeds, and I saw him after he came back. He was completely broken down; his wife would not see me at all, and I heard her sobbing behind the partition. So I came away. I felt a rough fellow like me couldn't give the consolation people of that sort would accept. That was about the first week of December. The snow was deep on the ground. But by this time I had cleared a pretty fair track through the under-wood to my house. As I went away the captain's little girl ran out and took my hand.

"'Give my love to Malcolm,' she said, 'and O, mamma is so sorry she can't see you, Mr. Kerr: but she isn't well. Good-bye.'

"After I got home the look of those people haunted me day and night. At length both me and my wife grew uneasy. We would have done anything we could for the Mashams, but we did not know how to do it. They were proud and reserved, though always kind to us. So day by day we thought of little else, and day by day put off trying to do anything. On Christmas Eve, however, I said to my wife,—

"'To-morrow I'll take you over to Captain Masham's. You put up some mince pies and a jar of honey—we daresent offer them any meat—and I'll take a bottle of that Scotch whisky I brought last year from Toronto, and we'll go and pay a Christmas visit . . . good God! what's that?'

"There was a pale face peeping through the uncurtained window opposite me. I dashed out, and under the window lay the poor lady without a groan or motion. I carried her in. How light and thin she was! She had thrown an old cloak over her scanty clothing. I haven't the heart to tell you how lightly and poorly she was clad. But there, as I laid her down, her little feet slipped out from under the draggled dress, and I saw the torn boot had

been put on over a naked foot, and the blood was oozing from the skin.

"Next day, I tracked that blood in the snow for a long way. We did all we could for her. We wrapped her up tenderly in our softest blankets. We gave her brandy and rubbed her hands and feet (rough men like me don't stand upon ceremony in the backwoods, sir), but it was no use. Once she heaved a sigh and opened her eyes, and said,—

"'Oh! the captain, go to him. Take care of Cicely.'

"We couldn't make out when it exactly happened that she died, but she never showed any other signs of life.

"I left as soon as I could for the captain's, taking a tinder-box and candle with me. The night was a cold, but clear one, and with a heavy heart I at length descried the house. It was dark and silent. A dreadful foreboding came over me and chilled me as I approached the door. I lifted the latch. Not a sound. The door opened right into the large room or 'parlour' as they used to call it. I shut it and struck a light. Well, I hope you'll never have the sensation I had. My head swam. I turned quite sick, and sank upon a chair. The captain's body was lying there before me, bleeding and almost headless, and in his hand the fatal gun with which he had done the deed. His brains were all over the place. In the bedroom, as soon as I recovered, I found Cicely asleep, with great tears on her cheeks."

The old man wiped his own cheeks at the remembrance, and I gave my toll of sympathy.

"She's lived with me ever since, sir, and I love her as my daughter. And by and by I hope she'll marry Malcolm, though she's as skittish as a thoroughbred, every bit."

I still lingered on at Coney Place, and at every opportunity sought to inform Cicely's mind concerning the great English world. As I did so, and watched the eager interest with which her fine nature rose to the bait, hopes rose within me which were very bold and very daring, and I am bound to admit, very unconscientious. For I said I had a mission to Cicely. I was discharging that mission faithfully enough in one sense, but in direct ingratitude for the kindness I had received from the family. My object was to get Cicely away from those who loved her best in the world, and to transport her to another society, another life.

The time at length came when I must go, and after a consultation with Mr. Kerr, I determined to broach the subject of my mis-

sion. I did it one evening—the evening before I left—when Malcolm and Cicely and the old couple were sitting with me, the windows and doors being all open, and the flush of dying sunshine coming softly over the trees and into the house. Cicely had put on a white dress, and in her dark hair was a single scarlet flower, and the glowing glory of that sunshine which pervaded the air, shone divinely on her face. I never saw her look more beautiful. I never saw any one else look half so handsome. Malcolm was rather uneasy. He sat a little out of the group, and Cicely had coquettishly drawn her chair near where I was sitting, to catch the latest words of the civilized stranger.

At last I said,—

“Cicely, and all present, I wish you to take notice of what I am going to say. I am a solicitor. My object is business, and I must put it in the shortest and most straightforward way. My business is with Cicely.”

At that, Master Malcolm, who had been throwing about his mammoth legs in the most unaccountable state of excitement, half jumped from his chair, and made Cicely start.

“Do be quiet, Malcolm. You’ll shake the house down.”

The huge fellow sulkily subsided, and I went on.

“Cicely,” I said, “you have very strangely been asking me to tell you all about the great world of wealth and nobility and fashion in London and Paris and elsewhere. You are handsome and clever, and I doubt not would speedily adorn any society into which you were thrown. Well, I have come here expressly to offer you a splendid opening into that society which interests you so much.”

Here, again, Master Malcolm’s action was vigorous and threatening.

“Sit thee still,” said the old man sternly, while his wife looked with a pale face straight at Cicely. Cicely’s eyes were dancing in her head.

“Your name,” I continued, “is not Kerr; it is Masham. Is that so, Mr. Kerr?”

Mr. Kerr nodded his head.

“Your father was an officer, your mother was the daughter of wealthy parents, and ran away with him. They never forgave her. All their wealth went to a nephew, who knew your mother well enough; and now, at sixty years of age, being childless, he has sent me here to find out whether any child of Cecilia Masham was still

living, and to offer to make her the heiress of all his riches, and they, I know, are enormous. Handsome, clever, rich, the world is before you; and on behalf of Mr. Henry Crowther, your mother's cousin, I now make you this offer."

Malcolm no longer moved. The great creature had collapsed. His legs lay straight out before him. His lower jaw had dropped. His arms hung helpless by the side of his chair.

Cicely's excitement was intense. The flush upon her face, her half-open lips and quick breathing, showed how powerfully my appeal, winding up as it did the artful lessons of several weeks, had affected her.

The old woman looked straight at her with a hard, steady stare. Mr. Kerr was the first to speak.

"Cicely," he said in a firm voice, and as it fell on her ear she clasped her hands on her bosom, and turned to him with a pained expression, "this is an indication of Providence. I think it is your duty to accept it. There will be many temptations—many you might have avoided had you—had you stayed here," said he, glancing at Malcolm; "but God can give you grace to overcome them."

"Oh," groaned Malcolm; and the old woman turned and looked at him with a tear in her eye. Cicely was as quick as lightning. She saw the tear, and then she looked at Malcolm, whose eyes were fixed on her. Her little hands went over her heart, and her bosom panted under the white dress.

"Are you going?" said the giant in a cracked voice.

She stood up and looked at him earnestly, half-coyly. He, too, rose, and, after a moment's hesitation, opened his great arms, and in an instant she sprang into them like a fawn, and, nestling on his breast, she cried in a little hysterical voice,—

"Oh Malcolm, I'll stay with you."

And as the great giant's head went down towards her face, I heard him sob out,—

"Oh Cicely, my darling, my darling!"

EDWARD JENKINS.

COUNTRY LIFE IN ACADIA.

IN the maritime provinces of Canada the storms and frost of winter forbid nearly all out-door work connected with farming and shipping. Those who are compelled temporarily to abandon their usual employment either pursue some other business or devote that part of the year to amusement. As the signs of a change in the seasons grow stronger—the white frosts and cold north winds foretelling the descent of winter from the broad ice-fields—the farmer prepares for a spell of comparative idleness. The last loads of maize are housed, the barns prepared, and a supply of household luxuries brought from the village or nearest store. The sheep are gathered from the woods, counted, and secured near the homestead, that they may be protected in the first snow-storm. The merchant makes his preparations and completes his contracts with the outports. His larger vessels receive their last load of lumber and dried fish, and are despatched to the West Indies and thence to Europe, returning at the opening of spring. The small coasters, which have spent the summer collecting fish from the out-harbours or carrying cordwood to the States, are moored in some sheltered cove, unrigged and prepared for their long rest in the ice. Gradually the frosts grow more severe; snow-storms and their films of ice on the ponds show the near approach of winter. The last leaves have left the stunted birches, and a single night has covered the lesser indentations of the bays with a thin sheet of ice. At first the ice is dark, and answers to the wind in long, slow undulations, but in a few days it thickens, becomes white, and can bear any weight. In a well-chosen land-locked cove no effort of wind or tide can move the ice, which gradually grows more solid as the snow which falls on it melts and freezes. Thus the vessel lies secure in this natural dock till the warm spring-rains set her free once more.

On shore the frost performs an equally kind office, by hardening the roads, which have been for weeks past deep mud-holes, and frequently the channels of the autumn floods. As if by magic all

the ruts disappear, and the mud, beaten smooth by wheels, presents an even hard road ready for the snow. As soon as the first storm is over, waggons and carriages are abandoned, and the sleighs brought out. These may be briefly described as boxes placed on parallel iron-shod runners, prevented from sinking too deep in the snow by the surface they present. Comfortable seats are placed in them, and plenty of warm buffalo and bearskin robes cover the occupants. In winter all communication is by sleighs on the snow. No one thinks of carriages, and where all own a horse the labour of walking is never thought of. For miles and miles these country roads run smooth white lanes between the sombre forests of evergreen. On each side stand the fir and spruce trees, their boughs bending under the snow. Occasionally, as a gust of wind sweeps over the woods, showers of snow fall from the branches, and they in their recoil free others, so that it looks as if the whole forest were shuddering and casting off the yoke of winter. Not a sound of life is heard; all appears desolate, as if overwhelmed by the snow. The silence is broken only by the fibres of some tree splitting in the frost, or the soft fall of flakes from the branches, and the creak of dead limbs rubbing together.

Yet this terrible solitude abounds in life, and the very silence shows how stern and fierce must be the fight for food and shelter under such conditions. The hare, dressed in her winter garb of white, digs a shelter under the low spruce, where the heavy boughs afford protection from the wind, and spends the short arctic day coiled in a warm round ball. As the lingering twilight dies away, she steals along her accustomed path to a neighbouring copse of birch or alder, and, finishing her gloomy meal, returns to her form, every nerve strained to detect the presence of her enemies. The weasel, driven by hunger from his snug nest in some decayed hemlock-stump, crouches beside the path worn by the hare. He is clad in the same white garb, and is almost invisible to the hunter unless betrayed by his gleaming eyes. The wild cat and great horned owl are also watching for poor puss on her path, which, trodden out for her own convenience, serves as a guide to her many enemies. The owl sits silent and patient on a stump at the edge of a little opening, and, as the hare pauses for a bound across, drops slanting like a great snow-flake. The hungry fox follows the track of the hare till it ends in a clump of bushes, then, with a spring, he starts puss on a race for life. With long leaps they pass out of sight among the dark pine-stems, throwing the snow in

a cloud behind them. If he cannot find a hare, he hunts the grouse, which spend the day picking the withered berries of the ground-hemlock or mountain-ash, and sunning themselves on a sheltered hill-side. Often while he is quartering the ground, a sudden flutter startles him, as the grouse springs from the snow-bank, where she has scratched a hole, and the wind has covered her with drifted snow. At night the grouse fly up into a thick spruce-tree, and perch close to the trunk with outstretched neck, so that their sad-coloured plumage cannot be distinguished from the bark. Even here they are in danger, for the crafty weasel, the tyrant of the forest, climbs to an overhanging branch, and drops to the ground, carrying with him his fluttering prey.

The hunter sees the traces of all this life : the snow crossed and recrossed by tracks of hare and grouse, the tiny scratch of the weasel's paw or the saucer-like footprint of the wild cat, the trees stripped of bark, and the pile of fir-cones split by the squirrel ; the signs of the chase and death, a patch of crimson or a few feathers ; all show the ardent life that exists there, yet not a creature can be seen or heard. All this goes on without a sound ; pursuer and pursued, in their white winter garb, glide through the woods like shadows. The last cry of the captured alone escapes these boreal forms, as they fight for food and existence among the snow-drifts. Long-continued storms drive them out into the clearings, and the farmer frequently finds the grouse feeding among his poultry, and the fox, desperate with hunger, carrying off his hens in daylight. Even the wild cat, fiercest and most morose of the dwellers in the woods, is sometimes forced to prowl about the farms ; and instances are known where, maddened by fear and hunger, he has sprung from the dark corner of a barn or out-house upon some person who has unconsciously come within reach.

The spruce-trees give way to wide barren tracts with charred stumps and bare ledges of rock. Formerly these districts were wooded, but fires have swept over them and destroyed all vegetation. In places where the soil was shallow the heat pulverized it, and the rains washed it away, so that now there remains but the bare rock in place of well-grown trees. These barrens formerly supported immense numbers of cariboo, and it was no uncommon sight to see them digging up the snow in search of grass, but roads and settlers have combined to drive them into the more inaccessible districts. At the mouth of St. Margaret's Bay is a high granite rock, a mile and a half in circuit, within the memory

of man well wooded with spruce. A fire swept it, and the unprotected earth was washed away, so that now it rises a white mass of smooth granite, serving as a landmark to ships miles out at sea. A turn in our road brings us on the shore of the Atlantic, and from the brow of a half washed away moraine we see the low snow-covered shore fading in the distance point after point. The waves, reflecting the snow-laden clouds, roll dark and heavy, as each white crest appears and sinks. On one side the white woods and fields slope to the grey beach, the battle-ground of snow and water, while the breakers roll and shake the stones with a hoarse rattle, answered by the sad wail of the breeze among the stiff and frozen pine-boughs. The fishermen's houses are scattered along every little cove, built of wood, with a bank of earth raised round them several feet high to keep out the wind. They are usually painted white, and often have a broad horizontal belt of red or blue paint similar to that circling a ship. The chief room of the house is the kitchen; in summer all cooking is done out of doors, but in winter a large square box-stove is stood in the middle of the room and kept at a red heat by the children, who generally have the duty of replenishing the fires. They all sit in a circle round the stove, and as night closes in the old legends of the coast are repeated, especially of American and French privateers, and where Captain Kidd buried his treasures.

In the morning, long before daylight, the men have donned their heavy guernseys and long boots, and pushed out to sea in their fishing-boats. Away out at sea, so far that the shore looks like a bank of cloud, now seen and then hidden, their boats are pitching on the long waves. They moor themselves with a light hempen line, and commence work without any delay, as a squall or fog may force them to run for shelter any moment. Their clinker-built boats have broad, flaring bows to keep the waves from coming on board, but on a cold day, if there is any sea running, the fish and spray soon freeze in a solid mass on the bottom of the boat. The men do not generally feel the cold much, as they are in constant movement, but frequently suffer from thirst, it being impossible to carry drinking-water as the cold is so great. They catch chiefly the cod-fish and sometimes bring the great dog-shark to the surface, or the halibut, which here frequently reaches a weight of several hundred pounds. The fish caught are of superior quality, and bring a corresponding price. Custom only could reconcile men to such hardships. Instances have been known where the showers

of freezing spray have so benumbed the fishermen, that they have been unable to raise the sails, and had to wait for assistance from the nearest boat; and sad stories are whispered of boats that have not returned at night with the rest, and have been found the next day with their crews frozen to death. Experience has taught the fishermen that the codfish are not equally distributed. In some spots they are abundant, in others, again, comparatively few can be caught; while in certain limited areas, usually occupying a little depression in the sea-bottom, are found only sick and maimed fish. The boatmen call these places fish-hospitals, and assert that the sickly fish are driven away by the strong ones, and gather in these sheltered spots to avoid their enemies. They bite eagerly at the hook, showing that they do not get much food, but the causes of their enforced quarantine are still unstudied. They are seldom disturbed, as a man seen fishing over one of these spots would soon lose the sale of his fish. Immense numbers of fish must die in these submarine sick bays, and becoming covered remain unseen till some change takes place in the relative level of land and sea. I have mentioned this as it may throw a little light on certain records in the stony history of the earth. In Nova Scotia and New Brunswick some of the carboniferous strata are crowded with remains of fish which have died undisturbed, and been buried one on the other, and the idea is suggested that at that early date there may have been similar gatherings of invalid fish.

During the winter there are many days when storms and fog render it impossible for the fishermen to put to sea, and they spend their time building boats or making oars and nets. They still use the oldest form of anchor known, called the killick. Two pieces of pointed wood are crossed to answer for flukes, a smooth oblong stone is placed upright on them, and four thinner sticks springing from the cross-pieces secure the stone and answer for a handle. Their boats are painted every colour of the rainbow, the sails dyed with the bark of the hemlock, and the nets boiled in coal-tar to prevent rotting. On the Newfoundland shore, when a young man wishes to commence fishing on his own account, he goes to the fish agent, who makes him an advance of nets or money, on condition that he have the first offer of all he catches. By this means the poor fisherman is compelled to take payment, often at a reduced rate, in flour and meal, and is kept in a state of perpetual debt. Should, however, a bad season come, when fish are not to be caught, the agent is forced to support him or lose a customer. The

fisherman owns little beyond his nets and house, sometimes a cow and a patch of ground, yielding a few potatoes or cabbages. The dangers and hardships of his life, and the continual burden of debt make him reckless and given to drink, but he is generous, and ready to make any sacrifice for his church and family.

Gloomy as the winter appears in the forest or on the shore, it is the season of enjoyment in the towns and villages. Sleighing and skating occupy the day, and are frequently protracted far into the night. The pleasure of a fast drive in a comfortable sleigh, behind a pair of good horses, can hardly be described by the pen. The clear sky, the dazzling reflection of the sun on the untrodden fields of snow, and the keen dry air, filled with glittering particles driven by the wind and forming a thousand prismatic points, combine with the rapid motion to cause a feeling of exhilaration produced in no other way. The teams met on the road show every variety of form, from the lively tandem or snug Yankee cutter with a fast trotter taking some fellow and his girl for a dance, down through the staid family teams to the coal-merchant giving his missis a day's outing. There is the low sled, drawn by an old pony with rope harness, and the load of blacks nestling in the straw among the buckets and brooms they have spent the last week in making. There are hundreds of these poor people, especially in Halifax. They do little work in summer, being content with earning a few dollars by picking berries, and in winter they depend on charity. During the American rebellion numbers were brought here by the men-of-war to which they fled for liberty, and their descendants still fancy they have a claim on the whites for support. The fierce Maroons of Jamaica, who for many years defied all attempts to drive them from the Blue Mountains, were finally transported to Nova Scotia. They were for some time employed on the Halifax fortifications, and then settled in the suburbs, where a regular town was laid off and roads made. The settlement, however, proved a failure; the cold and vigorous climate demanded systematic exertions to which they were unaccustomed, and gradually they abandoned their lands, and either followed the sea or turned domestic servants.

Loads of shipbuilding lumber are always transported in the winter; two or three great logs are chained together, supported by a little sled under each end, and drawn by a pair of oxen. Great loads of hay come creeping along the roads near the towns, the driver well buried till only his arms and head appear as he urges

his oxen on with many a queer Gaelic or Dutch oath ; will he give any room ? not a bit. He knows that custom allows the hay right of way ; so you must scrape past in fear and trembling, lest turning out too much one runner get in a snow-covered ditch, and sleigh and rider be upset. This, however, is a slight mishap ; the soft snow prevents injury, the robes and dresses are shaken, the seats resumed, and in a few minutes the upset is remembered only with a laugh. The roads frequently run by the sides of the lakes, and as soon as the ice is strong enough the travelling is done on them. Here you get the full enjoyment of sleighing, as you dash out from the shelter of the woods on the broad level, the horses skimming over the hard, ringing ice as if they had forgotten the load behind them, and the sound of the sleigh-bells echoing from the hills. To use an Americanism, you may now let your horses out, and feel the pleasure of travelling express behind a well-matched pair. Your driver must know the road, or you may drop into a hole where they have been cutting ice ; or should the runner get caught in a crack, *presto* the sleigh disappears, you pick yourself up with a bruise or two, and have to face the cold wind till the horses are pulled up and brought back. There is sometimes danger on these lakes, for there are spots called air-holes, where the ice never freezes strongly, and more than one sleigh has disappeared, horse and all, beneath the treacherous covering.

On the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence the harbours all freeze up, and the rivers become the highways into the interior. Some of these drives are remarkably pretty. The track leads close under the cliffs and overhanging trees, the winding course of the river opens a fresh view every moment ; while clearing and forest, farm and cliff, fly by as the horses gallop down the easy grade. Along these natural roads come innumerable loads of lumber and hay. The farmer now drives his pigs to market, but, unlike Paddy's conventional porker, their tails no longer require twisting. He has killed and prepared his pigs, he then allows them to freeze, and as soon as the roads are good, piles them one above the other on his sleigh, climbs up gravely, and seated astride the top one, drives his precious freight to town. In this way all the winter poultry and meat are brought to market, and can be kept any length of time, provided they be not allowed to thaw.

The farmers in these colonies are not the same as in England ; here they own each a little freehold of one to two hundred acres, which they cultivate themselves, and keep a horse and cow, besides

a small flock of sheep. Many of them bought their land uncleared, and have commenced life axe in hand. Day after day they chopped down the pines and beeches, piled them in heaps to burn, and at night the country was lighted with these beacon-fires of civilization. The first house is built of logs notched at each end, and piled on each other to form a square; a warm roof is made from the thick hemlock bark, and the chinks are plastered with mud to keep out the wind. The earliest crops are hoed in by hand among the roots and stumps. Spite of all these difficulties, the virgin soil, enriched by the ashes of the burnt trees, yields bountiful returns, and gradually the clearing is extended. Year by year the stumps are uprooted, and the plough finds room to work, till at length no trace of the forest mars the field. The settler and his equally hard-working wife now yield to the children, who extend the clearing, erect a more pretentious farm-house, and perhaps add a trade to the resources of the family. The same progress has been made on all sides, and a little settlement appears, roads are opened, a general store is built, where a little of everything can be bought, from a bottle of patent medicine to a pair of shoes. A blacksmith's forge, a shoemaker's shop, a school-house, and a post-office are added, and the place is finished. In this way the more fertile river bottoms and lowlands are gradually cleared, while on the comparatively unpromising upland stretches the forest primeval, the haunt of the moose and cariboo. This is the outline of the history of a Canadian settlement, and the same applies to the whole continent. Everywhere is seen the lonely settler clearing the woods, while behind come the open country and villages.

This mode of life fosters a strong feeling of self-reliance and independence. Every man knows that the labour of his arms, hard though it be, can secure for himself a living, and for his children comparative comfort. The distance between the houses and the absence of mechanics makes every man his own carpenter and blacksmith; so that he replaces in his barn a broken wheel or lost shoe; and in the winter many common household utensils are made when outdoor work is stopped by storms. In the more settled districts life is easier and comforts are attainable, even churches and railroads being within reach. Still many prefer the wild backwoods and the rude comforts of a self-made home. Here a boy brought up on a farm shares in every labour; he runs errands, ploughs, sows, has a light scythe put in his hands as soon as he can swing it, and learns something about carpentering. The

chopping axe fits his hand before he is twelve years old, and when told to split a log he knows which end to begin at. In the more cleared districts where farms can be rented at a low price, and on the many public works of the Dominion, there is a still better opening for emigrants; and the labours of the settler are best endured by those trained to them from childhood.

THE TRIBES OF LONDON.

No. I.

SOCIAL STILTSTERS.

LOOKING back through the defunct season of 1874, it is impossible to help feeling some astonishment at the large number of people who pass through life on stilts. Although there cannot well be any comfort or dignity in being perched aloft on unstable supports, the class in question appear to find some esoteric pleasure in the perilous pastime.

For some reason not easy to discern, they apparently consider that adventitious elevation above the heads of their equals confers a certain amount of social superiority. Like long-legged wild fowl, they stalk through existence convinced that their importance will be esteemed in proportion to their height above less gifted birds. Swans may be more graceful, owls wiser, geese more prescient, linnets sweeter-voiced, and fowls of greater utility, but all these qualities are of no account compared to the possession of long legs. For, unless in a position "to survey mankind from China to Peru," what is the benefit, they ask, of grace, wisdom, foreknowledge, melody, or usefulness? That is the point on which social Stiltsters chiefly pride themselves—their capacity of taking comprehensive and lofty views of all that occurs in the world. Although differing in many respects, they all agree in this notable characteristic. Other people being only able to see what goes on immediately in their vicinity, their hopes and fears, thoughts and deeds are circumscribed by a narrow horizon. But the Stiltster—being gifted with the faculty of balancing himself three or four feet above the head of his neighbours—knows, or thinks he knows, all that happens in the world between the rising of the sun and the going down thereof.

Every one must have met cases of this sort, and although London has now gone to the sea, a few specimens of the race may still be seen stalking through the desolate solitudes of the West End. To begin with, there is the Anglo-Indian veteran, who,

after a quarter of a century in the East, has retired into private life, with some lacs of rupees and no digestion worth mention. Having sailed round the Cape, voyaged overland, and travelled from one end of India to the other, Mr. Pawgul considers himself entitled to utterly condemn the opinions of those who have never strayed out of Europe. It does not much matter what the topic of conversation happens to be, the ex-commissioner of Zubburdust-pore knows all about it better than any one else. If the subject of English emigration comes under discussion, Mr. Pawgul immediately fires a broadside that sinks all hostile vessels. "Having long and deeply studied the whole question of Indian emigration to Mauritius, I think I am in a position to say, with some authority, that the subject can only be properly treated by those who comprehend its various bearings." As this implies that, with the exception of himself, and perhaps one or two other men, all the world is in dense ignorance, further discussion becomes impossible. But Mr. Pawgul is one of the least injurious of his tribe; a much more offensive specimen may be found in the Stiltster who lays down the laws of good society. Dare to venture on this sacred province, and he withers you in a second with sublime scorn. Did you go to that charming garden-party at Sangreazur House? No? Ah! then pardon him for saying it, but you really are scarcely in a position to judge, since you must necessarily be in ignorance of what the Countess of Farthingale said on that occasion. Really, the most delightful entertainment of the season. Why were you not present? As the only true reply would be that you were not invited, the subject is dropped, and the Stiltster stalks off, fully satisfied with having displayed the length of his legs.

Literature, art, and science, although comparatively free from these nuisances, nevertheless present some notable specimens. Every one must have come across the elderly author, who, basing his claims to distinction on a clever work published in the spring-time of his youth, lays down the law on all literary matters in an *ex-cathedrá* style that will brook no opposition. If this be attempted, he takes his stand on past achievements, from whence to pour down volleys of contempt on the daring wights who question the supremacy of his judgment. Then there is the artist who, never having produced any remarkable work of his own, has acquired a trick of talking æsthetics in a lofty style, utterly unintelligible to his audience. If they dispute his sweeping conclusions or perverse criticisms, so much the worse for them. The fact

merely proves their inability to comprehend the fundamental principles of high art and the sublime mysteries of culture.

The scientific Stiltster is, perhaps, the most dogmatic of the whole tribe. Whether the question be the domestic habits of the octopus, or how to extract sunshine from cucumbers, he is the only man alive knowing anything about it, and every one attempting to controvert this proposition is an impostor and a blockhead for his pains. There is no room for compromise with this highly superior being; he is unacquainted with that mean word. Stuck up on the loftiest of props, he stamps indifferently on the toes of all who come in his way while wrapt in sublime contemplation of those spots in the sun the real nature of which he is the only man to fathom.

Among other types of the race, the following may be briefly noticed. There is the military Stiltster who, on the strength of five years' service, considers all civilians mere pekins, and does not care to conceal his contempt for their opinions. If the question of army organization comes under discussion among non-military men, he stares at them through an eye-glass, with wonder at their presumption, and at last crushes them with the information that "the service must go to the dogs, if ignorant people will not leave it alone." Then there is the legal type, who affects exclusive knowledge of all questions verging on law, and the medical luminary with a faculty for employing polyglot words when plain English would do as well, and the merchant who tramples upon every one venturing into molasses, and a score of others, all more or less offensive. But the really extraordinary thing about these lofty beings, stalking through life on staggering stilts, is that they never become aware of the laughter excited by their evolutions. Perhaps they are removed too far from the earth to hear the rippling sounds of mirth that accompany their triumphant progress. Be that as it may, Stiltsters in general might with considerable advantage to the public apply to themselves the aspiration of the exciseman-poet,—

"Wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us!"

No. II.

"DURWURZEH BUND."

A VERY convenient institution exists in the East. Whenever an Anglo-Indian does not wish to receive visitors, his bearer says,

“Durwurzeh Bund”—“the door is shut”—to all comers. Although the expression is equivalent in effect to the conventional “not at home” prevalent in England, it possesses the additional merit of satisfying tender consciences. Excessively scrupulous people often experiencing considerable difficulty in barring their doors to unwelcome visitors, the bores of society take advantage of this ultra-conscientiousness to intrude whenever the humour seizes them. But if the conventional “not at home” were superseded by “the door is shut,” gossiping gobemouches would find themselves rigorously excluded without having any right to take offence, while sensitive consciences could no longer be afflicted by the parlous peccadillo of telling fibs by deputy. Nor is this the only instance in which the introduction of the Anglo-Indian expression might be attended with advantage. In the artificial condition of modern society occasions constantly arise when some phrase, expressing the truth in a conventionally courteous manner, seems urgently demanded. Ordinary excuses for failing to comply with requests have grown too hackneyed to pass muster with experts in social mendicancy. It requires special hardihood to affect sorrow when declaring that you have registered a vow against affixing your signature to any more bills for the benefit of friends. The applicant, recognizing the antiquity of this forlorn plea, at once flies to the conclusion that the disingenuous refusal proceeds partly from a fear of ultimate consequences to your pockets, and partly from a dislike of disturbing existing amicable relations. If instead of these equivocal shilly-shallyings, it were customary to say “Durwurzeh Bund,” no room for doubt could remain about the meaning of this reply. The applicant might certainly accuse the speaker of being a niggard, but he could not find any fault with the perfect frankness of the statement. Again, in cases where it is found necessary to refuse applications for those loans which, for some occult reason, are always styled “trifling” by expectant borrowers, use of the Hindostanee expression would save much difficulty. The needy class by whom this sort of assistance is required know only too well all the antique forms of refusal, from the mournful “I am very sorry, but I am really extremely hard pressed,” to the jovial “Just in the same boat myself, old fellow.” In the opinion of the thriftless, these threadbare excuses add insult to injury, the flimsiness of the disguise under which they are veiled being only calculated to deceive the imbecile. In fact, to tell one of these unfortunates that assistance would be immediately forthcoming, were it not most

unfortunately beyond your power to grant his request, is equivalent to saying that the stalest excuse may be palmed off on a man of his sort, his resentment not being of much account. All this aggravation of the direct injury contained in refusal might be avoided if it became the fashion to say, "Durwurzeh Bund," in this concatenation meaning, "My purse is closed."

But besides needy applicants for pecuniary assistance, many other classes exist to whom the answer might be given with singular advantage to the community. When an ingenuous youth, possessing about as much knowledge of equitation as of squaring the circle, prefers a modest request for the loan of a pet hunter, instantaneous application of the mysterious phrase would probably save a good deal of mild mendacity. He might feel offended at flat refusal, but would be saved that outrage to his tenderest feelings which must result, were he led to suspect from the employment of transparent subterfuges that his knowledge of horsemanship was seriously doubted. Again, Paterfamilias would find considerable comfort in having a handy phrase ready when young Reckless, who has a fine taste for extravagance and no ostensible income, demands the hand of his daughter, a prospective heiress. To enter into reasons for refusal must, in this case, lead to unpleasantness, since Reckless, like other young men of his style, is extremely sensitive on the subject of his poverty. But a courteous reply of "Durwurzeh Bund" would enable the gentle youth to imagine the refusal of his suit was dictated by some reason less hurtful to his morbid vanity. Perhaps, however, members of Parliament would have best cause to welcome the introduction of this happy phrase. Before now, British senators have experienced considerable annoyance from obtuse constituents persistently clamouring for the redemption of certain promises or pledges. They do not understand, these dullards, that during election time, and especially before the poll is declared, the mysterious influence of a kindred humanity softens the hearts of candidates towards mankind in general and electors in particular. Every one must have noticed how, at seasons of this sort, men not previously distinguished for either philanthropy or philoprogenitiveness, find ecstasie delight in fraternizing with horny and dirtyhanded sons of toil, and display unlimited raptures over squalling brats. At these moments of exaltation, a candidate being ready to promise anything, the electors shamefully take full advantage of his temporary aberration of intellect. It is not until he assumes his seat that the consequences of this indiscretion fall upon him. Then

he is reminded every day that he pledged himself to put down co-operation, to provide berths in the customs for a score of electors' sons, to tax continental sugar, to get a harbour built at Winkleton, to suppress slavery on the East Coast of Africa, and to procure a Queen's cadetship for a terrible young man who during the election used to smoke the jovial candidate's Havannahs, take his arm affectionately, and call him "Old chap." To be reminded of the follies perpetrated during the fervour of electioneering enthusiasm is about as pleasant to the new member as for a faithless suitor to hear his effusions criticized by humorous counsel. To the elected of Winkleton, with his blushing honours thick upon him, the lobby of the House is a purgatorial presence-chamber set apart for penitential exaction of pledges. Not yet possessing sufficient assurance to deny having given these promises, the Parliamentary neophyte is compelled to take refuge in a variety of transparent subterfuges, which tax his imaginative powers sorely in their invention without in the slightest degree deceiving his wrathful constituents. How much better would it be if custom entitled him to reply, "When I entered into those pledges, I was not member for Winkleton. Now I am. Finis coronat opus. Durwurzeh Bund."

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